# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARCH 22, 1924

Isaac F. Marcosson—Arthur Stringer—Frederick Irving Anderson—George Pattullo
Horatio Winslow—Hugh MacNair Kahler—Lothrop Stoddard—Octavus Roy Cohen

# Kuppenheimer

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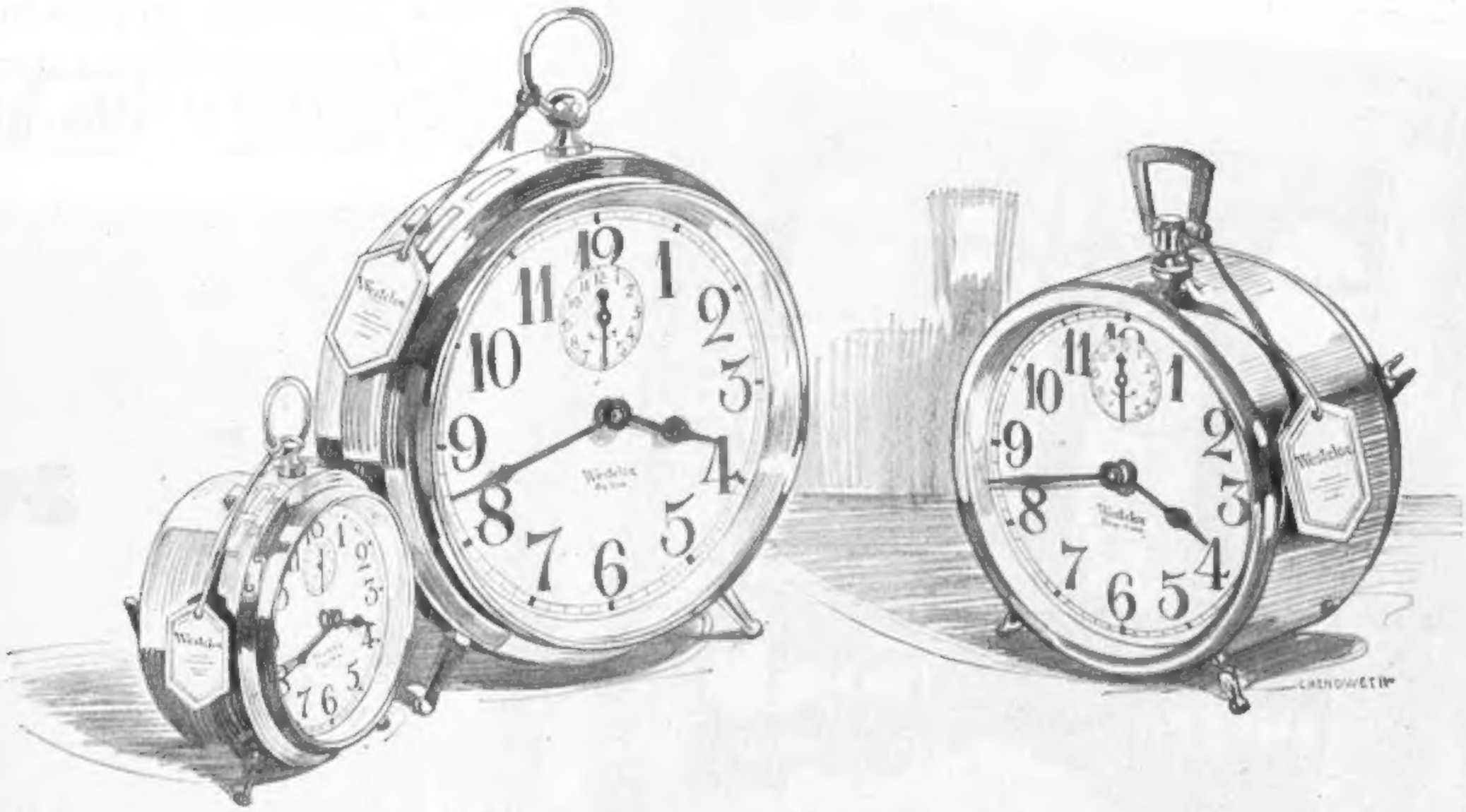
# Westclox



## Who starts the day?

THE factory whistle starts the day's work. So does the school bell.

Before the whistle blows or the bell rings you see workers or pupils gathering from all directions. What started them?

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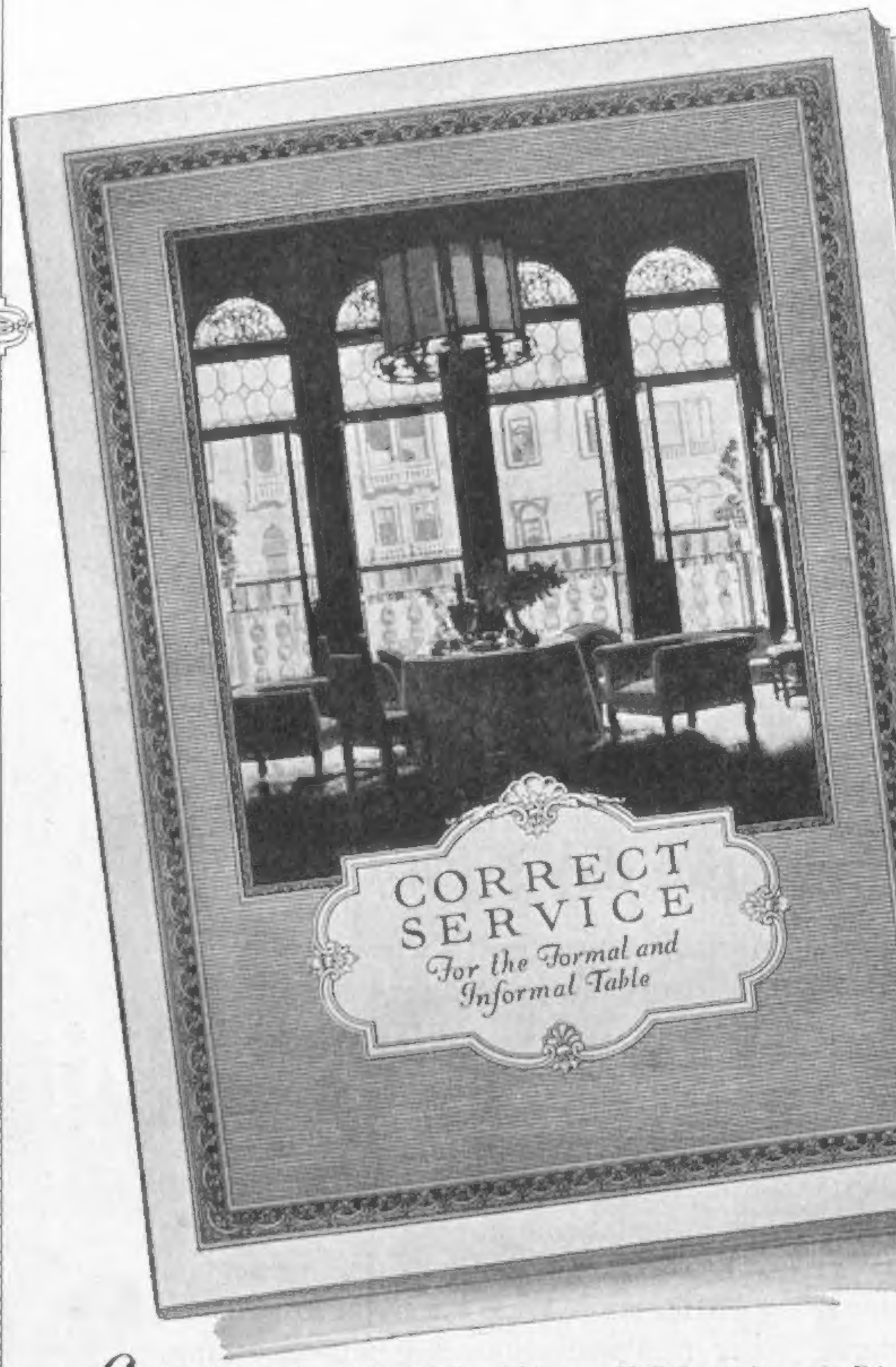
# Book on CORRECT TABLE SERVICE

*Prepared Under the Supervision of the Social Secretary of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.—*



CORRECT SERVICE
*For the Formal and Informal Table*

BREAKFAST

"This is usually the least formal meal of the day and should be made one of the most enjoyable."

LUNCHEON

"The bread-and-butter plate with the *Butter Spreader* . . . is placed to the left, above the forks."

DINNER

"At formal dinners butter is not served and consequently the plate and spreader are omitted."

COMING from such a distinguished social source, this little treatise on the Etiquette of Table Service is both practical and authoritative.

The distinction in service between *Formal* and *Informal* occasions is clearly drawn.

Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner are treated in turn.

Each piece of Silver is pictured and its *correct service* usage is indicated.

Inspiring, too, are the numerous illustrations of beautifully laid tables.

All in all—a little book that one will be glad to have at hand many and many a time.

May be had from your jeweler, or from us on receipt of 10 cents.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y.

# COMMUNITY PLATE

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# THE BLACK GOLCONDA

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*The National Petroleum War Service Committee Mobilized for War Purposes. At the Table From Left to Right Are: A. C. Bedford, Chairman; M. L. Requa, Government Oil Director; J. W. Van Dyke, George S. Davison, Thomas A. O'Donnell, Henry L. Doherty, E. W. Clark, Harry Felton, R. D. Benson. Standing at the Extreme Left is Walter C. Teagle*

## By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN Uncle Sam took his pen in hand on New Year's Day and figured out his expenditures for 1923 he discovered that he had spent $1,250,000,000 for gasoline alone. As a concrete evidence of the march of the motor the disclosure is sufficiently startling. This huge public bill for juice, however, has a far more significant feature. Though it comprises only one-tenth of the total cost of our automobile upkeep, it provoked more agitation than all the other items combined.

Why does the price of gasoline almost invariably irritate the average man who regards the automobile as indispensable to social and business life? Partially because it is a daily or weekly charge, whereas car, tire and accessory renewal is much less frequent.

Behind this passing and perhaps superficial explanation is the larger fact that gasoline spells "oil," and oil in turn is the one commodity that is born of uncertainty to a heritage of travail. Like the railroad, it draws the lightning of protest and controversy. It can calm every element but itself.

In this procedure petroleum is merely flowing true to form, so to speak. Having become, with the sole exception of German reparations, the prize disturber of international accord, it holds the spotlight in the panorama of purely and—in view of the recent disclosures—impurely American events. No Teapot Dome eruption was necessary to fix the industry in the popular mind or to proclaim its potentialities as an inciter of economic and political peace or war.

Examine the oil industry and you find that history is constantly repeating itself. There is alternate overproduction or underproduction—the proverbial feast or famine. Last year, for example, marked the high tide of the American industry in a bonanza yield of approximately 745,000,000 barrels. Today overproduction still rules, but with the difference that it is in scandal.

With these unsavory developments we are not concerned—at least just now. Long before the oil pot boiled over at Washington the investigation for this series was under way. It really began last summer in the far-off confines of Turkey, carried on through Rumania, and brought up at London and The Hague, the twin seats of a mighty offensive for the mastery of the recoverable oil areas outside the United States.

In a previous group of articles I showed how petroleum is the goal of a world-wide struggle in which governments are competitors, and in which we have a vital stake. Sooner or later we must find sources of supply abroad, because we are fast draining the reservoirs of our greasy gold. Here you have one of the paramount petroleum problems.

This series has for its sole objective the story of the American business of oil. It is the romance of the one-time stepchild in the family of minerals who, figuratively, has grown to be a dictator in the domain of raw materials. Yet when John Jones fills the gasoline tank of his car at a service station in town or country he seldom stops to realize the miracle of the oil advance or the scope of the vast and ramified machine that yields the fuel that starts him on his way again. He knows little of the hazards and handicaps that beset the evolution of crude petroleum after its release from the bosom of Mother Earth until it gushes forth to heat, light and propel this humming universe.

What then is this drama of oil? How has it evolved from a quack remedy for aches and pains—for such was its first American use—until it stands almost supreme among the essentials to trade and transport? How can production be stabilized so as to prevent the violent fluctuations that derange price and market? By what process has petroleum become the black Golconda upon which the need and desire of man are set?

To get the answers to these questions I followed the trail of oil from Pennsylvania, the cradle of the industry, across the great divide of California, where the puny infant

industry of the late 50's has become a giant of output. Oklahoma, with her redskin petroleum plutocrats, and Texas, with flush fields and memories of Spindletop, where a whole new epoch in oil began, likewise came within the range of the journey. What follows, therefore, in this and in the succeeding articles was gained at first hand at a critical hour in the destiny of the business.

From acute dislocation brought about by overproduction in California and Texas, the industry was just turning the corner, when Teapot Dome exploded with a bang. Oil suddenly became the storm center of sensational exposure. The now familiar European mixture of petroleum and politics was duplicated, but on a more heroic scale. So-called distress gasoline, resulting from excess of manufacture, was matched by a kindred distress of mind and morale. Whatever the outcome, one thing is certain. Despite the carnage among reputations, the industry as such, with its bewildering wealth of technical detail and its no less dazzling wealth of return, will remain the same medium for the production of an essential.

There is neither time nor space to linger on history, however strong the temptation to dwell on those picturesque beginnings on Oil Creek, near Titusville, where Col. E. L. Drake, in 1859, set up the first of that long chain of derricks which now stretches across the country almost from the Atlantic Seaboard into the very waters of the Pacific. From Pennsylvania southwest through Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois and Indiana, and on by way of Kansas, Oklahoma and Wyoming, to Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and California, was the course of the Argonaut who pursued the most capricious of all deposits, which is petroleum. This is why we have such producing fields as the Appalachian, Mid-Continent, Coastal and Californian.

The outstanding detail in the birth of the petroleum industry—and it must be briefly emphasized—is that while this country oozed, seeped, trickled or smelled with petroleum for years, it escaped commercialization. Man accepted it as liniment and lubricant—even swallowed it under duress—but never bothered whether it reeked with profit or not. All he knew was that it reeked with odor, was an unpleasant neighbor, and he gave it as wide a berth as possible.

Oddly enough—and it shows how strangely circumstance works—long after petroleum got to the big refining stage, its principal present-day by-product, gasoline, was rejected, despised and even burned secretly at night to get it out of the way. It was the twentieth-century industrial Cinderella. Kerosene held the stage. Yet today gasoline is a world power, stoking alike the furnaces of war and peace production. Because of it, the pride of coal is lowered and the prestige of steam is menaced.

### The Pioneers of the Industry

WE FIRST obtained our kerosene from oil distilled out of coal. This is why it was called coal oil. Later kerosene was refined from petroleum and became for a time its most valuable distillate. Coal-Oil Johnny, whose name is now merely a tradition as a princely spender, got his name and bank roll out of it.

But before the dawn of that kerosene age was the era of a considerable dependence upon the whale. The sperm oil that came from the head of the sea monster was the best lubricant for machinery, while its wax was converted into the finest candles. From ordinary whale blubber came a part of the nation's illuminant. The tallow candle, however, had the right and the light of way.

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*The First Oil Well, Depth 69½ Feet, Capacity 30 Barrels Per Day for One Year. The Drilling Was Begun in May and Completed in August, 1859*

Those gallant whalers that sailed out of New Bedford felt themselves richly rewarded if they returned from a three years' cruise with a few hundred barrels of oil to dispel the darkness of the American home. Contrast this primitive and arduous search for crude amid the perils of the sea with today's stupendous output of petroleum from a comparatively small and much safer area, and you can see at a glance just what a mighty revolution has been wrought in the relation of oil to production and consumption. For every barrel of whale oil wrested from the deep you now have more than 1000 barrels of crude petroleum.

What most people do not consider, even in a country where every tenth man owns an automobile and all the rest are saving up to buy one, is that petroleum is the one distinctive American industry. Coal, steel, iron and copper, both in mining and in manufacture, represent a melting pot wherein the brain, initiative and cunning, as well as the background, of many nationalities have been poured. The development of oil, however, was fostered by our own kind, and it retains, in technic and expansion, its original Yankee supremacy. We produce more than 65 per cent of the crude in the world, and although foreign petroleum may in time dislodge the American article, the credit for the pioneering is still ours.

Everybody knows that Rockefeller, Archbold and Rogers rode to fame and fortune on the tide of oil; but they do not comprehend the debt that these men and the rest of the gilded petroleum galaxy, past and present, owe to the breed that really made the business possible. It is embodied in the man who, once having got oil in his system, never got it out. Technically, he is known as the wildcatter, the name given to the individual who drills the first well in any new area.

The narrative of American oil, in its larger sense, is the epic of the wildcatter. Venango County, in Pennsylvania, where the Drake well was drilled, was the nursery of the line. The original or his sons are today not only in every American field but wherever petroleum rises to the surface. I have seen them in Europe, Asia and Africa.

### The Growing Demand for Oil

THE wildcatter made the oil well bear the same relation to our national development that the covered wagon does to the winning of the West. It remains the symbol of faith and courage. The well and the wagon redeemed an unwilling and well-nigh unresponsive earth.

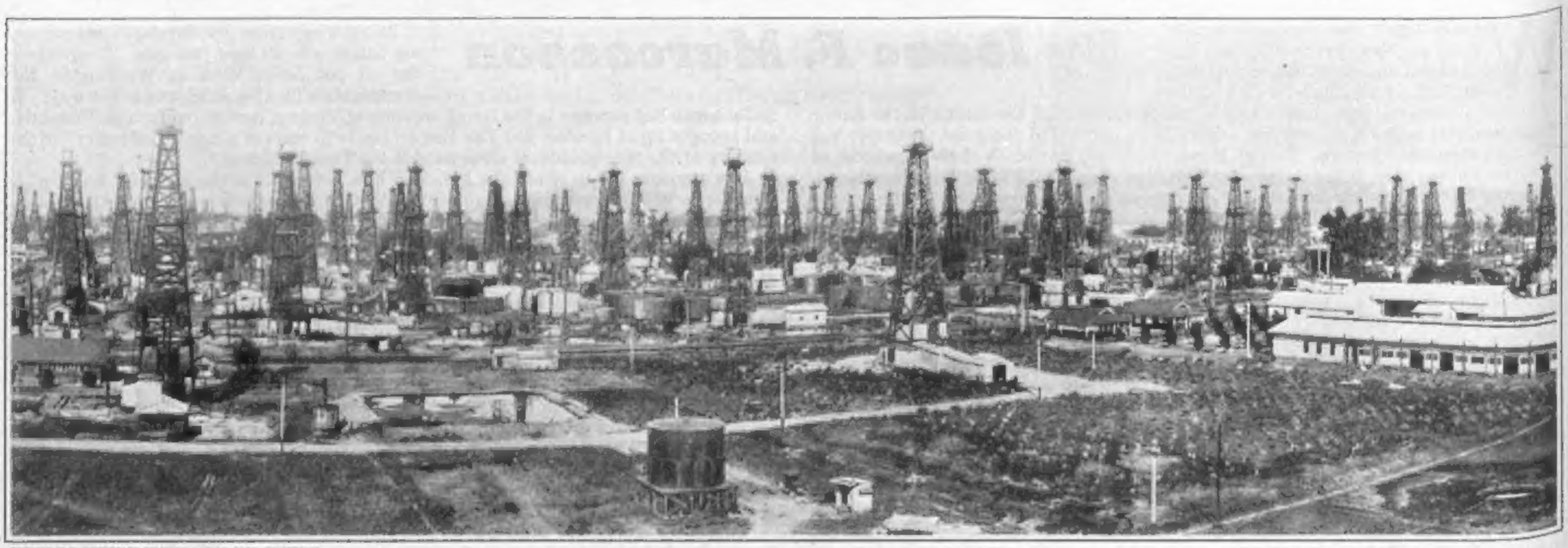
Like every other type that personifies aggressive individualism, the wildcatter, with the old gold prospector with his burro and grubstake, is bowing to the inexorable decree of big organization. Once upon a time he could go it alone. That was when an oil well cost a few thousand dollars to put down. Oil was then a comparatively simple industry. Now the cost of a well alone ranges from $30,000 to $300,000, and the wildcatter, of necessity, has become a corporation. Moreover, the world is the market and a vast machine of distribution is geared to the derrick.

Nor does the public, which has adapted itself so readily to the comforts and conveniences of a gasoline age, appreciate the fact that the most astounding economic movement of the past twenty years is the enormous expansion in petroleum. Iron, coal and copper have grown in use many fold; but oil surpasses them all proportionately and with much room to spare. In the last twelve months alone there has been an increase of 26 per cent in the consumption of gasoline; 15 per cent in the use of lubricating oil and 11 per cent in the demand for fuel and gas oil.

A decade and a half ago the petroleum industry existed mainly to supply a small demand for kerosene. Then came the development of the internal-combustion engine and with it the quick advent of the automobile. The monster maw of our 15,000,000 motor cars and trucks must be fed. To do this, gasoline consumption has grown by leaps and bounds, until last year out of a total production of 179,000,000 barrels we consumed and exported all but 2,000,000 barrels. The per-capita consumption of gasoline in the United States in 1922 was more than 4.35 barrels, while it was only .18—or less than one-fifth of a barrel—for the rest of the world. Kerosene has become an incident. Once the kite of the business, it is now the tail.

It is difficult to know where to begin a specific appraisal of the oil business, for it baffles analysis in the same way that the product itself eludes the searcher. To begin with, you have what might be called the major problem as expressed in a growing dependence on petroleum on one hand, and a rapid, almost prodigal, exhaustion of supply on the other. This is a difficult enough issue to meet, but it is merely the initial obstacle.

*(Continued on Page 161)*



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*The Bonanza Oil Fields, With the Forest of Derricks, at Santa Fé Springs, California, Which Represent the Last Word in Competitive Drilling*

# MANHANDLED

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE girl stopped at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. She stopped short, with a look of wonder in her stippled violet eyes as she stared up the long slope of Murray Hill.

She saw an asphalted valley as clean as a gnawed bone, a valley threaded by twin lines of motor cars that flashed in the morning sun, a valley treed with fragile bronze towers that winked with mysteriously tinted lights. Then she became conscious, for the first time, of the cliff-dweller windows along the walls of that valley, the banks and banks of windows that turned a stone-gray cañon into a competitive riot of color, that gave it depth and meaning and left it as expositional as a bazaar under glass. Those windows, from the challenging gold letterings about them and above them to the assertive gay wall signs and roof signs beyond them, even on to the occasional proclaiming pennon above the serrated line of the shop tops, in some way suggested combat to her. It was a cry for attention, a tendering of service, a solemn battle to survive out of the crush and welter of city life. And it seemed fitting enough, as she lifted her gaze still higher, that she should catch sight of the drifting gray script of a sky writer as his wheeling plane left its smoke trail across the appropriated blue arch of the heavens. For this, she remembered, was the core of New York. And New York, she had been told from her childhood, was the center of the world, the Mecca unto which youth fared to try its fortune, to hate its tumult as one failed in that test, and to love it as one succeeded.

It both thrilled her and frightened her a little. She liked the color and glamour and movement of that great estuary of trade, at the same time that the immensity of the vista between the towering gray façades left her vaguely conscious of her own littleness. She felt poignantly alone in that city, which had taken no thought of her existence, which had so indifferently turned away from her approach. But she had no intention of giving up. She still intended to fight for her place in the sun. And she had one chance left, she remembered, as she consulted the slip on which the address of the Haydon Store was written.

She stepped out from the curb, with that impulse toward action still warm in her young body. She disregarded, in her hurry, the first line of cars that shuttled past her. Then she stopped, in a momentary panic, before the second line bearing down on her. And as she hesitated she caught sight of the huge traffic officer at the street center.

She was not conscious of calling out to him. But he must have either heard or seen her, for with an imperious lift of his white-gloved hand he brought the charging avalanche to a halt.

She had not intended to fling herself into his arms. But safety, she knew, lay in the shadow of that sheltering blue figure. And the officer smiled down at her approvingly as he drew her into neutral territory and motioned for the arrested tide to take up its way.

"Yuh got 'o step careful in a town like this," he admonished as they waited for the flurry of wheeled things to sweep past.

"I know," she admitted as she crowded close to him. "But I took a chance."

"Don't take 'em; girlie, don't take 'em!" was his friendly advice as he piloted her across the polished black pavement to the curb, where she was conscious of his handclasp on her arm as he added, "Let 'em kill the homely ones!"

She rewarded him with a smile of silent gratitude that sent him humming back to his midroad duties. And as she glanced about at him for a moment she was tempted to accept him as a sign and an augury. There was always someone, if you were honest and open, who would come to your help. And there was something about men, even city men, that made them considerate with you if you were considerate with them.

Her heart lightened, as though that blue-clad arm were still sustaining her, as she turned into the side street and made her way toward the Haydon Store. But her spirits sank again as she invaded that intimidating emporium of trade. It made a difference, she remembered, as she repeated her politely worded inquiries as to where she could find the employment manager, whether you had something to buy or something to sell. Yet she was relieved, after being ushered into the gray-toned office on the fifth floor, to find no bearded lion in its den, but a sad-eyed and slightly obese man of middle age with a carnation in his buttonhole and very little hair on his head. He sat checking a column of figures at a mahogany desk flanked by a mahogany railing. He even betrayed neither surprise nor hostility when she hesitatingly explained that she had been sent there to apply for work. He merely motioned her into a chair and reached to a pigeonhole filled with blue-tinted papers. One of these he handed to her before returning to his figures.

It was her little gasp of despair that made him look up from his column.

"I don't quite know how to do this," she complained as she met his abstractedly inquiring eye. Yet that eye softened a trifle, she noticed, at the appeal in her glance.

"Then supposing we do it for you," he suggested as he reached out for the blue-tinted form.

"Would you?" she breathed in tremulous gratitude.

He did not answer her. And he did not look up at her again. But his gold-banded fountain pen moved methodically across the application blank as he wrote certain cryptic figures along its top.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Hazel Lerner," answered the girl with the thick-lashed violet eyes that studied the shining pink skull between his temple fringes.

"Age?" he next perfunctorily inquired.

"Nineteen," was the soft-noted reply.

"References?"

"I've this one from our minister at Marysville, and this from the principal of the school where I taught kindergarten for a year."

Her color deepened as his cursory eye inspected the slightly dog-eared documents.

"What city experience have you had?" was his next preoccupied question.

"I was a dress model for three weeks at Holton & Clark's."

"Why did you leave that firm?"

"Because my work there meant entertaining out-of-town buyers. And that wasn't the sort of thing I came to the city for."

"Of course," was the other's still impersonal reply.

But the note of fierceness in her husky young voice brought his abstracted eyes up to her face. The man at the desk for the first time seemed to behold her as a living and breathing human being. He saw a slender-bodied girl whose limpid eyes at the moment were slightly luminous with excitement. The smooth texture of her magnolia-white skin, just over the cheek bones, was splashed with the same betraying sign of excitement. There was delicacy in the line of the straight short nose, just as there was a touch of ardent and untarnished youth in the poise of the back-thrust shoulders that would have appeared combative but for the neutralizing soft curve of the red underlip with the faintest trace of audacity about its corners.

"What did you come to New York for?" the man at the desk inquired, obviously more interested, at the end of that assessing stare. What he liked most about her was the look of gravity which the hooded eyes gave to a face not grave in itself, the suggestion of will in the courageous small chin.

"I've a gift for drawing," she explained, "and I wanted to do some kind of art work."

"But Haydon's is merely a department store."

She saw his smile, remote as heat lightning. It puzzled but it did not deter her. "I was hoping there'd be something in your art department here."

"You must mean our advertising department," he corrected. "We use artists there, of course, but they're all trained men."

"Then you've nothing for me after all?"

*Yet it Piqued Her a Trifle, When She Stole a Glance at His Preoccupied Face, to Find Gulick So Immured in His Brushwork*

He met her note of forlornness with a prolonging quiet smile that established an undefined something between them. She could not have explained why, but she knew that he was definitely on her side, that he was ready to help her. Men were more generous than women, in that respect, if one only met them halfway.

"Oh, yes, I have," he said with a paternal hand on her arm. "I can give you a very good position at one of our basement counters."

"What would I have to do there?" she asked after he had spoken briefly over a phone and restored the receiver to its hook.

"To begin with, you'd sell marked-down goods. That's in our bargain-counter department. You'll have to act as stockgirl at first, and have instruction in the classroom three mornings a week, on selling and making out sales slips, and that sort of thing."

"Would I have to stay long with—with the marked-down goods?" she asked, a quaver of disappointment in her voice. If she leaned closer to him she seemed unconscious of the movement.

"I don't think you're the kind of girl who'd have to," he said as his assessing eye once more swept her slender body. Then he added as he saw the slow flush that stained her face, "You're the type of girl that wants to get on. I can see that. And a girl advances, my dear, precisely as she's willing to please people."

If there was any deeper meaning to that speech she preferred to ignore it.

"I want to get on," she murmured as she let her thoughtful violet eyes meet his. She hated sordidness, and she intended to fight her way out of it, out of the sordidness of side-street rooming houses and dairy lunches and bargain counters for marked-down goods. She did not wince, this time, at the weight of his hand on her arm. "It's good of you to help me," she merely said in her husky and intimate murmur. He had in some way become faintly repugnant to her.

But she was less afraid of him than she had been before.

"It's nice to know I can continue to help you," he observed in a solemnized tone of gallantry, laving her with an emphasizing small smile that did not add to her happiness.

She sat with downcast eyes, conscious of his discomforting close scrutiny. She was averse to appearing bold, but on the other hand she was even more averse to antagonizing him. The eyes that rested on the white hollow of her throat, however, grew suddenly impersonal at the approach of a bespectacled official carrying a sheaf of papers.

"Well, if you're to be one of us," announced the employment manager, all business again as he rang a bell, "you may as well meet your aisle manager. He'll give you your number and place, and explain things in general. Then he'll pass you on to the timekeeper at the door, and to the doctor for a physical examination. Miss Stiner, take this young lady down to Mr. Moysey."

Miss Stiner maintained a dignified silence until the cage door of the elevator swung shut behind them.

"You've made a hit with the main top, birdie, for he's shootin' you straight to counter work," she explained to the newcomer, who smiled with the fortifying thought that she had a friend at court.

And the new employe at Haydon's was relieved to find Mr. Moysey a much younger man than she had expected. He inclosed her within an aura of toilet water that emanated from his slender-waisted body, led her with a panther-like stride about the aisles of his subterranean world, and explained in a slightly mincing but unmistakably comprehensive manner just what was expected of her. When it was all over and he had announced that she might report for duty the next morning, she thanked him in a voice still tremulous with gratitude. An indeterminate small glow of triumph eddied through her body as Mr. Moysey, in the shadow of the stairway, shook her hand with quite unnecessary warmth and expressed the hope that they would always be the best of friends.

Some remnant of that small glow still burned within her as she stepped into the street and headed for a corner drug store, where she shut herself in a telephone booth redolent of cigar smoke and announced her victory to Donn Weaver, who betrayed no undue joy over the news she was imparting to him. Donn, she remembered, had altogether different plans for her. Many a time, even back in Marysville, he had ventured vague but ambitious outlines of that plan. But she proposed to be something more than a tail to the kite of Donn's success. It was comfortable to know Donn was willing to marry her. But he seemed without glamour, in some way. And her ardent young heart still ached for its ever-receding dower of magnificence.

Yet she had already made her first step toward that end, she told herself as she emerged into the dust-moted sunlight of the street. She was to be a part, an active and actual part, of this tremendous machinery that roared and seethed about her. She was no longer an outsider. And so immured was she in her own thoughts that she stood, scarcely conscious of the fact that she had once more reached Fifth Avenue. She discovered this only when she found herself confronted by the friendlier tides of traffic that flowed up and down that undulating cañon of commotion overhung with its aureole of misty gold. She stood beside the curb, blinking out at the caravan of cars that slithered companionably past her. There were all kinds and colors of cars in that regal procession—landaulets and limousines, sedans and broughams and cabriolets, cars of bottle green and Brewster green and willow green, of purple and maroon, of dove gray and blue and brown and basket-weave canary, cars varnished and polished, nickeled and silvered, glass-prismed and glittering, flowing past her widened eyes in a blending and intermingling double stream of light and color. They moved and paused and slumbered on their talcked rubber heels and moved on again with a rhythm not unlike the rhythm of music, pulsing in unison, an orchestra of wheeled movement solemnly conducted by a solemn blue figure with a whistle in his hand, an orchestra sonorous with its cadences of power. And the girl with the stippled violet eyes, watching them, felt a small tingle of emotion touched with hunger creep up and down her spine.

"Nineteen," Was the Soft-Noted Reply

"It's a big city, isn't it?" coolly observed a lank and tired-looking stranger close to her elbow. And he laughed a little, even as she swept him with her icy stare of aversion. "I really couldn't help it," he explained, still unruffled. "You made me think of a fresh-hatched robin taking its first look over the nest rim at a brand-new world!"

"You're not making it any more attractive to me," she said with all the scorn at her command.

"But you have for me," he observed as he turned and sauntered on beside her. That, she remembered, was the trouble with New York. Men pursued women, in such places, as farm dogs pursued rabbits. Yet her annoyer, she noticed, had at least the earmarks of a gentleman. "Who the devil are you, anyway?" he brusquely demanded. It was only the kindliness of his faded eye that kept the inquiry from being unalloyed impertinence.

"I'm a shopgirl at Haydon's," she flung back at him.

"Are you now?" he soliloquized aloud. "I'd never have thought it. And I'm Carl Garretson. Ah, I see that name means nothing to you. But if you happen across an especially bad novel on the news-stands it's very likely to be mine."

"If it's as bad as your manners I don't think I'd be interested," was her spirited retort. And he laughed again, still unruffled.

"I like that," he proclaimed. "I really do. And I like you. You'll probably doubt it, but I don't do this sort of thing as a rule. To tell the truth, you knocked my instincts galley-west, back there, by that crusader look I caught in your eyes. It only comes, you know, once or twice in a lifetime."

"While one can be insulted quite frequently," she amended.

He stopped short at that, his ruminative face touched with trouble.

"My dear girl, I wouldn't do that for the world. You'll understand that when you know me better. I may be a bit eccentric, but I'm not a bounder. And the next time we meet I hope—well, I hope it will be under less clouded circumstances."

"I hope it will never occur," she averred, almost against her will, for she found it hard to hate him as she ought.

"I intend to make it," he announced, with his wearily unconcerned smile as he lifted his hat and turned away.

## II

HAZEL LERNER'S first week at Haydon's was a series of impressions that seemed to obliterate one another like wave marks on shore sand. She vaguely resented being submerged to a mere number and being known as Miss Fifty-Seven, just as she more actively resented being associated with the sale of marked-down merchandise. She nursed a distaste for rearranging soiled silk lingerie tossed about by pushing and impatient women shoppers. She also nursed a distaste, at first, for her pert-faced counter mate, Pinkie Doran, who impressed her as both too unshakably sure of herself and too slangily garrulous. She disliked the obliterating dark store uniform of black luster, and the noisy talk in the cafeteria, where she could get a sustaining enough lunch for twenty cents, and the overmonitorial eye of the motherly old hostess in the Forward Club, who studied the girl with the gardenia-white throat and proceeded to warn her against the predatory modern male. A young lady, nowadays, was taken at her own rating. She must be a serious worker in a world of workers. And no self-respecting girl, she was reminded, accepted favors from men without danger of finding a string attached to them.

But Hazel had done a little thinking of her own in this matter of men. And even in their workaday world she had found a girl was still a girl. Men were the rulers of that world, but they had moods and moments when they were not imperial. The busiest of them liked beauty and freshness in their lives, just as they liked a flower on their office desk. It was almost one's duty to be appealing, since it was through this appeal that one progressed. And girls had learned a lot since the world of business had been thrown open to them. They had been given a new freedom, and that had equipped them with new defenses. They carried their own latchkeys and their own ideas of right and wrong.

And if men liked you there was no law against letting them show it. There was a limit, of course, but the modern girl knew when that limit was being approached, and had a workable enough sense of humor to laugh the old-fashioned perils away.

So Hazel made it a point not to ignore Mr. Moysey. She took a quiet joy in witnessing her aisle manager's emergence from his shell of self-absorption to show her how to make out her sales slips and pass a purchase on to the wrappers and reassemble rumpled silk nightdresses so they would look their best. If he leaned a little closer than was necessary as he tutored the rapt-eyed newcomer in the secret of dressing her counter, that newcomer betrayed no outward sign of annoyance at his pantherlike approach or his aromatic proximity. For, as the worldly-wise Pinkie had informed her: "Stand in with that Moysey mutt and the rest'll come easy!" So Hazel was able to smile up at him confidingly as he fraternally picked a thread from her shoulder. And she condoned his playful tap of disapproval when she made a mistake in her sales slip, just as she endured his casual handclasp about her arm as he directed her gaze to the shelf supply from which she was to replenish her stock.

"Yuh got it, kid!" proclaimed Pinkie after disposing of a slightly shopworn rose-silk brassière to a stout lady who wheezed.

"I've got what?" asked Hazel, pressing an uncomfortably cold hand against her uncomfortably hot cheek bones.

"What the frail chasers fall for, kid," was Pinkie's sagacious retort. "The call o' the clingin' vine to the he oak! The come-hither look in the off lamp!"

Hazel was both annoyed and elated by that pronouncement. She was younger, younger in face and spirit, than the girls about her. And if there was something about her that appealed to men, that marked her out from her meeker-spirited sisters, she was not to be blamed for what she could not help. She had no intention, at any rate, of cheapening herself. She had her own way to make, and she intended to make it honestly. She could afford to be lenient with Mr. Moysey. But there were limits beyond which the controller of her subterranean destinies would not be permitted to venture. She had been a good girl all her life, and she intended to remain one.

When he asked her, during one of the midday lulls, if she ever went to the movies, she said with lowered eyes that she had always been afraid to go about alone in a strange city. When Mr. Moysey inquired if she would care to see the new picture at the Cameo some evening she thanked him tremulously and expressed the hope it would not make trouble among the other girls. And Mr. Moysey, growing bolder, assured her that the others no longer stood within the range of his consideration.

But a little later in the week she forgot Mr. Moysey, just as she forgot the strange new weariness that made her temples throb, when she found herself under prolonged inspection from a less dapper and a more discreetly remote figure. She realized that she was being studied by a brown-faced young man in tweeds, a somewhat shy-mannered man with genially studious eyes which looked impersonally out through thick-lensed glasses on that passing panorama known as life. Hazel, who was not without a quick instinct for social values, knew at once that he was the right sort. There was distinction in his very carelessness, in the careless forward thrust of his shoulders, in the careless swing of his cane and the unkemptness of the worn dogskin gloves that dangled from a bulging side pocket.

Her pulse quickened perceptibly as he advanced somewhat diffidently towards her counter. Yet she preferred to ignore his presence as he came to a stop before her array of shop-soiled finery. When she looked up she met his gaze with a cool eye which obviously added to his trepidation.

"I should like this one, please," he proclaimed, denoting with the ferruled end of his cane a near-by garment of salmon pink. His color, for some reason, had deepened a little.

"Four ninety-eight," announced Miss Fifty-Seven as she reached for the designated garment of frilled silk. Yet the eyes of the man with the cane and those of the salesgirl with the soiled silk in her hands, for some mysterious reason, clung together.

"Four ninety-eight," she automatically repeated, with a tint of rose spreading over the gardenia white.

She watched him as he reached abstractedly into his breast pocket for a bill fold. But instead of opening that oblong of morocco he continued to study the flushed face with the slightly luminous eyes.

"You're wonderful!" he startled Miss Fifty-Seven by slowly and impersonally intoning.

"I beg your pardon!" she retorted. And there was a sharpness in her words which did not add to his peace of mind.

"I don't do this sort of thing, you know," he said in a panic which she recognized as being genuine. "I really don't. But I'm an artist, you see. I've a—a weakness for form and color. And when I see a face like yours I—well, I'm afraid I rather forget myself."

"What's wrong with it?" demanded the violet-eyed girl, steeled into indignation by Pinkie Doran's derisive titter beyond the counter end. Authors and artists apparently were privileged persons in this new world of hers.

"Good heavens, there's nothing wrong with it," proclaimed the solemn-eyed man with the cane. "The only thing is that it seems to be in the wrong place."

"Where would you prefer to see it?" was Hazel's none too conciliatory inquiry.

"On canvas, of course," was the other's prompt and impersonal retort. "Pardon my asking, but have you ever posed?"

The slumberous violet eyes of Miss Fifty-Seven flashed with sudden fire. There was a limit, of course; and he was going beyond it.

"How dare you ask me a thing like that?" she huskily demanded. "I'm a respectable girl and I've ——"

"Of course you are," cut in the startled artist. "I could see that at a glance. That's your charm. But you don't understand. I meant in costume—historical stuff, you know. I'm doing mural panels for the Easton Library, and you looked so fresh and wonderful above that bank of soiled finery ——"

"Old stuff!" audibly interrupted Pinkie Doran from the counter end.

"You look so vivid and vital," pursued the man in tweeds, "that I'm afraid I rather forgot myself. Artists do that now and then."

Hazel's face softened again, and her eyes became more ruminative.

"I'm an artist myself," she quietly admitted. "At least, I've tried to be one."

"What do you work in?" he asked, perceptibly interested.

She did not answer him. Instead, she took up her pencil and sales book, and on a blank page blocked out with a few quick strokes an exaggerated but unmistakable portrait of Mr. Moysey, the aisle man.

"That's clever," admitted the artist as she passed the sheet over to him. "Quite clever!" But his enthusiasm, Hazel was quick to see, was not without its qualifications. "I wish I could show you something of mine. But it's all in my studio. And I don't suppose you'd care to drop in there some day?"

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"For Times is Changed, Birdie, Since Grandmaw Swooned When Grandpaw Kissed Her on the Lace Mitten"

# THE PEACOCK

## By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

SOPHIE threw back her head and with half-closed eyes nosed the air for the elusive fragrance of pursuit. It had been very close; just now she could almost hear the mouthing of the pack above the tinkle of the city street. When at the instant it seemed the view halloo must come crashing against her eardrums, she had boldly stepped off the track.

There is a providence in exigency. In the very act of passing a great mansion Sophie's gloved hand had brushed the knob of a little postern directly on the pavement. It gave. With one step she was inside; her back against the closed door, the sleek shining creature, heart palpitating, ruff bristling, every nerve tip tingling pleasurably, sensed the chase swing by, full-tongued. Then even the music of it died away. She had been conscious of it for days now, an intangible something on the wind, that waxed and waned, like a voice in a fog.

The clamor of her strained senses gradually dulled. She looked about her, in the pervading gloom of a long corridor. Where was she? She attempted a swift orientation. It should be—yes!—a shop of some sort. Certainly not a private establishment in this area of golden show windows. A *maison* of some sort. With instant decision she moved down the corridor, drawing off her gloves and stuffing her few jewels out of sight. A sudden angle widened into a long low room full of neutral tints, except for the noonday sky, whose light filtering in through a glass ceiling reflected the recently fashionable brick shades from the towering walls of surrounding skyscrapers. It was a workroom, an atelier. Without regarding any of the occupants, even a man with soft golden hair and big brown eyes who stood poised directly in her path making pencilings in a notebook, Sophie began divesting herself of her furs.

"I am late," she said, with the casual air of a beauty sure of impunity. She withdrew a hatpin. "Well, I am late."

No one in the room gave her the slightest heed. The man with notebook continued his notations. Another, so like him as to seem merely a delayed twin, who was attired in a sculptor's smock, and with his mouth full of pins, continued to drape some nude shades about a tall passionless blonde standing on a block like a slave. A woman of strange colored hair, also in a smock, with a tape measure for a yoke and jingling various implements from an adapted Sam Browne belt, went on fussing among some rumpled stuffs on a large table, with knit brows and mien severe. Through a half-opened door Sophie caught sight of dazzling figures in gorgeous robes, gliding on winged step, pausing for an impalpable moment, then on again. The light broke. She was backstage in the ultra establishment of The Brothers, Inc., the famous æsthetic pair of men dressmakers. The Brothers, Inc., indeed! Here was protective coloring, of which she stood in direst need—a protective coloring dyed and primped and snipped and stitched by man's artifice, yes, but since when did not inspired man improve on random Nature?

Sophie stepped out of her street things and deposited them with others on a tree at the angle of the corridor. She ran swift fingers through her hair and surveyed herself minutely in a long mirror, turning to take critical note of the graceful line of her back. She looked expectantly at the brothers, who seemed still oblivious of her presence. Picking up some gowns thrown across a chair she hung them in front of her in the mirror, stepping this way and that. One to her liking she tossed about her and dropped into an easy-chair, assuming quite naturally the posture of a great lady with somber eyes. Those somber eyes—long slits that could shoot in any direction like versatile gun turrets—appraised everything in leisurely detail.

"No!" cried a far-off voice, with a peremptory handclap. "The front foot first, if you please! A lady always starts off on the front foot." It was the coach of the mannequins going through their little solo dramas in the dressing room beyond.

*Poised for an Instant on the Topmost Step She Contrived to Reveal the Every Grace of Her Clinging Draperies*

It is said that the Hippodrome elephants, in their moments off stage waiting for their cue, gravely rehearse their tricks among themselves. It is pride of calling, the savor of art. These gaudy peacocks, waiting for their cues to go out front and strut, were pretending to be ladies, quite unconscious of one another or of spying eyes. They were haughty, demure, startled, pleased, expectant, as they practiced coming down, going up, pausing, starting off—always on the front foot first—sitting down with languorous ennui, rising; the arts of the drawing-room.

Sophie, the better to see, half arose.

"You," said the man with golden hair and brown eyes, looking up, "will you sit still, as you are told?"

Sophie accorded him a haughty stare.

"It is not permitted one to breathe here, then?" asked she, in the throaty street French of a midinette.

The man with the golden locks did not deign to reply.

"Nor to speak?" she persisted.

"When you are spoken to," said the man severely, writing something in his book.

"But I was spoken to." Sophie was amplifying her wrongs.

"Silence, you!"

"I was distinctly asked a question." Sophie was putting the matter in abstract in a low tone, to some imaginary individual, rather than to the room at large. "It was required of me to say would I sit still; and further, would I sit still when I was told?" She made a pleading little gesture to her invisible confidant, accompanying it with a Mona Lisa smile. The other Brother, his mouth still full of pins, turned and regarded Sophie, draped exquisitely in her chair, critically—her hands, her feet, her head and the back of her neck, but most of all the lines into which her frock had fallen when she sat down. The man with the pins looked at the man with the golden locks; but the latter was writing again. So he resumed his task; but after one or two ineffectual passes over the mannequin, he gave up in despair. He said something to himself in a murmur about pork-store blondes—and to the passionless creature on the block he said, "Dearie, you can go now," and she came to life like Galatea; she drew her clothing modestly about her and moved off stage with all the manners of a lady in the privacy of her boudoir.

"No! No!" came the rasping tones of the coach from within. "The front foot first. Don't you know your front foot?"

Sophie displayed a needle-pointed toe in a black suède sandal as if about to follow the admonition; then she paused, thrust her chin forward and said over her shoulder, "*C'est permis de marcher, ici?*"

"No. Not until you are pinned up. And then only when you learn how. You are the new one," said the man with the notebook.

"You forget," sighed Sophie. "Not so new as you imagine."

The Brother with the pins was watching this little passage.

"Walk, dearie," he commanded, breaking in upon the colloquy.

Sophie walked. The gown, with no visible means of support, seemed to make itself, to belong to her pliant lines. The Brother with the notebook was suddenly all attention.

"How perfectly stunning, Bertie!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands softly in ecstasy.

"Lovely," said the second gentleman. They were referring to the frock Sophie wore slung about her, not to her patrician stride. He stopped her with a hand. "It is veritably a new drape!" He pulled out a series of pins and put them in a different place, explaining, "A dressmaker makes his mistakes in pins, so he can pull them out and try again." Then he threw the gown aside. "Step up here, dearie," he said. He gave Sophie a hand, and by that same polite art of levitation by which a gentleman of long ago lifted his lady into a carriage, he raised her to the block. "You have the air, dearie," he said ingratiatingly.

"Alas, yes," sighed Sophie, once more the *grande dame*.

"It will not irk you if I sketch a little? I have in mind a little effect ——"

"You ask my consent to make me beautiful, monsieur?" asked Sophie demurely.

"May I, please?" asked Bertie; he was offering to unfasten her gown.

Swirls of gossamer fabric shot with gold enveloped her, stuff so tenuous it might have passed through a ring, tumbling into place by magic. Things came out of the air. Bertie stepped back to regard his effect, and then with a little cry he drew the folds across the bosom to the verge of nothingness.

"It is the age of revelation," he said poetically.

"A nude," murmured Sophie, "is never naked until it moves. I stand perfectly still, monsieur."

"Ah!" said he profoundly. At this moment the door opened and a splendidly restored elderly woman of the type maintained for display by all the great *maisons* entered. She had a gown across her arm.

At sight of the mannequin she stopped, transfixed; the next moment recovering, she exclaimed passionately, devoutly: "Bertie! Dear boy! You have the divine gift!"

Bertie was lost in the study of his theme.

"The old dame is outside," said the woman in a business-like tone. The two men nodded. "This is only eight hundred," she said, holding up the rag. "She refuses to consider it."

The younger Brother crushed the disdained creation between his hands and kissed it fervently.

"Now it is sixteen hundred. That should please her."

"But if she recognizes it ——" protested the woman weakly, not quite convinced.

"You are to say 'Oh, madame, if your eyes cannot detect the difference, it is for someone else to see.'"

The tragic muse sat heavily on the man dressmaker when he spoke this line. Even Sophie from her high place conferred on him a beam of admiration. The woman departed. Some little time later she returned, opening the door stealthily, tiptoeing in, and swallowing before speaking, so great was her agitation. Everything stopped, awaiting her message. It was delivered in an exaggerated whisper, and only in consonants.

"V-N-D-M!"

The kissed gown was ancient history. Here was something else. She was announcing Mrs. Corliss Vandam. It was the instinctive habit of these artists in passing this name back and forth among themselves to omit the vowels. A cry escaped the two men.

"She desires to be shown the girl who is to walk the plank." This from the capable female, still in a whisper, though there was no one to overhear.

"Aha!" exclaimed the younger Brother. He looked at himself in a pier glass, and he practiced a stride or two before going to meet this opulent fate. But his companion intercepted him.

"John!" he said, with a full look.

"How strangely you speak, Bertie!"

"Tell her it is not finished."

"This one cannot be kept waiting, as you very well know."

"Then tell her you have for her an emotional surprise—that she may not see, until the very moment arrives. The suggestion of mystery ——"

"But, Bertie ——"

"John!"

"Yes, but this is ——"

"You trust me?"

"Oh!"

"You believe in my moments of inspiration?"

"Yes," said John, and "Yes! Yes!" he murmured; and once more, closing the door on himself and going down the corridor, he whispered "Yes!"

Bertie took flowers from a vase and gave them to Sophie, eying her secretly as he said in a low voice, "'She had three lilies in her hand!'" John came back, his eyes shining; he was dying of curiosity.

"Behold!" whispered Bertie portentously.

"It is—oh, it is you in your supreme moment, dear brother!" exclaimed the ungrudging John, swiftly appraising Bertie's latest effect.

"Not the robe. The woman! Look at her!" This in a very low tone. "Where did we get her?"

"Oh—she's been about. Hasn't she?" John ran his fingers through his locks. "They come and go; like the quality of mercy, they are not strained," said John vaguely.

"Not this one. Look again."

"Well?"

"In my opinion, she is not a mannequin at all," said Bertie, picking up a gown and affecting to talk about it.

"Bertie!" gasped John in alarm.

"Hush! She is probably a great lady on a lark! It may be a bet. Her walking suit is by old Floriot himself!"

This last was not conclusive, of course; still, John, much moved, murmured "Marvelous! Marvelous!"—meaning his brother's powers of divination.

"She is heaven-sent!" said Bertie, bowing to the gown he held. "We will assist her to win her bet. She will be our pièce de résistance this afternoon. I dreamed this theme. But I lacked the model. *Voilà!*"

"She? This one? But the other! She is pinned up and waiting for me to rehearse her," protested the more earthy John. "And she is perfect!" He had done the pinning himself.

"Except for her feet," admitted Bertie. "And they are canal boats. We will send her to the Mah-Jongg Fête instead. This one does not suspect. Watch! Prepare yourself for a miracle!"

He turned with a cavalier's bow and outstretched hand to the lady on the block, saying "Madame, may I?" And Sophie, transformed in the instant into a *grande dame* by some charm of the moment, stepped daintily out of her carriage—or no, she permitted him to ease her down two little steps of onyx into the grand ballroom, and posing her fingers on his proffered arm she permitted him to escort her across the floor. The pantomime was perfect. When the gentleman bowed this way and that, the lady, conscious of ravishing glances—bestowed on her by the young blades—dropped her lovely eyes and swept her peachblow cheeks with her long lashes. Halfway down the ballroom—at the door of the storeroom, in fact—they appeared to encounter some distinguished personage. Bertie bowed stiffly, heels together; madame permitted her hand to be kissed; and seating herself gracefully on a vis-à-vis—a convenient packing case—she indicated that the general, or whatever he might be, was to sit beside her.

Looking up and discovering Bertie still there she said, "Dear boy, fetch me an ice. And do not hurry—your heart is bad, you know."

"Lovely!" exclaimed John, clapping his hands softly.

"What did I tell you!" cried the triumphant Bertie, off stage.

"It is so much more than you told me that I can scarce find mind to conceive it. There is nothing we can teach her."

"And you are reconciled to the substitution?"

"As if I ever doubted your taste, Bertie!"

Bertie had picked up the telephone.

"No!" he said to the mouthpiece; "not you. Himself, if you please! This is The Brothers speaking." There was a wait; then: "Cortot? *Bien.* Come. At once. Beauty fades quickly, so make haste. Fetch —— No! Fetch nothing. Let your heart instruct you, while your eyes feast."

Cortot was the jeweler who had recently taken the best corner on the Avenue, at a fabulous rent. Bertie called another number, and another, and another, always demanding himself in person, and delivering to each the

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*The Man With the Pins Looked at the Man With the Golden Locks; But the Latter Was Writing Again*

# Charley, or the Confessions of a Fiancé

## By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

LAST night, my own dear little girl, when we were discussing the influence of bad companions I was unwise enough to mention Charley. With natural curiosity you asked, "Who was Charley?" And your Ernest replied, "Who was Charley? Oh, merely a casual friend; only that and nothing more."

A little later when I showed you my accounts in college, and after graduation therefrom, you queried, "Where have you listed the money that you spent on other girls?"

"I have never spent any money on other girls," was my unqualified answer.

Still later you demanded, "But were you never engaged? Have you never had any affairs?"

"No," I responded; "never—none."

My own dear little girl, if I am blushing now as I must have been blushing last evening, it is because my three answers to your questions were three atrocious falsehoods, designed each and every one to shield a guilty conscience.

First, Charley was no mere casual friend; his was the most intimate and evil companionship that ever came into my life. Second, as I write I have here beside me a secret ledger containing an itemized account of every cent I have expended on girls other than yourself. I can simply add that the total is staggering. Third, yes, I have been engaged and I have had affairs.

And because my conscience will not let me rest, I am going to tell you what hitherto I have kept concealed; and I hope you will be brave, my own dear little girl, because it will pain me much more to write what follows than it can possibly pain you to read it. But I have just brewed myself and swallowed a cup of strong coffee, and with this stimulant I hope to be able to tell you the whole story from the beginning to the end.

"My Name?" I Repeated. "Why, My Name is Charley"

It was a year ago on a balmy May night. In the little parlor on the second floor of the boarding house I had seen Miss Smathis watchfully waiting as usual. And because I had feared lest, passing to my room, I might be drawn into a conversation with that stern-faced yet fond middle-aged lady, I had decided to indulge in an evening promenade.

But as I walked down Gainsbury Street no thought of Miss Smathis troubled my mind, nor was I concerned with Charley, whose very existence was at that moment unknown to me. But a deep melancholy had found its source in the realization that after two years of faithful service at Meller, Lane & Co.'s I had won only the steady antagonism of gruff old Mr. Meller. Less qualified employes than myself had been passed over my head into the desirable foreign export department; and, as ever, my salary remained unsuitable for a young man with ambition and domestic tastes.

Brooding and distraught, I had crossed by Ramsay Avenue to Moore Park when, directly at my feet, I observed a square of white linen.

"Pardon me, madam," I said, picking up the object and addressing myself to a young lady attired in a blue coat with gold trimmings—"pardon me, but I believe you dropped this."

Turning her fresh ingenuous face in my direction, she remarked in a voice whose plaintive timbre suggested the ringing of little bells, "Oh, that's Maxie's handkerchief. What a nice man to pick up the handkerchief poor little Maxie lost. Maxie is glad you found her handkerchief, because she hasn't many pennies. Maxie thanks you on her own account and on behalf of her father in the hardware business and her sister in vaudeville."

At the end of this extraordinary speech she paused, evidently waiting for me to respond.

This I should have done gladly had I not been disconcerted by her use of the third person when designating herself, and also by the glamour of that melancholy tinkling voice.

After some thirty seconds of silence, she tintinnabulated as follows:

"What's the matter, doctor? Is there a balloon going up, or are you pulling a dumb act, or are you only ritzing little Maxie?"

Once again I was balked by the perplexing character of her remarks. No doubt I looked my astonishment. She clapped her hands together.

"Oh," she remarked in an enticing gurgle, "an imitation of an educated watermelon balancing on a fish pole! When you look like that Maxie wishes Mort could see you."

"Who is Mort?" I inquired, finding my composure for the first time.

"Mort is a dramatic author and he is little Maxie's second cousin."

The possibility now occurred to me that I might be addressing an actress, an inquiry as to which produced an answer in the affirmative lasting perhaps five minutes.

"It is funny," she concluded, "that a headliner like little Maxie, who never faked a dance in her life and who can make good in any spot, should be out here resting in the sticks instead of hanging them on the chandeliers in New York; but a riot is a riot, and some day I am going to show these high hats that they are only And Co. when they work on the same bill with little Maxie."

As at this time such phraseology was beyond me, my answer was designed merely to calm her evident excitement.

"Of course," I assented; "and if you are not at present in New York it is the New Yorkers' loss and not yours."

She smiled brightly, and dropping back into her plaintive voice said, "By special request, please play that sonata over again. It doesn't mean anything, but little Maxie likes to hear it. Maxie never, never met anybody quite so nice as you. Tomorrow night at nine o'clock little Maxie will be waiting for you before the Al Fresco. Good night, old Tooralooral."

Turning with these words, she ran up the steps of a large frame boarding house at my right.

I have just brewed myself and swallowed another cup of strong coffee, because, on reading over what I have written, I find that I have not yet come to the point. I have neither introduced nor so much as mentioned Charley. And

"What Do You Mean?" She Said in a Low Voice

Charley, my own dear little girl, not only took part in the conversation but indeed was one of the principal speakers. I shall try again, because I am not going to leave this typewriter till I have told you all. I must call to mind also that I have not yet listed my shortcomings in the matter of affairs and the expenses contingent thereon.

In the light of some of our past intimate conversations, you will doubtless be shocked to be told that during my entire college course, instead of being fancy-free as I stated, I was engaged to a young girl whom I will designate as Hetty McL. A resident of my native town, Hetty McL moved to the Far West when we were both eighteen. Though I had never seen her since that fateful removal, I considered myself pledged to her until one morning a year ago when the postman brought me an announcement of her marriage to a mechanical dentist in North Dakota.

My expenses in her direction—extending over five years and a half—may be lumped as follows:

HETTY MCL

| | |
|---|---|
| Gifts, including picture post cards, stamps, and so on—price of stationery estimated | $0.12 |
| Total | $ .12 |

Though somewhat staggered by Hetty McL's change of heart, a sweet girl whom I shall designate as Melba R did much to enable me to bear up under the strain. My acquaintance with Melba R and her mother lasted six months and was in full flower at the time I encountered Charley. It was a purely intellectual friendship based on a mutual love of good books.

MELBA R

| | |
|---|---|
| Carfare to library—I paid for her | $0.10 |
| Fine on book—overdue three days | .10 |
| Gift—Sonnets by Shakspere | 1.75 |
| Lecture at library; English poets—three seats | .15 |
| Nuts and candies, assorted | .15 |
| Total | $2.45 |

But my disagreeable task is not yet fairly begun, for, humiliating as it may be to my *amour propre*, I have determined to tell you the truth about Charley—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Without farther prelude then, let me revise the account of my first meeting with Maxie and supply what hitherto I have been weak enough to omit. After appointing the time and place of our next encounter, my new acquaintance had glanced sharply at my feet to remark, apparently apropos of nothing, "Why haven't you any blankets on your dogs? Maxie doesn't like dogs without blankets. Please buy some blankets for your dogs."

A skillful question or two elicited the fact that by "dogs" she had reference to my feet and that "blankets" were spats. Though hardly partial to this form of personal adornment, I was so moved by her pleading voice that I promised to purchase

a pair at the first opportunity.

"But speaking of dogs," I proposed, "how would you like to have a dog of your own—a real one?"

In suggesting this it was with the thought in mind of a litter of miscellaneous puppies which a friend was under the painful necessity of drowning. But before I had a chance to explain my intentions in detail the lady had jumped up and imprinted a kiss on my right cheek. This was the first kiss I had ever received from a total stranger and it so upset me that when she said "Oh, how nice you are! Maxie knows just the dog she will buy. It is so cheap—only fifteen dollars. How nice to give little Maxie fifteen dollars to buy that dog!" I found myself in the act of reaching into my pocketbook and handing her three crisp five-dollar bills.

"Maxie is just crazy about you," she stated, meanwhile rapidly disposing of the money about her person, "and you are so nice to give little Maxie a dog. But Maxie doesn't even know your name. Maxie can't accept your lovely presents unless she knows your name. Please, what is your name?"

"My name?" I repeated, a little stupidly perhaps.

"How do they call you for dinner? Or do they use a bell? Or do they just tie on a feed bag?"

My own dear little girl, the response that I made came from my lips, but not from my brain. The words seemed dictated by a force over which I had no control.

"My name?" I repeated, and my very voice sounded hoarse and unfamiliar. "Why, my name is Charley."

*II*

THUS Charley came into my life; and if, next morning, I woke unaware of the gravity of what I had done, only too soon was I to learn my error. No doubt Frankenstein created his monster as lightly as I created Charley. I remember smiling as I wondered how I had ever allowed myself to be drawn into a familiar chat with my acquaintance of the evening before.

The day passed with but one untoward incident. In the morning at the office I volunteered a helpful suggestion, which gruff old Mr. Meller received substantially as follows:

"Well, well! Well, well! Well, well!"

In writing "Well, well," my own dear little girl, I do not mean that Mr. Meller actually said "Well, well." I merely use that harmless expression as a substitute for Mr. Meller's real expletives.

"However Mr. Meller may criticize my efforts at the office," I told myself that evening, "at least he shall have no occasion to complain of the life I lead outside of office hours. While others disport themselves, I will improve my mind."

Therefore as soon as the evening meal ended I opened a volume of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and with notebook conveniently at hand I bent to my self-imposed task. It was 7:30 when, with a start, I found myself enunciating not the words of the great historian but the following fanciful inaptness: "I wonder what the Al Fresco looks like from the inside. Well, one hour and a half from now little Charley will be finding out."

Sharply pulling myself together, I concentrated once more on the story of old Rome, for I need hardly explain that I had not the slightest intention of keeping the appointment made the evening before or continuing an acquaintance that had cost me fifteen dollars in as many minutes.

Eight o'clock. I looked up with a sudden sick apprehension I had surprised myself muttering this cryptic statement

"She is certainly one bright little entertainer. Yes, she looks good to Charley." For a moment I feared my reason might be tottering. I stood, went through some simple arm movements, washed my face and brewed and swallowed a cup of strong coffee.

"Concentrate, Ernest," I warned myself severely. "Remember that it is only by spending the evenings in the right way that you will ever be able to win the right girl."

For the third time I centered on my studies. It was my last attempt.

Hardly had 8 30 sounded from the city-hall clock when with a sudden panic I perceived that I was no longer seated at my table, but standing beside it. The volume of Gibbon was closed. In the notebook three final words traced the transition from the fancied past to the only too realistic present:

Maximus.
Maximus
Maxie

"H[illegible] Charley," my lips were repeating. "As long as Maxie doesn't like dogs without blankets, we shall see what a live shoe store has to say about it."

As one in a dream, I took my hat from the hook, adjusted it and sallied forth into the night. Faintly in the distance I could see the electric glow that marked the Al Fresco. Thus, my own dear little girl, began a Jekyll and Hyde existence whose memory, even now, makes me shudder.

By day Ernest toiled in the office and planned long educational evenings; and as regular as twilight itself, came Charley, not only to play hob with Ernest's fondest hopes for self-improvement but, through his entertainment of Maxie, to scatter to the wind Ernest's hard-earned dollars.

Though in the beginning Charley seemed only the externalization—if I may so put it—of the suppressed light-hearted side of Ernest's character, little by little Charley began to assume an identity that was completely his own.

If Charley had bought the fawn-colored spats merely to oblige Maxie the complete outfit that followed he bought to oblige himself. There were yellow gloves, provocative neckties, elaborately shaped shoes, aggressive hats and a maroon suit that Ernest never contemplated without a shudder. So arrayed, Charley went on his nightly adventures.

And if, from now on, I speak of Ernest and Charley as separate personalities, it is because I am trying to make my story absolutely clear and understandable. Yet in a certain sense the use of these two names is misleading, for neither Ernest nor Charley was ever completely absent. While Ernest, dominant, toiled at his daily job, Charley made malicious remarks from the background. At night, when Charley took the helm, Ernest, from some remote corner of the brain, emitted advice and good counsel to no purpose.

From a psychological standpoint, perhaps the strangest phenomenon occurred at the twilight hour, when the two personalities, present in equal force, would argue—mentally—with each other. Ernest's thoughts, I need hardly say, presented themselves in the chaste

(Continued on Page 90)

*"So She is Not a Lady, But Only Your Wife! Oh, You Big Boob! Bam!" The Rest is Silence*

# LAZY-BOARD BILL

## By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

*They Secured the Services of a Talented Oil Finder for Their Location, Who Selected a Spot After Elaborate Rites With a Sheep's Skull and Much Prowling About, Blindfolded, by the Light of a Full Moon*

THE main differences between the psychology of the American and European peoples which puzzle foreign observers have their origin in hope. Unquenchable and limitless hope keeps us young. It also leads us into quagmires—and spurs us to achievement of the impossible. It is the beacon for all our endeavors.

Nowhere else in America does hope flame so high as in the oil fields. A roughneck today may be a millionaire tomorrow, with a great stone palace in town and a fleet of purring cars—and a year from tomorrow he may be a brake weight again. But he never loses hope.

When it came to hope, Lazy-Board Bill was champion of them all. The sobriquet he bore had no relation to his temperament; he earned it from his job in a pipe-line crew. A pipe-line crew consists of a foreman, two stabbers, four point men, four butt-end men, one jack man, one back-up, one lazy-board man and fourteen helpers. Bill handled the lazy board.

He was a long raw-boned cuss with glacial blue eyes and an alert impatient manner. Bill had been through half a dozen oil booms, with various ups and downs, and in 1923 was practically where he had started—working for wages. He called it chicken feed, and treated it accordingly. Many towering figures in industry have climbed with the means which Bill despised, but the long hard road made no appeal to him. He was forever looking for short cuts, blind to what the years he wasted on them might have brought him through thrift.

"You never will have a cent," complained his wife.

"I won't hey," retorted Bill. "You'll see me hornin' in among the fellers yet, woman."

"Same old cockle-doodle-do!"

"Is that so? Let me tell you something, you got a man when you married me!"

"I reckon I did—they're all alike."

A lot of people wondered why Mrs. Luna stuck to Lazy-Board Bill, on account of his habits. He had old-fashioned notions about male liberty of action and a woman's place; had Mrs. Luna ventured on one-tenth of the freedom her husband enjoyed as his right, Bill would have gone to his gun and run amuck. Equality of the sexes is still an upper-class idea, necessarily slow of advance in those circles wherein physical force may supplant verbal dueling any moment.

One pay night Bill didn't come home at all. He danced until early morning in various barrel houses in Smackover, and then lost what few dollars remained in a gambling joint just off Broadway. It was long past breakfast when he showed up, and then he tried to be very businesslike, with a tale of an all-night job over on the Callan lease.

"It's the last lie I'll ever listen to from you," said Mrs. Luna with deadly calm. "I'm going home to mamma."

"You dare to stand there and tell me I lie?" cried Bill indignantly.

"I do. You can't *fool me a minute*—I can tell it in your eyes."

Lazy-Board did his durnedest to convince her with the purity of his stare, but he had had a hard night and couldn't make it. His glance wavered. Mrs. Luna emitted a hard little laugh of triumph.

"All right—go," blustered Bill. "I don't care."

So she packed up her belongings and departed the same day. Bill, he went back to his job next morning. He felt aggrieved, but not especially downcast, being firmly persuaded she would come back.

It was a punishing week for the crew. Rain fell in torrents at intervals; they were working deep in the swamp, up to their knees in mud and water. One man crushed his foot badly. Two of them got into a fight. When they finally emerged and trudged back along the railroad track toward headquarters, nobody uttered a word except to curse the weather and the dog's life they were leading.

Arrived at the company's office, Lazy-Board sat down on the stoop to scrape some of the mud off his brogans before going in for his pay.

"No monkey business tomorrow, mind," the field superintendent warned him. "We got to get an early start."

On a sudden impulse Luna turned and said, "I reckon I'm through."

"That's a fine way to do me! Got another job?"

"Maybe."

"Go to it! But you can sure enough figure on one thing—you won't never work for me again."

"Maybe you will for me, though, Louis," retorted Luna, and went out.

He had nothing in mind—he only knew he was sick to death of the grind and would not go back to it for wages. If tomorrow proved that a better job was beyond reach, then he would hop a freight and join the drifters to other fields. Meanwhile his pay burned in his pocket, and there was nobody to say him nay.

Bill went to town and proceeded to hearten himself with choc beer. There's one thing I'll say for choc beer—you get an answer.

After supper he made a tour of the barrel houses, but at twenty-five cents for every two minutes of dancing, it threatened to break him too early in the evening, so he made his way to a gambling joint in the hope of replenishing his purse.

A couple of doorkeepers patted him up and down the sides, discovered his gun and made Bill park it.

"I'm harmless, gents," he protested. "All I come for was your money."

"Sure," they assented, "but sometimes a guy don't act gentlemanly."

So far as his personal acquaintance went, Bill had never known anybody to win at the crap table, but to it he went. And within half an hour he had swelled his pile to several hundred dollars, and a crowd had collected around him to back his bets. So temperamental is the Goddess of Chance that sometimes she will shower down her favors so as to make a man unbeatable—even against the best human devices.

The house was growing uneasy. It had lost as much to the crowd as to Luna individually, and after Bill made two more passes the boss closed the game.

"You're a bunch of pikers," Bill scoffed. "Why, I was just goin' good."

"Well, if you want action, there's a game on in the corner. Sky's the limit."

Lazy-Board gathered up his winnings and joined the poker players. They made a place for him in a game of stud, his seat being so placed that two of the house players could whipsaw him. For a while they held off, permitting Bill to win a few meager hands to prepare him for the big squeeze. He realized perfectly what was coming, but was not the least daunted. Since the first throw of the dice he had felt in every fiber that tonight was his, and even with everything stacked against him, hope sang a swelling song of triumph.

It came the turn of one of the two house players to deal. Lazy-Board Bill did not so much as glance at the first card, but placed his big hand over it and calmly put up his ante when the betting started. His third card was a six of hearts; the other one showing was the eight of hearts. He stayed for another card, the bet being enticingly low and nobody raising. The fourth card to fall to him was the nine of hearts. In the other hands there were some promising possibilities, but nobody bet high and he stayed.

Watchful of eye, but impassive of face, the dealer asked "All set?" and started to flip out the fifth round. When it was dealt, the dealer, who sat on the left of Luna, had four cards of a straight in sight; the man on his right had two pairs showing. Bill drew a long breath. In front of him, face up, were the six, eight, nine and ten of hearts. What the card in the hole might be, he did not know. He had not so much as peeped, and his hand still remained over it.

The one man on Bill's right bet first. It was a comparatively modest bet, made with hesitation so nicely done that a bold player might be enticed to risk a bluff. Knowing that such was expected of him, Bill shoved out five hundred dollars, murmuring "Raises is dangerous, but I'll tilt you that much."

What he had anticipated, came about. The dealer at his left merely called the bet; four others dropped out; then the man on his right pushed fifteen hundred dollars into the pot, barking "It'll cost you that to look at these babies."

Bill carefully counted his money, taking plenty of time.

"I ain't got that much, brother," he remarked placidly, "but I'm entitled to a showdown for all I got, and here it is."

It was five hundred and thirty-seven dollars and eighty cents—he did not even hold out enough for breakfast. The dealer promptly folded his hand, his part being done. Bill and the other man showed the cards in the hole: the house player had a king full, Lazy-Board produced a straight flush—six, seven, eight, nine and ten of hearts.

"Looks like I win," remarked Mr. Luna.

The man on his right was staring fixedly at the dealer, who refused to meet his eye. It had been intended to give Bill a flush, all right, but not a straight flush. Somehow the Goddess of Luck had played a trick on him, baffling his skill.

"Say," he rasped, "tell me just one thing. Didn't you see that card when she fell?"

"No."

"You must of knowed what she was!"

"Uh-uh," declared Lazy-Board. "It's just my night. That's all."

"Well, come on. Deal 'em out, somebody. The evenin's young."

"No-o-o," said Bill, "I'm through. I don't aim to crowd my luck "

He started to sort and pocket his winnings.

"I know just how you gents feel," he added. "But it ain't your fault—you done your best."

They rose with him, one of them strolling off to a corner of the room, where he engaged in whispered conference with the crap dealer.

"And it ain't any use follerin' me," announced Lazy-Board loudly, "because a couple of my pals is outside, with plenty artillery."

Before any argument could start and without tarrying to reclaim his gun, he went out. Once in the street, he set off as fast as he could leg it to the nearest barrel house and there picked up a couple of acquaintances who worked for a driller. In their company he felt safe in walking the railroad track to their camp. For a lone pedestrian that stretch held great risk, because hungry hijackers made bunk houses of the freight and pipe-line cars which filled the sidings.

Bill was an ingenuous soul, but not such a fool as to divulge even a hint of his stroke of luck. He spent the night at the driller's camp and next morning at breakfast announced he aimed to drift.

"Where to?" they asked.

"Oh, it don't matter much. I can get me a job over in Texas, I reckon."

He had no destination in view as he headed toward the railroad track, but he knew it would be healthier to get out of Smackover while the going was good. And the hope that had buoyed him up the previous night made the whole world glow.

Disposed about his person was a small fortune; it was a sparkling day; the dogwood shone like clusters of snowflakes amid the greening forest of pine and elm and cypress; the flowering peach flamed pink; all Nature was waking to new life. Lazy-Board felt like a conqueror, with the whole round earth for his footstool.

He caught a train at Griffin, where straining ox teams were hauling logs through the knee-deep mud, and niggers were yelling and cracking rawhides at their mule teams as they plunged and tugged to drag their loads over the rise of the railroad embankment.

"Where to?" inquired the conductor.

Luna named a place farther north—a name which had idly floated into his mind from some casual talk he had heard the previous night between two lease hounds. What prospects it might offer, he did not know. Perhaps none; but he had to go somewhere, and he could plan there as well as elsewhere.

The first person he encountered on stepping off the train was C. W. Robinson, an old acquaintance

"What you doing here?" demanded Bill in surprise

"Just scouting."

"New field coming in'"

"Not yet. But there's going to be."

"How come? Anything doing'"

"I'm the only oil man within fifty miles, thank God," said Robinson. "But look—let me show you the dope"

He hauled out some blue prints and the two bent over them. It was strictly wildcat territory, with not so much as a derrick on it, but Robinson had obtained the opinion of a geologist of established reputation, and although neither of them placed any great faith in rock hounds, the one in question had two fields to his credit and his judgment carried weight.

"Well, if anybody else put that up to me I'd give him the laugh," said Lazy-Board. "But I've seen you hit it right before. And I'll go you."

Before they had finished supper Bill owned leases on six hundred and forty acres out in the sticks—six hundred in one tract, and forty in another not far removed. There remained to him, after paying for it, eleven hundred dollars for operations.

"Know any good driller who ain't turning round?" he asked.

Robinson named several.

"Well, so long," said Bill. "I aim to catch that 5:10 in the morning and go see 'em."

The first he approached gave vent to a loud jeer—none of that kind of stuff for him—he was through for keeps! From the next he met with the same reception. But the third man had more of the gambler in him; also, what Robinson had told Bill seemed to make a strong impression. The two argued and figured for a whole day, and at the end of it came to terms. The driller was to put down a well at his own expense, except one thousand dollars which Luna was to contribute, and he was to receive a two-thirds interest in all the acreage.

"And if we bring in a well, the cost comes out before we share, huh?"

"Sure. That's agreed."

"And you go to work as a floorman at six a day. O. K How about if I find me a job for my other rig?"

"Then I'm to take your place as driller for roughneck wages," said Bill.

"Well, it's a trade. But I tell you right now, only I'm dead sick of doin' nothin', I wouldn't touch the proposition with a forty-foot pole. Why, I'm takin' near all the risk!"

That night Bill sat down and wrote to his wife, telling her all about his new enterprise and painting the future in rosy colors. Naturally he did not mention how he had come by his stake; neither did he urge her to return to him; his policy aimed at making her feel badly by showing her all she was giving up.

"That'll fetch her," he thought complacently. "She'll come a-runnin'."

However, she did not even reply to the letter. It was the fifth or sixth he had written, and not a line had he received. If ever there was a mean woman! Bill smarted worse every day under his wrongs.

"That's no way to do me," he muttered. "'Tain't right."

The driller's name was Casey. They secured the services of a talented oil finder for their location, who selected a spot after elaborate rites with a sheep's skull and much prowling about, blindfolded, by the light of a full moon. To make doubly sure that the signs were propitious Bill consulted a fortune teller. From her Bill ascertained that fortune was about to smile on him, but he had best beware of a dark man. As Casey had red hair Lazy-Board very naturally concluded that this warning had to do with his wife, and he came near making a trip to Texas to beat somebody up.

When they spudded in, prices of oil were favorable, and for two months thereafter they went soaring. The prospect vastly encouraged Bill and Mike. It also encouraged wildcatters throughout the entire Southwest and California. Thousands of them fared forth into new territory and started drilling; new wells went down every day in the proven fields also.

The pair worked feverishly to finish the job. Under normal conditions and with average luck, they ought to have completed the well while the market for oil was high. But normal conditions and average luck never seem to operate in a drilling job. Rains fell for an entire week. One of the crew got drunk and was drowned by slipping off a log across the flooded creek, on his way back to work. A mule team hauling pipe bogged down in the swamp; no supplies could reach them except by horseback, and they had to suspend operations until the waters had subsided Not long after they had resumed, they lost the tools and fished for a fortnight before recovering them. They had breakdowns, and trouble with the boiler

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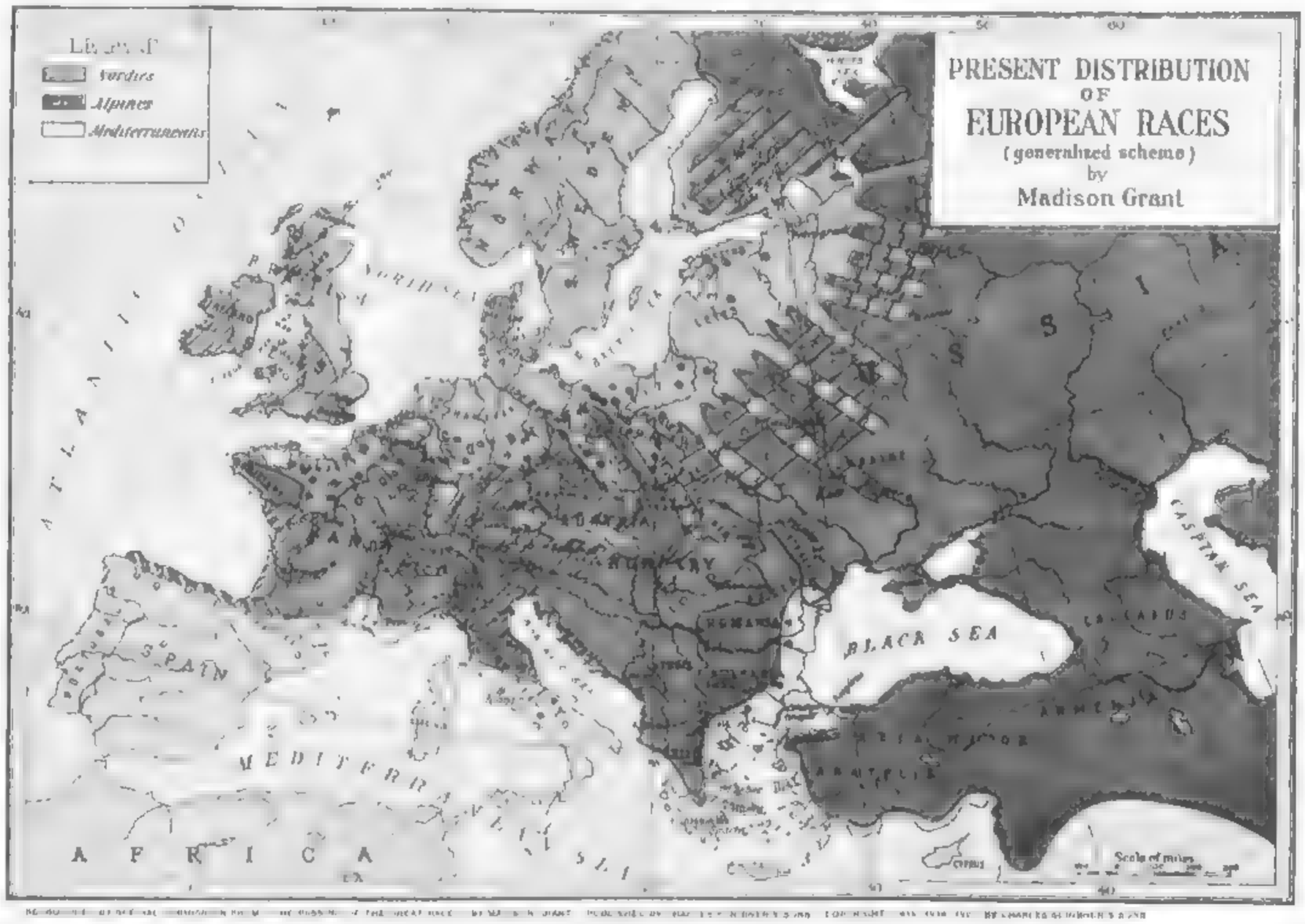
*Her Man Was in Trouble, and She Did Not Hesitate. "Tell Me All About It, Honey," She Said*

# RACIAL REALITIES IN EUROPE

## By LOTHROP STODDARD




NOT long ago a well-known British scientist was showing me his collection of Egyptian antiquities. Up and down the long museum hall we strolled, gazing at the innumerable relics of a remote past. Safely ensconced in glass-covered cases, these exiles from the sunny land of the Pharaohs looked strangely alien in the gray light of a London afternoon. Presently the scientist halted before a show case.

"Here," said he, tapping the glass with his forefinger—"here is something which to a student of racial matters like yourself will be of peculiarinterest"

I looked. The case was filled with little heads and busts made of burnt clay, or terra cotta. There were more than a hundred of them, neatly arranged in long rows.

"These little busts," went on the scientist, "were made to represent the different types of foreigners residing in the city of Memphis shortly after the Persian conquest of Egypt, about 2500 years ago. Apparently made for the purpose of being carried in some sacred procession, they were deposited in a shrine which was recently discovered by our excavators."

I looked closer—and was filled with astonishment. Those ancient busts, modeled after men in their graves these 2500 years, were strangely familiar. Many of them looked exactly like men who walk the earth today. There were Arabs not at all different from the Arabs whom I had seen sitting beneath their black Bedouin tents or swaying upon camels crossing the desert sands.

There were Armenians, indistinguishable from Armenians whom I had viewed by thousands in refugee camps throughout the Near East. There were negroes just like Georgia cotton pickers, and there was a Jew who might have stepped in off Broadway.

### The Racial Factor in World Problems

FURTHERMORE, there were busts representing historic racial types such as Greeks, Persians and Babylonians—races which no longer exist, yet whose appearance is known to us from statuary and kindred relics come down to us from ancient times. Those old Greeks and Persians depicted in the busts were instantly recognizable as the same breeds of men sculptured on the friezes of the Athenian Parthenon and on the bas reliefs of Persia's ruined capital, Persepolis. On the contrary, the busts did not in the least resemble modern Greeks and Persians—peoples which, though bearing the same names, have practically none of the ancient blood.

Lastly, there were a few busts depicting racial types which have perished without leaving even a historic memory, so that today we have no idea of who they were or whence they came.

To my mind that series of little heads and busts, fashioned by the deft fingers of old Egyptian craftsmen, is a most striking illustration of the mighty drama of man's racial life athwart the ages. Just think of it! Here we have a series of statuettes showing the various types of foreigners who walked the streets of an ancient Egyptian city. Pass 2500 years, and what do we find? We find that some of those race types still survive relatively unchanged; that others have perished, leaving their names but not their blood; and that still others have vanished so utterly that not even a memory of them remains.

And all this in 2500 years! What rapid changes! Does that last remark sound strange? Let us, then, remember that man has probably existed for something like 500,000 years. Comparing man's race life with man's individual life, what signifies a couple of thousand years?

Yes, for 500,000 years men have walked the earth—men of all sorts and conditions, of the most varied appearance and capacity. And for untold ages men have been divided into sharply marked races, ranging all the way from types so primitive that they looked like apes up to types such as the ancient Greeks, who were certainly handsomer and probably much more intelligent than any human stock now alive. And the great drama of man's race life still unfolds, never more intensely than today.

More and more we are coming to realize the fundamental importance of race in human affairs. More and more we see that the racial factor lies behind most of the world's problems. This is not solely an academic matter, to be left for the consideration of scientists and historians; on the contrary, it is about the livest, most practical subject that can engage the attention of thinking men and women today. A general understanding of racial matters is necessary for an intelligent appreciation of current events.

Would you understand what is happening in the world, why nations act as they do, what their relations are to America, and what our policy should be toward them? You cannot fully understand these things unless you have some general idea of the racial factors involved. And, unless you thus understand, you cannot act so successfully and efficiently in your own everyday activities, whether you be banker, manufacturer, politician, farmer, professional man or wage earner. Directly or indirectly, these things touch us one and all, both in our common capacity as citizens and in our private capacity as individuals.

Especially do we need to regard the racial factor when considering Europe, because hitherto in considering European affairs that factor has been disregarded. When we look at other parts of the world, racial distinctions leap to the eye and the racial factor obtains proper recognition. Who can think of China, India, Mexico, Africa, without instantly sensing the significance of race? When we turn to Europe, however, we do not at first glance get any such clear-cut impression. Of course we may realize in a general way that inborn distinctions exist between the inhabitants of various European countries, that Swedes differ markedly from Spaniards, say, or Russians from Englishmen. Still, even then, we are apt to think of such differences not so much in terms of race as in terms of other things like nationality, language, religion and culture. We look at the political map of Europe and there find a continent divided into a number of national states with sharply defined political frontiers, jealously independent of one another, emphasizing their respective policies, languages, manners and customs. We see them engaged in bitter rivalries and fighting bloody wars over just such things. What wonder if we come to feel that those are the things which really matter, that by comparison other elements in Europe's problems may be relatively disregarded?

And yet, is this true? Are there not other factors, deep-seated but powerful, working behind the scenes? Assuredly there is one such—race. The discoveries of modern science reveal more and more clearly the fundamental importance of race in human affairs. Of course there are other basic factors to be considered, like climate and soil. Yet even these are not so universal in their effects as race, which subtly but inevitably influences every phase of human existence.

Whoever begins looking at Europe from the racial angle is astonished at the new light thrown upon its problems, at the apparent mysteries that are explained, at the former riddles that are solved. Europe's seemingly tangled history grows much simpler, while present-day conditions become more understandable.

### The Three Races of Europe

LOOK at a race map of Europe. How it differs from the political maps we are accustomed to see! Gone are all those intricate national frontiers. Instead of a Europe split into many states, we see a Europe inhabited by three races. These races are known as the Nordic race, the Alpine race and the Mediterranean race. They have all been in Europe for thousands of years, and to them the great bulk of Europe's present inhabitants belong. Only in Eastern Europe do we find a perceptible admixture of Asiatic elements, while in Southern Europe we discover certain infusions of negroid African blood. Both these alien elements have, however, entered Europe in relatively recent historic times.

Roughly speaking, the European races spread horizontally in three broad bands across the European continent. To the north lie the Nordics, centering about the Baltic Sea and stretching from the British Isles to Western Russia. To the south lie the Mediterraneans, centering about the Mediterranean Sea as the Nordics do about the Baltic. Between the Nordics and Mediterraneans thrusts the Alpine race, stretching from Russia and the Near East clear across mid-Europe until its outposts reach the Atlantic Ocean in Western France and Northern Spain.

These three races differ markedly from one another, not merely in physical appearance but also in intellectual and emotional qualities. Although they have been in Europe for thousands of years, have been in constant contact with one another, and have widely intermarried, they have never really fused and remain essentially distinct today.

Right here we must emphasize the basic quality of race—its great persistence. Although the European races are unquestionably closer to one another in origin than they are to more remote human stocks like the yellow Mongolians of Eastern Asia or the African negroes, they nevertheless separated ages ago, and for ages thereafter remained separate. During that immense period of isolation they developed their racial individualities, so that when they met again in Europe they were clearly distinct both in physique and in character.

A glance is enough to distinguish full-blooded representatives of these European races. The true Nordic is tall and blond, with a long head, blue or gray eyes, and a fair skin. The true Mediterranean is short statured, slenderly built, long headed like the Nordic, but dark complexioned, with black hair and eyes and a skin inclined to be more or less swarthy. The pure-blooded Alpine is also dark complexioned, but differs from both the other races in being round skulled. Of medium height, the Alpine is of a distinctly heavy build, bones and muscles being alike stockier and less gracefully proportioned than either the tall Nord or the slight Mediterranean. To visualize these race types, call to mind a typical Scandinavian for the Nordic, a Southern Italian or Spaniard for the Mediterranean and an average peasant from Central or Eastern Europe for the Alpine. The illustrations speak for themselves.

Few things are more interesting and enlightening than a study of the movements of these races since their emergence upon the European scene long before the dawn of history, many thousands of years ago. The vast migrations, the brilliant conquests, the striking shifts of fortune from age to age, reveal a mighty drama of which the recent war was only a latest episode. For let us always remember that the play still goes on, with the actors much the same as they were in ancient times.

This is a fact of the greatest practical importance, because these races differ not merely in outward appearance but also in mind and in temperament. Thus the relative strength and importance of the different racial elements in a nation will largely determine every phase of that nation's life, from its manners, customs and ideals to its government and its relations with other nations. Furthermore, knowledge of its racial make-up will enable us to understand many of the changes in a nation's past and also to get a clearer idea of present tendencies, because we must not forget that, though races themselves change very slowly, the ratio between the racial elements in a nation is constantly changing. This occurs not only where the racial elements live distinct from one another; it is true even where extensive intermarriage has taken place. Racial characteristics are about the most persistent things that we know of. Developed and set by ages of isolation and inbreeding, they do not fuse when crossed with other characteristics of a different nature. On the contrary, they remain distinct in the mixed offspring, and the descendants of such mixed marriages tend to sort themselves out as belonging predominantly to one or other of the original types, in accordance with the hereditary laws applying to their particular cases.

### The Law of Heredity

EUROPE is a striking example of the persistence of race, because the three great European stocks all belong to the same main branch of the human species. They are all white men and, however remote their common origin may have been, they are more closely related to one another than they are to more distant branches of mankind like the yellow races of Eastern Asia or the black races of Africa. And yet during the long ages of their separation from their original source they so far diverged in type that when they met again in Europe they did so as true races distinct from one another, and thousands of years of contact have not sufficed to fuse them again. On the contrary, even in those regions where racial mixture has been most prolonged and general we find populations, not fused into new intermediate varieties with harmonious, stably blended qualities, but composed of obviously mixed individuals most of whom can be classified as belonging mainly to one or other of the ancestral types.

Furthermore, in those parts of Europe where race mixture has not been general or recent, we find the inhabitants to be mostly of almost pure racial stock. This illustrates another law of races—the tendency to breed out alien strains when these are not too numerous, so that such strains ultimately vanish and never reappear in the stock. The racial persistence displayed by a long-settled, well-acclimated population of homogeneous stock is truly extraordinary. This may occur even with small communities as shown by the so-called racial islets not infrequently found in various parts of Europe. In such cases small communities belonging to one stock have retained their racial identity for many generations, although surrounded by people of another stock.

A striking illustration of this is the racial islets to be found in Norway. The bulk of the Norwegian people are pure Nordics—tall, blond, long skulled and fair skinned. Yet here and there, in out-of-the-way nooks of the Norwegian coast, are found communities most of whose inhabitants are relatively short, dark and round skulled. These people are obviously Alpines, and they have been clearly identified as the descendants of Alpines who settled along the coasts of Norway thousands of years ago. Yet these people today still differ not only physically but also intellectually and temperamentally from the rest of the population. This is so evident that they have always been looked upon as different, almost alien, by their Nordic neighbors.

## The Three European Racial Types

*Top Row—Nordic Types, Norway: Pure Blond. Center Row—Alpine Type, Austria: Blue Eyes, Brown Hair. Bottom Row—Mediterranean Type, Palermo, Sicily: Pure Brunet*

This illustration shows why the racial make-up of a nation is not merely of scientific interest but also of great practical importance; because, as already stated, races differ from one another as much mentally and temperamentally as they do physically, and because such mental and temperamental differences are precisely the factors which in great part determine national development. Thus, in order to understand a nation, we must find out its racial make-up. Lastly, we must remember that, except in a few cases where a people springs from only one race, the racial make-up of a people is not a fixed quantity but a highly unstable ratio, which is always changing and which may change very rapidly as one racial element is favored or penalized by a variety of circumstances like wars, revolutions, emigration, immigration, or social changes such as the growth of city life and the factory system.

Bearing these things in mind, let us see what are the broad mental and temperamental characteristics of the three European races. We have already observed their general physical appearance. Now let us examine their inner qualities.

The Mediterranean race is a distinctly southern type. Probably originating in South-Central Asia, it entered Europe by way of the Mediterranean basin, which has ever since remained the center of the race. The Mediterraneans dislike extreme cold and high mountains, and tend to keep fairly close to the sea. Their most northerly extension was through France to the British Isles, which they settled many thousand years ago and where they still form the bulk of the population in Ireland, Wales and some parts of Scotland. It is to be remembered, however, that the British Isles have a climate much milder than most countries of the same latitude.

The Mediterranean temperament is emotional, often to a high degree. Passionate, excitable, loving and hating intensely, yet inclined to fickle changes, the Mediterranean is prone to lack stability and tenacity. He is social, yet individualistic within his group. Neither in politics nor in war has he a high sense of discipline. This, combined with his want of tenacity, has made him relatively weak in the competition of races. Mediterraneans have usually gone down before the attacks of both Nordics and Alpines, so that many parts of Europe once held by Mediterraneans are today inhabited by Nordic or Alpine stocks. Mediterraneans have rarely succeeded in founding strong, enduring governments.

Strong magnetic leaders can do great things with them, but the personal element is necessary, and naturally either dies with the leader or shifts to some other strong personality that captivates the fickle multitude.

### Characteristics of the Alpines

THE most attractive and certainly the most valuable traits of the Mediterranean stock are its artistic gifts—its keen sense of beauty, form and color; its love of music, poetry and other arts; and its general joy of life. The Mediterranean intellect is usually quick and often brilliant, though apt to be superficial. The race has, however, produced many men of high intellectual quality, particularly in the past. Unfortunately, some branches of the stock are racially impaired and impoverished today, both by a breeding out of the most intelligent strains and by the admixture of vast numbers of nondescript, inferior Asiatic and African elements. This is clearly the case with the populations of Southern Italy and Spain. Matters are even worse in parts of the Near East, inhabited in ancient times by Mediterranean stocks who built up brilliant civilizations, but today inhabited by mongrel populations of a very poor quality.

The Alpine race originated on the high plateaus of West Central Asia, and it has never lost the imprint of its ancestral home. It is emphatically a continental stock, taking naturally to highlands or to inland plains and showing little liking for the sea. The Alpines are a sturdy, tenacious race, very stable, but apt to be stolid and unimaginative. They have a strong sense of group solidarity, stick together, cling to the land wherever they settle, and when they do migrate move in groups. This is the secret of their successful expansion in Europe. The Alpines are not individually so warlike as the Mediterraneans and are far less warlike than the Nordics. Their advances have usually been slow and their conquests seldom either rapid or spectacular. Nevertheless, these advances, once made, have rarely been lost, at least in the racial sense. The great Alpine advances have been like glaciers, in solid masses, expelling or overwhelming the peoples they encountered and thoroughly settling the new territories. Mediterraneans have seemed unable to resist these mass advances. Accordingly, regions like Central France and Northern Italy, once Mediterranean lands, are today mainly Alpine in race. Furthermore, Mediterraneans have seldom subdued Alpine peoples and imposed themselves as conquerors. For these reasons there has been comparatively little mixture between the two races.

Far different have been the relations between the Alpine and Nordic races. Ever since the dawn of history the restless, energetic Nordics have been coming down upon the Alpines, overwhelming their territories and setting themselves up as masters. Wherever the odds have not been too great the Nordics have usually won the battles. Yet the fact remains that, racially speaking, the Alpines have not only held their own but have actually gained ground at the Nordics' expense. Both in Eastern and in Central Europe many regions once racially Nordic are today inhabited by predominantly Alpine populations.

This seeming paradox is explained by the Alpine qualities of tenacity, instinctive solidarity and dogged endurance. Their very passiveness has helped to give them

(Continued on Page 156)

# TRAVELING SUSPENSES

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

EPIC PETERS, eight-year service man in the employ of the Pullman Company, gazed into the startled eyes of the student porter and said, "Hot dam!" Then gently but firmly he placed his hands on the shoulders of the other colored gentleman and caused him to turn slowly. Mr. Peters' survey was meticulously conducted and Mr. Peters' countenance was wreathed in a smile of ineffable bliss, as though he was not yet entirely certain that luck so superb as this should have come to him.

"Dawg-gone!" said he at length. "It suttinly is you, ain't it?"

Mr. Kenneth Sprigg, of New York, did not appear to share in any measure the delight of his blue-uniformed instructor. In fact, Mr. Sprigg's high-yellow countenance betrayed unmitigated perturbation, and for a few brief moments he contemplated immediate and complete flight. This second meeting with Epic was not at all to the liking of the New York negro, and he would fain have called it a day.

"Mistuh Peters," he vouchsafed respectfully, "I surely has got regretments for what happened that night."

"Boy! You says words, but my hearin' ain't keen. You suttinly ain't got no need to do no 'pologizin' now. All which needs to be did I does between heah an' Bumminham."

And in the dissonant vastness of the Pennsylvania Terminal the two negroes stared at each other and knew that they were alone with their feud. To Mr. Peters that knowledge was unutterably delicious, but to Mr. Sprigg it brought a premonition of disaster with himself cast in the rôle of disasteree, and only his long-cherished ambition to become a regular Pullman porter deterred him from immediately divorcing himself from Mr. Peters' proximity.

They stood side by side on the train platform near the vestibule of the Birmingham Pullman of the Piedmont Limited. Above the tintinnabulation from the tremendous underground yards came the cacophony of New York traffic—shrieking taxicabs, clanging street cars, roaring Subway trains. All about them was the welter of activity which is continual in the great terminal—monster electric engines; clanking cars; long lines of waiting Pullmans; trains halting slowly and disgorging their regiments of eager, tired passengers; scurrying redcaps; porters; conductors; baggage trucks. From another section came the clatter and clangor of the Long Island Railroad. It was ten o'clock of a New York night and the through sleepers of many Southern and Western roads were awaiting the arrival of those passengers who desired to court the Morphean embrace in advance of the regular starting hour.

For the first time in his eight years of faithful and eventful service, Epic Peters, of Birmingham, Alabama, was finding that New York is a very good city indeed. Ordinarily Mr. Peters experienced in the great metropolis the uncomfortable sensations commonly attributed to a fish which has been suddenly and unceremoniously removed from its native wetness. Mere crossing of the Mason-Dixon line habitually afflicted Mr. Peters with a sense of futility; it robbed him instanter of his characteristic insouciance and reduced him to a modestly inquisitive condition. In the several years of through running, with New York as the eastern terminus, he had never lost—even in part—his awe of the great city. New York impressed him with the feeling of personal unimportance.

But tonight a miracle had happened. It occurred at a moment when Epic was dog-tired and heavy-eyed and not at all certain that railroading was the vocation for which he had been predestined. At 9:15 that morning he had completed his northbound run on the Limited. There had been a restless day at the porters' hotel, where coy sleep eluded his most passionate courtship, and the prospect of an additional thirty-six hours of arduous duty was entirely lacking in appeal.

*"About That Suitcase I Bought My Wife for a Wedding Present," Said Sandifer; "I Suppose You're Taking Good Care of It?"*

Then, to add to his worries, he had been informed that he was to carry with him on the long and strenuous return trip a student porter—a dusky individual who had completed his preliminary education in the New York yards under the tutelage of a retired veteran and was now for the first time to practice berth making and errand running above the thrumming of wheels. That meant additional responsibility and labor. Epic had made certain pertinent inquiries, and was peeved to learn that the student in question was a native of Birmingham who, despite a New York rearing, had selected Birmingham as his station. Much influence had been used in negotiating this delicate task of employment through the New York office with immediate transfer to Birmingham, and the southbound run of the Piedmont had been selected as the first step in the final training course.

Wherefore Epic had come on duty with mournful face and heavy heart. But now there stood before him the gentleman who was to take this advanced course in practical portering, and Mr. Peters gazed upon him and knew that the fates were kind indeed and that the ensuing thirty-six hours would be fraught with opportunity for rare and delectable revenge.

"It's Mistuh Kenneth Sprigg," he repeated happily, placing a rather insulting emphasis upon the Mistuh. "Ise a boy weevil if it's anybody else."

Mr. Sprigg gazed into the unrelenting eyes of his tormentor. He knew nothing to say and he said it.

"Mistuh Kenneth Sprigg, of Bumminham an' New Yawk—an' he's learnin' porterin'. Now who would of thought that? I asts you—who would of thought it?"

"Y-y-yassuh." It was Mr. Sprigg's idea that concurrence in any thought of Mr. Peters' was the most advisable policy.

"Yassuh when?"

"Yassuh it is."

"Well, hush my mouf! Ain't you the mos' respectfulest cullud man I ever met up with? An' you is goin' to Bumminham with me?"

"Yassuh."

"On my car?"

"Yassuh."

"With me to learn you how to porter?"

"Uh-huh."

Once again Mr. Peters grinned. And once again his lips uttered the words, "Hot dam!"

Something in the general demeanor of Mr. Peters informed Mr. Sprigg that the journey confronting him was not to be fraught with any overpowering degree of happiness—at least so far as the party of the second part was concerned. Epic was entirely too ecstatic to suit Kenneth, and Mr. Sprigg had reason to know that there was no love wasted upon him by Epic.

The episode which engendered the enmity between them had occurred about two months previously in The Twinkling Star Restaurant and Cabaret, on One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, New York.

There Epic Peters had wandered, resplendent in his best Birmingham regalia, sartorially the peer of any blasé Gothamite.

Circumstances had conspired to give Epic a night's leave in New York and this venture into the jazzy heart of the black belt was a dream long held. Mr. Peters, lean and tall and gangling, found himself strangely ill at ease; it was not that the patrons were any more well dressed or socially at ease than this adequate representative of Birmingham's colored society, but they did carry with them an air of smug complacency and blatant self-sufficiency which impressed Mr. Peters vastly even while it irked him.

He took a corner table and gazed with keen interest upon the immodestly dressed young damsels who cavorted over the polished surface of the floor to the urge of strident jazz music; and then he learned from an intolerant and amused waiter that the dapper young man two tables removed was originally from Birmingham.

That sounded like home sweet home to Mr. Peters. The person in question was short and slender, and with him were three highly attractive young colored girls and another man. Epic crossed to the table, secure in the knowledge of his own social importance in the metropolis of Alabama. He introduced himself and learned that the name of the ex-Alabaman was Kenneth Sprigg. Epic's face lighted.

"Sprigg! Kenneth Sprigg! Why, dawg-gone if I don't know yo' brother Eleazer. He lives in Fifth Alley."

And there, quite innocently, was where Mr. Peters slipped. Proclamation of Mr. Sprigg's brother's residence in an alley caused a burst of merriment from Mr. Sprigg's fair companions; they announced that it was quite the snake's hips, the cat's meow and the doggie's wigwag. It was irresistibly amusing—the thought that Kenneth's nearest relative should occupy a dingy cottage in a Birmingham alley. Whereupon Kenneth took diabolical revenge. He invited Epic to join the party and then proceeded—with Machiavellian cleverness—to make life miserable for that ordinarily self-possessed and dignified gentleman.

Within an hour Epic found himself the butt of the others' ribaldry. Despite his most heroic efforts it appeared that everything he did or said was wrong, and each thing funnier than the last. He struggled against it, but his very struggles made him more ridiculous, and the climax came when the check was presented and Kenneth outfumbled him. Twenty-one dollars and ten cents was the amount of that check; it left Epic with Subway fare to the porters' hotel—with just one nickel and a deep and abiding hatred of New York colored society and particularly of the insufferable Kenneth Sprigg whose brother lived in an alley.

Never had Epic been able to understand his intense discomfiture on that night. The insouciance and the pretense of his fellow revelers did not blind him to actualities, and he knew that he was just as polished and just as debonair as they.

It was rather that he squirmed under the certainty that they considered themselves better than him; it was their self-esteem which humbled him. Besides, they were in their element and Mr. Peters was not. When he finally parted from them it was with bitter invective on his lips and in his heart a vow that if ever, by any miracle, opportunity presented itself he would make each and every one of them suffer as he himself had been tortured through that long and hectic evening.

And now his opportunity had come. The shoe was most decidedly on the other foot. For this time Mr. Sprigg was face to face with the unknown, and Mr. Peters was where he belonged; a very certain and impressive figure in his dark-blue uniform, his silver-touched cap and a service stripe on his left sleeve. Here he represented authority and power and efficiency. He gazed long and earnestly at Kenneth.

"Boy," he announced, "you sho is welcome!"

"'Bout that other night," hazarded Kenneth, "us was just havin' a li'l' innocent fun."

"Uh-huh. You'sholy was. An' what I aims to have with you is mo' of the same. Ise one of the most funnin' men you ever met up with, Mistuh Sprigg. I just craves to show you how much fun I can enjoy."

A young couple, bearing three suitcases, appeared. Mr. Peters inquired as to their reservations and turned to conduct them into the car. The suitcases he relegated to Mr. Sprigg.

"Tote them luggage, cullud boy," he ordered gruffly. "Show a little service."

The suitcases were heavy, unbelievably heavy. Kenneth struggled manfully with them. Epic chided him upon his awkwardness and explained sweetly to his passengers that they must excuse any dereliction on Kenneth's part. "He's just tryin' out," explained Epic. "He's awful dumb an' it seems like he gits dumber all the time; so anything he does wrong you just tell me an' I splains to him."

They thanked Epic and gave him a half dollar. To Kenneth they donated a quarter. Once again on the platform Epic extended his hand.

"Gimme!" he ordered briefly.

"Give you which?"

"Them two bits."

"Huh?"

"Gimme them two bits which they give you."

"H-h-how come?"

"Listen at me, Wuthless. When you is stujentin', all the tips I gits is mine an' all you gits belongs to Epic Peters. Now han' it over."

The transfer was made and thereby a status was established. Kenneth Sprigg, inspecting Epic out of the corner of his eye, marveled that he had ever succeeded in destroying the massive assurance of this dignitary. The night at The Twinkling Star was a vague memory which reeked of impossibility. But Mr. Sprigg knew that his immediate task was to placate Mr. Peters—no matter at what cost to pride or dignity.

Other passengers arrived. There was an old lady who required great care and promised to be somewhat of a nuisance with her constant and querulous demands. There was a young mother with lusty-lunged twins. This young matron brought with her two bottles of certified milk, which she demanded be put on ice. There was a gentleman somewhat the worse for a last evening of revelry in New York.

And finally, at a trifle after midnight, the tall and shapely figure of Captain Sandifer, Pullman conductor in charge of the sleepers between New York and Atlanta, descended the stairway and paused to speak with Mr. Peters.

"Hello, Hop Sure," he greeted. "How's tricks?"

"Fine, cap'n—thanky, sir. How you is?"

"Oh, pretty fair—nothing extra. Pretty full car tonight."

"Yessuh. Suttinly ain't nothin' else. By the way, cap'n, I reckon you know us is carryin' a stujent this trip."

The conductor turned slowly to stare at the wide-open and frightened eyes of Kenneth Sprigg. It was plain that Captain Sandifer did not think very much of him, a fact which did not serve to alleviate the depression which Kenneth was experiencing.

"H'm! What's your name, boy?"

"Sprigg, sir. Kenneth Sprigg."

"Where from?"

"New York."

The faintest suggestion of a smile creased the lips of the Pullman conductor.

"New York, eh? Well, I reckon Hop Sure can take care of you pretty well."

Epic grinned a golden grin. "Tha's the one thing I ain't gwine do nothin' else but. I aims to learn him a heap."

Captain Sandifer extended toward Hop Sure a new black leather suitcase. It was a small affair, but there was no mistaking its handsomeness.

"Look after this for me until we reach Atlanta," he requested. "It's a wedding anniversary present for Mrs. Sandifer."

"Yassuh. I sholy will, cap'n."

Sandifer moved down the platform. Hop Sure handed the suitcase to Kenneth.

"Look after this heah thing," he ordered.

Kenneth appeared surprised.

"Me?"

"Yeh—you. Who you reckon I was talkin' to?"

"But, Mistuh Peters ——"

"Don't gimme no back talk. I aims to learn you somethin' on this trip, an' the on'y way you can learn good is by doin' ev'ything that has to be did. Now git busy an' put this heah suitcase in the linen closet."

Kenneth took Epic's keys and disappeared into the car. A few minutes later he was back.

"I put it in," he announced.

"Yeh—an' you took a heap too long 'bout doin' it. Does you crave to be a porter you has to snap into it."

A brief silence fell between them; a silence broken at length by Mr. Sprigg, who was distinctly worried about something. *(Continued on Page 65)*

*Proclamation of Mr. Sprigg's Brother's Residence in an Alley Caused a Burst of Merriment From Mr. Sprigg's Fair Companions*

# THE OSTRICH EGG

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE traffic stream along Seventh Street brought Ralph Norton's eager progress to a momentary pause just before the polished windows of Gresham's Hatte Shoppe, and gave him leisure to observe an image in which he detected certain hitherto unnoticed flaws.

He examined himself impersonally, in much the same mental attitude with which he went over rough proofs of newly set advertising, his eye alert for possible improvement rather than for defects beyond immediate remedy. In this spirit he could concede himself, he decided, an O. K. with corrections and make only certain minor changes in typography and decoration. That ear-to-ear grin, for instance—he saw it dissolve to dignity and purpose, and protruded the lower jaw more decisively; into the carriage of head and shoulders he injected a redeeming touch of rigidity; it would be a good idea to let the hair grow half an inch farther down in front of each ear too.

He frowned, however, at the reflection of his hat; it had become wholly out of keeping with the new facial adjustment, the informal, irresponsible soft hat of an inconsequential person. His glance penetrated the reflection and rested on precisely the type of headgear suitable for a man of weight and importance—a severe and unrelenting derby, grimly black, straight and high of side and flat of crown; his trick of vision saw it plainly above the amended countenance and the prolonged sideboards. He foresaw, too, the sort of clothes that would go with it. He'd stop in at Garfunkle's on the way back to the office and see whether he had anything ready-made that would do to wear while he was making up a couple of suits. Meanwhile—he bore himself with simple dignity in the Shoppe and paid nine dollars for the hatte as if the affair were of no moment. It gave him, in the short mirror, even more solidity than he had hoped; substituted at once for the disreputable gray felt, it visibly impressed Mr. Garfunkle and simplified the process of choosing the ad interim raiment. Before the completed effect Mr. Garfunkle waved eloquent hands.

"In them garments, Mr. Norton, and with that there dicer already, I give you my word you could be a benker, even."

"They'll do to go on with." Norton permitted himself a frosty smile. "But hurry the others along all you can. I——" He stopped himself on the brink of confidences unbefitting his new estate. "I'll try to spare time for a try-on as soon as you're ready."

The windows along the remainder of the journey ministered graciously to his oblique glances. A banker, eh? Why, he looked like one of those imposing old birds in the Angora Cigarette ads!

As he approached the Carroll Building he was obliged to restrain a tendency to quicken his pace; in the corridor, passing the three ground-glass door panels that bore his name, he was aware of an absurd desire to skip, to burst in on the group in the main office and throw up the new dicer and do a hilarious double shuffle on top of the big table. He bit his upper lip in resistance to these impulses and let himself into the private office wearing an expression even more severe than the circumstances demanded.

For a moment he managed to see the room with the eye of the new Ralph Norton, to draw down the corners of his mouth at its shabbiness, to form mentally such epithets as "dinky" and "one-horse." Then, as if something in the friendly and familiar air had dissolved away the new encasement of his dignity, he felt himself reverting helplessly to the youngster who had left this place so lightheartedly—was it only two hours ago? He tried to forbid his voice from sending up the old cheerful shout.

"Everybody in here—on the jump!"

In the outer office chairs scraped over bare boards. Bert Henderson's jolly yell responded, "Hi! More bacon!"

They jostled one another in the doorway—Elmer, the office boy, half a step in the lead; Ludwig Blitz in his inky smock, a long brush cocked behind his ear; Bert Henderson, shirt-sleeved, his hair rumpled erect in token of a tussle with unruly adjectives; mild old George Dresser, grinning timidly under the bookkeeper's eye shield; Nancy Farr ——

Ralph Norton's glance was trapped, somehow, in her straight gray eyes. Far back in his brain he heard and disregarded an acid reproof for the undignified desire to see the calm glance warm to admiration. What did Ralph Norton care for a stenographer's opinion? He felt his mouth widening back into that silly, schoolboy grin.

"Give you three guesses apiece." It was the old formula, the familiar phrase that prefaced the announcement of a new account. He'd used it last, he remembered, when he'd closed up that four-thousand-dollar contract with Hogboom's Nurseries, and its inadequacy to the present news impressed him suddenly as happily comic. They guessed, as always, intentionally below the mark.

"Holsapple's Dairy!"

"No—The Bischoff Company, I'll bet!"

"Lansing Woven Wire!"

Still under rebuke from his newer self Ralph Norton grinned and shook his head.

"Got to go up a long way," he said. Again his glance entangled itself in Nancy Farr's, and again he resented the effort with which he drew clear.

"The Empire Specialty, then?"

Bert Henderson sobered at the impudence of the suggestion; Norton smiled at the breathless quality of the voice. The Empire Specialty—a little fifty-thousand-dollar appropriation! Huh!

"Oh, go on up," he said. "Guess something worth while, can't you?"

Once more he found himself foundering in Miss Farr's grave gaze. For some reason the new suit felt tight and uncomfortable, and he half regretted the necessity of living up, even in hattes, to the incredible achievement of the morning. It had always been more like fun than work, as if they were all kids, playing at running an advertising agency, instead of doing it in deadly earnest, as they'd have to do it after this. He saw understanding dawn in Nancy Farr's look, and paid tribute, half unwillingly, to her trick of intuition.

"Not—not really?"

She spoke in a hushed undertone. He nodded.

"Yes, really." He laughed at the puzzled faces of the others. "Beginning with June first, the Norton Agency will place all advertising for a little firm known as"—he paused long enough to give just the right effect to his climax—"as The Gibson Food Products Company, of Lakeport, New York, San Francisco and Walkerville, Ontario."

The hush in which the tidings seized upon them was remotely disappointing, and yet Norton approved, even while he regretted, wistfully, the chorused shout that would have greeted a statement far less significant. They all realized the magnitude of this; it sobered them as it had sobered him. His tone stiffened.

"The Gibson appropriation for the current fiscal year amounts to one million five hundred thousand," he said, pronouncing the words with slow precision. "This is more than five times the amount of our biggest year's gross business, but that isn't the—the ——"

"—— the phase"—Bert Henderson had a trick of supplying a word for which you were fumbling. Always, till now, Ralph Norton had rather liked this, had taken a sort of pride in Bert's gift for speech. Now, for some reason, he resented the suggestion and frowned as he rejected it.

"—— the aspect," he said. "That's not the aspect of the matter that concerns us—me, rather, just now. It's something bigger and better than money, as I see it. It means—it's a proof and token of merit, of accomplishment; the largest account in the state comes to us, unsolicited, because we've earned it. Mr. Gibson"—his voice found a new sound in his ears, a touch of proprietary deference, as a man might speak of a Rembrandt, for instance, that he could hardly believe he owned—"Mr. Gibson made that plain in our talk our conference, this morning. He said: 'Norton, some people will say I'm doing a foolish thing to put an account like this into the hands of a little local agency like yours, but I've had my eye on you ever since you started, and I believe you've got the right stuff in you. Size doesn't matter—any agency that places the Gibson business is a big agency, and I believe that the man who places it can grow up to it in the same way, if he's the right kind.' That's the—the aspect that I want to hammer home to you—we've always been a dinky little outfit; from now on we're big—the biggest agency in the state. That means that we've got to grow—every one of us. If we can't"—he projected his lower jaw—"we'll have to make room for somebody that can. We've got to learn to think—uh—largely, broadly; we've got to acquire—uh—dignity and balance and poise." Again his jaw thrust forward. "I'm saying this now, once for all, so that there won't be any misunderstanding later on. I'm going to hold the Gibson account. That's my job, and nothing's going

*"I Did Feel Sort of Sore Yesterday When I Found You Dickering With Dalton, But Now I'm Darned Glad He Came Along Just When He Did"*

to stand in its way. None of us are big enough for it, as we are, but I'm going to grow, and so is everybody else who stays with this agency. That's all."

There was another little silence. Norton saw that he had made his impression; they were thoughtful, uneasy, under a new constraint. He frowned; they were measuring themselves, he guessed, by the new standard he had set up, and finding themselves wanting. He saw them all through Andrew Gibson's eyes: Bert Henderson, hammering out copy with the slovenly facility of the second-rater; Ludwig Blitz, still not above the indignity of lettering a door panel for any new tenant in the building; poor old Dresser, pottering away with a bookkeeping system as out-of-date as a bustle. Elmer, of course, didn't count, but even here there was room and need for improvement; a flip kid with a perpetually dirty collar wasn't in harmony with the new scheme of things. As for Nancy Farr ——

His glance at her, with Andrew Gibson's eye, was reassuring. She was adequate; he'd always had an uneasy feeling that she was too good for the work and pay he'd been able to give her, and he saw, now, that he need not worry over her readjustment to changed conditions; but below this realization he was aware, suddenly, of a distressingly informal relation, a casual intimacy that had been pleasantly harmless heretofore, but was wholly out of tune with the lifted key of the establishment. A stenographer who addressed her employer as Ral —— He contemplated Gibson's secretary, in a moment of insanity, calling him Andy!

"I'll want to give you some dictation," he said crisply. It needed an effort to add the final words that were to symbolize the climax of the process that had begun with the purchase of the scuttle-topped dicer. He forced them out in a starched-and-ironed tone, "Miss Farr."

II

"ONE moment, Miss Farr."

The phrase and tone gave Ralph Norton a mild satisfaction. He'd just about conquered that old habit of saying "Wait a minute, Nancy, will you?" It was just as Mr. Gibson said: If you wanted authority you must have dignity, and if you wanted dignity you must never relax it by ever so little. His present envelope of respect and obedience was patiently built up of just such minutiæ as this. In the difficult case of Nancy Farr the method had proved effective; there was hardly ever any attempt on her part to presume on the old regrettable informality.

"I dislike to interfere in your department," he went on after a suitable pause, "but in this case I'm afraid I'd better. That new stenographer you've taken on won't do."

Miss Farr's mouth tightened.

"Why? I tested her myself. She's accurate and fast."

"You can find somebody who is both, I'm sure, and who hasn't bobbed her hair." He smiled patiently. "I haven't any prejudice on the matter, myself, but Mr. Gibson is bitterly old-fashioned about it. He won't have a girl with bobbed hair in his employ, even in the canneries."

"That's his privilege," said Miss Farr tartly. "But I don't see what business of his it could be if we choose to hire a girl who——"

"It's our business, Miss Farr—my business." Norton's smile vanished. "We've held the Gibson account for nearly four years. No other agency ever kept it more than three. Do you think we've held it because we're giving better service than those people gave—better than the best and biggest agencies in the country? I'm not conceited enough to think so. There isn't any great difference between the service of good agencies, no matter what solicitors say; but whatever difference there is would be in favor of the people who've had the Gibson business and lost it. We got the account when we were a little one-two-three outfit with no capital and precious little experience; we've held it because I've had the sense to see what the other fellows didn't, because I've made it my business to study Andrew P. Gibson, made it my job to find out everything I could about his little whims and prejudices, and keep off his corns. That's been my job for the last four years, and it's going to be my job as long as I can hold on to it."

She was silent, her face turned to the window.

"We -we've given him better service than he ever had before," she said after a pause. "We've increased his sales at a lower advertising cost than he ever paid any of those big houses. We've held the account on our merits."

Norton chuckled indulgently, pleased, in spite of his enlightenment, by her stubborn loyalty to the illusion he had outgrown.

"That sounds very well," he said, "and of course, if I were speaking for publication, it's the line I'd take myself. But stop and think it over. We've held the account with Bert Henderson's copy, with Lud Blitz—a sign painter—handling the layouts and buying illustrations! We've held it with old George Dresser buying the space!"

Her glance came slowly back to his. "And they've done it better than anybody else ever did it too!"

He shook his head slowly, grinning. "I'd like to think so, if I could. They've done well, of course, or they wouldn't have held on all this time. They've delivered a pretty fair grade of service or I'd have had to let 'em go and take on somebody that could. But that wouldn't have held the business six months. Faulkner & Bliss gave service, too, didn't they? And Dalton-Gray? They pay their head copy writer fifty thousand a year, but he wasn't good enough for Mr. Gibson, was he? Know why? Dalton's wife's a suffragette, that's all! No, I don't try to fool myself about this business—I know I've got to deliver something besides service, and I deliver it!"

She did not answer directly, but at the door she stopped and turned.

"I forgot to tell you that Mr. Hogboom's coming in this noon and wants you to lunch with him. He phoned before you came down."

Norton grinned at the memory of those semiannual lunches with old Adolph Hogboom, when the nursery advertisements were settled at a bare pine table in the back room at Louie Schmidt's Hofbrau. Frankfurters and kraut and pumpernickel, while Adolph debated over his eight-line ads as one who dealt in the destinies of nations!

"Guess Bert will have to look after him this time," he said. "I've got to lunch at the Seneca."

She hesitated. "I'm afraid he won't like it," she persisted. "He spoke as if—well, as if he'd be hurt if you didn't give him some personal attention."

Norton chuckled. "You couldn't hurt Adolph with anything less than a carving knife. Anyway, it doesn't matter much. His little account is more bother than it's worth. If he wants to take it somewhere else he can do it with my blessing."

"We've always considered it profitable business," she argued. "And even if it weren't, don't you think we ought to try to hold it? We've lost quite a lot of our old clients. If it goes on like this we'll have all the eggs in one basket."

"You've got it mixed up," he laughed. "We'll have one egg in the basket. Remember the lioness in Æsop's Fables? Some other animal was joshing her because she had only one cub at a time, and she came back with that line about *unum sed leonem*. That's us! If we get down to one egg in our basket it'll be an ostrich egg!"

He was dimly annoyed by her failure to join in his laugh.

"I don't know much about ostrich eggs," she said slowly, "but I suppose they've got to hatch or addle, just like ordinary ones."

He frowned after her. That sort of thing wouldn't have mattered in the old careless days, but it was out of place now. Of course, in a way, he'd invited it by adopting the jocular tone himself, but it was pretty fresh, all the same. When he condescended to joke with an employe, as even Andrew Gibson sometimes unbent, the right kind of discipline would have forbidden any such attempt at repartee.

He was still scowling when Bert Henderson brought in a sheaf of copy and rough layouts for the new canned-peach campaign, and meditated a surly comment on Bert's failure to knock.

He restrained it, listening sullenly while Bert exhibited his handiwork and praised Lud Blitz's embryonic illustrations. To hear the fellow talk you might think he and Lud were responsible for getting the Gibson account and holding it! He looked for flaws and was mollified by a split infinitive that served as text for a tart complaint.

"I guess I can slip them over," he said at last. "I've got by with it often enough."

Bert grinned cheerfully. "I'll say you have! I used to worry my head off every time you went up to Gibson's with a new batch of copy, but I've quit. I know that all I've got to do is turn out good stuff and leave it to you to make A. P. like it." He relaxed audibly, stretching his shirt-sleeved arms. "Lud and I talked it over a good many times. It's a great thing for us—no need to worry about anything except doing the best job we can. Any dub can write good copy if he doesn't have to fret about tickling the client. It's no wonder we've hung onto that account, the way you've made A. P. sit up and take his medicine pretty!"

Norton's ill humor thawed a little under the tribute, although Bert's inferential praise of the copy tempered it to tepidity.

"Made a science of it," he admitted. "I'll put this over all right."

Bert nodded. "That's all it needs. It'll bring home the bacon if it sees print." He grinned. "Almost forgot to tell you—Sam Tarrant's in town again. Saw him on Seventh Street this morning, old yellow brief case and all. Guess he's having another shot at our hide right now."

"Don't frighten me to death!" Norton chuckled. "That piker would be funny if he wasn't so pathetic! Actually thinks he took that Mellish account away from us, and the Carroll contract!"

"I know," said Henderson, grinning. "The way he acted about that Mellish business"—he laughed indulgently—"it sort of reminded me of the time we got it. Remember? We all went over to Louie's and celebrated!" He stretched his arms again. "Them days is gone forever, eh? Sort of fun, though, looking back at 'em. Bet you Sam's having the time of his life right now."

"He's welcome!" Norton ordered the sheaf of typescript, scowling. Sam Tarrant irritated him unreasonably.

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*"I Don't Know Much About Ostrich Eggs," She Said Slowly, "But I Suppose They've Got to Hatch or Addle, Just Like Ordinary Ones"*

# The Gentle Arts of Shadowing and Roping

By GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

*Former Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, New York Police Department*

LET us begin by supposing that you, Mister Reader, pay us a professional call some morning, saying: "Mr. Dougherty, I'm in real trouble. My partner and I have been in business together more than ten years, with practically no discord. But now I have reason to believe he is secretly working with competitors, not only to divert orders and customers but to undermine our business. Deeply as I regret it, it is necessary that someone watch him, report upon his movements and either confirm or dispel this suspicion."

A job of shadowing.

Incidentally, there are many more reasons for shadowing persons outside the criminal world than using this form of detection in criminal cases. And the shadowing of a person like Mister Reader's partner is more difficult than the shadowing of the average criminal – and also simpler. Difficult, because your partner is a business man, moving in a different world from that of the criminal, and moving in different ways. His office is in a skyscraper with twenty elevators and a half dozen exits. There is one business executive in downtown New York who is said to have his own private bridge between two skyscrapers over which he passes to lunch. Shadow your partner from his office to the street, and he gets into a taxicab, so another car is needed in following him.

In a large congested city like New York there are not only skyscrapers and Subways in which he may disappear, but skyscrapers with Subway entrances. It is not inconceivable that a subject of this kind might get away from his shadow in an airplane.

But it's simple, too, because your partner, as a city business man, has formed habits which he follows daily, where the professional criminal leads a more varied life, passing from city to city and neighborhood to neighborhood, and frequently changing his way of living as a matter of necessity.

You decide that your partner is to be watched from the time he leaves his home in the morning until he returns there at night—though in certain cases it may be advisable to keep track of him twenty-four hours in the day. An operative is assigned; and in this connection let me say that he knows nothing of you or the purpose of his work, and every effort is also made to keep from him the identity of your partner. His job is to report upon the daily movements of an individual designated as 33X, and that is the designation used in his written report. He is also referred to as the subject. The greatest possible care is exercised in indicating the subject, commonly called getting the spot, lest there be a mistake. Some people object to designating the subject, because they feel a certain amount of guilt in having the work done; but there are always ways by which the subject may be pointed out without his knowing it. The time-honored method of the twenty-five-year-old photograph—before Horace was married—and the incorrect description are things of the past. They used to lead to several days' work, expense, much expense, and, "You are following the wrong man," commonly referred to as stupidity—ivory-headed work.

### Days of Tiresome Drudgery

IN A BRIEF summary of your partner's habits every city dweller will recognize himself—but not herself, for women are not so much creatures of habit. Your man rises at the same time every morning, within limits of half an hour, takes just about the same time to get tubbed, shaved and dressed, and after breakfast emerges from his home, walks on the same side of the street to a corner, crosses at the same point, buys the same newspaper from the same news dealer, who greets him in the same way, and then steps into the same trolley car. If he takes a Subway or Elevated train the operative quickly classifies him as a first-car, last-car or middle-car rider, and will know where to look for him on a train.

He gets out at the same station, climbs the same stairway, walks on the same side of the street to the same entrance of his office building, and very likely gets into the same elevator. The elevator starter greets him by name, the elevator operator knows his floor—in fact the average city man not only finds it pleasant to be taken care of in his daily routine by these people, who fit their habits into his own, but is proud of being greeted and taken care of. It feeds his sense of self-importance. In a large city, where few people know one another, this is especially so. To be spoken to, if only by a bootblack, newsboy or waiter, swells the individual all up. He likes it, falls for it—and pays for it.

Maybe not once a week will he do anything unusual between his home and office. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday pass in the same automatic way. Then, on Friday, as he steps out of the Subway entrance, some chance acquaintance greets him and he spends five minutes talking on the street. An operative shadowing his man soon learns that on Monday night, after dinner, he goes to a bowling alley, on Tuesday takes his wife to the movies, on Wednesday night goes to church. Then, suddenly, on Thursday night, he walks through an unaccustomed street, takes a strange trolley car and leads a wild-goose chase in some remote section of Brooklyn; maybe plays a good poker game at a friend's house, not getting home until one in the morning. But on Friday night he is back in his rut again. The only other unusual thing that he did in the whole week was to visit a sick lodge brother. The shadow often knows where he was because he comes out with one or two others and talks about how badly Theodore looked, or about the bum hands he has held in the poker game.

Your woman—unless she is in business, employed—is not nearly so methodical as your man. She has the management of her home, direction of servants or her own work to do. She often telephones her orders to the near-by grocer, butcher, and the like, and frequently doesn't leave home all day, or she may steal a few hours and go to the movies in the afternoon. She usually has babies and children to look after and is kept in. Her hours to be out are quite unusual, infrequent in fact, and she is hard to keep a line on. Besides, a shadow can never anticipate what a woman will do. They are intuitive and drop to the shadows much quicker than men, unless you cover them with smart women, which is frequently necessary, because once they enter a department store they cover everything from the basement to the roof – ride the elevators and the escalators. They would not suspect a woman shadow, but would soon wonder why the same man followed them, believing him to be a masher. Women are much more difficult to shadow than men. They appear to be looking for it—are more alert and observing.

### Quick Wits Needed

THE apt shadow is decidedly different from the stalking, peering fellow you see following the hero or the crook in movies. For movie purposes, of course he has to look and act as much like a sleuth as possible. In real life the shadow never skulks or dodges his subject and he is particularly trained not to watch him. Nowadays he is generally a man of small stature, carefully chosen to be inconspicuous, quite ordinary. He is taught to be natural and thus to attract no attention—dark suits, unnoticeable neckties, no colors or features in his clothes or appearance likely to be remembered. If I asked you, as a city man, who rode opposite you in the Subway this morning, or on either side, you wouldn't be able to tell, and if you were under observation there is no reason why one of those people shouldn't have been a detective shadowing you. By his very boldness and deportment the shadow walks or sits right alongside the subject; and if the latter notices him at all, he says to himself, "Why, that fellow couldn't be a detective! He isn't big enough for a detective. He hasn't got a detective's feet. He's a clerk in some men's furnishing store."

Beneath his meek, unnoticeable outer appearance, however, the apt shadow must have quick-witted resourcefulness. The significant thing may happen at any moment during a long day of routine coming and going by his subject. The latter may go into a strange house, meet and talk with a strange person, be in possession of vital information. The shadow must always anticipate the unusual.

While shadowing a suspected person many years ago, after several weeks of tedious routine observation during which I learned little except what he liked for breakfast, lunch and dinner, the subject suddenly emerged from his hotel carrying a bundle of circulars to the mail box. In fifty paces, and not many more seconds, it was necessary to get possession of one of those circulars. I shan't say how it happened that they were knocked out of his hand and scattered on the pavement, but it was the most natural courtesy in the world for me to hurry to the gentleman's assistance and help him pick them up—and keep a couple without arousing suspicion.

In the past twenty years this art has been completely revolutionized by the automobile, subway, skyscraper, apartment house and the crowds and conditions of city life. When I began detective work, my stature—I am a pretty big fellow, more than six feet in height and weighing more than 200 pounds—was no particular handicap. On the contrary, as I will show presently, it could be turned into an advantage in more ways than one. Today the big man is under a handicap, and it is not only necessary to select inconspicuous types for this work but very often to change them frequently. So the operative who formerly did excellent work in actual shadowing may, like myself today, be utilizing his experience in the assignment of certain types of operatives to certain subjects. You have all heard of the casting director who selects actors of suitable type for the movies, and have admired his judgment on the screen. Well, presently I'll tell you something about the casting director who chooses shadow types for detective work.

For some kinds of shadowing, boys are now being used most effectively; youths crazy to learn the business, always detailed with a trained operative. Nobody suspects a boy, and the right kind of lad is a close observer; and

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# Getting Away With Murder

By NEWMAN LEVY

ONE of the disquieting features of the emancipation of woman is the improvement in her marksmanship. The modern girl has acquired, along with the various other delightful manifestations of the new freedom, an accuracy of aim that is having an appreciable effect upon the vital statistics of our nation. The .32-caliber automatic in the hands of an outraged young bride is rapidly supplanting the decree of divorce in many communities as an effective means of severing marital ties. Being a husband has become one of the hazardous occupations.

There is an old maxim of the common law to the effect that every dog is entitled to one bite. A modern variant of the rule seems to be that every pretty woman is entitled to at least one homicide. This speaks well for the chivalry and intelligence of our juries. Husbands are plentiful and human life is comparatively cheap, but pretty women are rare and precious.

Unfortunately, however, when a homicide is committed, it is essential to the dignity of our institutions that certain forms be complied with. It would never do to bestow upon the fair murderess the homage of the saffron press, the accolade of the rotogravure sections and the guerdon of the vaudeville contract without a proper observance of the preliminary rites known euphemistically as trial by jury.

Trial by jury has an interesting and ancient history. One of its remote ancestors was trial by combat, a sadly unscientific method of procedure. In that benighted period known as the Dark Ages the defendant, if she were sufficiently attractive, would be defended by a champion adequately caparisoned and armed, who would meet in mortal combat her accuser—the progenitor of our district attorney. If the champion won, that would be deemed to be conclusive proof of the defendant's innocence and she would be freed. If the accuser, however, was victorious, the defendant would be adjudged guilty and dealt with according to law. As civilization advanced, this method was found to be too hazardous and uncertain, for the champions very often lost the encounters and the fair offenders were obliged to pay the penalty for their delinquencies; so gradually the archaic trial by combat was supplanted by a more rational and scientific system—trial by jury.

### *The Plea of Insanity*

WHEN a defendant is indicted for murder there are certain legal defenses available to her. There is no hurry for her to choose, because the law does not require her to disclose her defense until the prosecutor has presented all his evidence to the jury. However, it is desirable that she and her attorney have in advance a general idea of their plan of campaign. This plan may change many times before the trial; the defense may shift from an alibi to insanity, and from insanity to self-defense; but it is well always to be forearmed against contingencies.

Every taking of human life is not a crime. For instance, there is accidental, or, as it is called in criminal law, excusable homicide. As a defense to an indictment for murder it has many desirable features. No fair-minded jury would think of punishing the tearful young bride who pours bichloride of mercury into her husband's coffee thinking it is the sugar; or the devoted housewife who, while cleaning her husband's revolver in an excess of wifely zeal, accidentally puts the trigger and perforates her unfortunate spouse. Homicide is also excusable, according to the New York penal law, when committed in lawfully correcting a child or a servant. This provision opens many delightfully interesting possibilities to the temperamental.

Homicide committed in self-defense is called justifiable homicide. This also is an extremely useful defense, especially when the prosecutor has no eyewitness. It is a touching experience to hear a frail, shrinking defendant recount tearfully on the witness stand how she struggled with her burly six-foot husband; how, by an almost superhuman effort, she wrested the revolver from his infuriated grasp, closed her eyes and fired. Annie Oakley, in her palmiest days, never achieved such feats of blindfolded shooting. Like the aggrieved nation that marches an army a thousand miles into its neighbor's territory to defend its own border from invasion, the fair defendant is frequently rather aggressive and anticipatory in repulsing an attack.

But occasions arise when all these defenses are unavailing: when five or six witnesses, for instance, swear that they heard the defendant threaten the life of the deceased; and when five or six others swear that they saw the defendant draw the revolver and fire what is called in contemporary journalism "the fatal shot." In such a case it is useless to plead accident or self-defense. And even a petit jury would hesitate to believe a claim that the defendant was not present at the time of the shooting, though the story be corroborated by copious tears, a becoming Paris gown and undisputed evidence of the late lamented's brutality.

Under such circumstances nothing remains for the defendant but to plead insanity. She might plead guilty, of course; but such conduct would indicate a distressing lack of confidence in our jury system. And it is not as though anyone would actually believe her to be insane. Emotional insanity and temporary insanity, her lawyer will tell her, are juristic formulas—creations of the legal mind.

Let us take a supposititious case, which is really a composite of several cases that have delighted the readers of the illustrated newspapers during the past few years. Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham is a beautiful young woman of about twenty-five. Before she married Pethwick-Wickham, the aged millionaire oil magnate, she was one of the chief ornaments of Broadway musical comedy. In fact it was her rendition of that lovely folk song I Want a Daddy that first endeared her to the impressionable Pethwick-Wickham. Love at first sight was the result. Some of her associates who collaborated with her in glorifying the American stage were cruel enough to intimate that she married for money.

About a year later the servants in the luxurious Pethwick-Wickham establishment on Park Avenue are startled by the sound of several pistol shots coming from Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham's boudoir. Affrighted, they rush in and find their employer lying prostrate on the floor, blood pouring from a wound in his breast, staining the white bosom of his shirt and the magnificent Persian rug.

His wife stands above him with a smoking revolver in her hand. She is beautifully and appropriately clad in an embroidered Hari jacket; her luxuriant golden hair hangs about her shoulders and there is a strange glint in her usually limpid blue eyes.

"I killed him, the brute!" she sobs hysterically.

The servants disarm her and notify the police. Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham is placed under arrest and taken to police headquarters. There is rejoicing in Newspaper Row. The evening journals issue editions containing diagrams with cross showing place where body was found, and numerous portraits of the fair defendant in various phases of her professional and matrimonial career.

Under a rule of our criminal procedure a defendant charged with murder is ordinarily not permitted to be released on bail, so Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham, after certain preliminary formalities have been complied with, is indicted by the grand jury and incarcerated in the women's wing of the Tombs. In the adjoining cell is a colored lady charged with having thrown acid at her faithless spouse. Across the aisle is a portly and rather slatternly Italian shoplifter. The language of her neighbors, which is pungent and colorful, falls harshly upon Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham's sensitive ears. It is all highly unpleasant.

### *How Cases are Staged*

OUR heroine—it is hard to refrain from the terminology of current sentimental fiction—the defendant, has retained as counsel one of the leaders of the bar. Mr. John Doe is a thin, ratty-faced individual.

Mr. Doe's first admonition to his client is to maintain an unqualified silence.

"From now on," he tells her, "you must be absolutely dumb. I'll do all the talking." And he does. Statements, direct and indirect, are issued to the palpitant, expectant press, in which the defendant is variously referred to as "this unfortunate creature," "this frail little woman," and "this poor little girl."

Each day the postman delivers to the defendant scores of tender, sympathetic letters from all parts of the civilized globe, amatory verses and even proposals of marriage. Lest the reader suppose that this is an exaggerated flight of fancy, it might be mentioned parenthetically that in a murder case in which the writer was associated some years ago, the defendant, during her incarceration in the Tombs, received more than two thousand letters from various parts of the United States and Europe, and as many as two hundred proposals of marriage.

In the meantime the press, both yellow and white, is valiantly striving to create atmosphere, as the current argot has it, and, incidentally, to boost circulation. The sob sisters, those indefatigable associate counsels for the defense in every *cause célèbre*, besiege Mr. Doe's office and plead with him for permission to interview his client. But the wily lawyer is adamant. An interview at this time would be premature. He promises the sob sisters that he will permit them to talk to his client just before the trial.

About a week before the case is to appear on the calendar the lawyer, accompanied by half a dozen newspaper women, a famous woman novelist who is to cover the case for one of the more eclectic morning newspapers, a prominent moving-picture actor who is to report the case for a

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# A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

## By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

X

THIS unexpected apparition, following so closely upon their host's prophetic utterance, drew a gasp from everyone present. The only person entirely at ease was the little old man himself. Framed in the dark oblong of the doorway, he stood smiling and bowing over a waist-high hand, the forefinger and thumb of which worked one against the other with a queer rotary movement.

He presented an odd spectacle, with his rickety match-stick legs, his high domed forehead and small nutcracker face, creased for the moment in lines of the utmost geniality. The amber light flashing on the lenses of his eyeglasses imparted something uncanny and elfish to his appearance.

"Good evening, everyone," said he with a birdlike quality of voice. "I hope I am not late, but I delayed my arrival until the waiters had retired."

Vernon was first to recover from his surprise. He began, "Excuse me, sir ——" when the little man held up a hand.

"The person who says excuse me to the unlooked-for guest is surely host. Mr. Winslowe, delighted. We have met before, although in the natural excitement of the moment you would be unlikely to recall the fact."

"But — "

"I half expected to find the door locked."

Henry Julius remarked, "A pity it wasn't."

The little man favored him with a smile all to himself. "It would have made no difference. There is a balcony to this wing of the hotel. I should have come in by the window."

"Are you aware," said Vernon, "that this is a private party?"

"Then let us secure ourselves against further intrusions."

And with great dexterity he turned the key in the lock and dropped it in his pocket.

"My stars!" gasped Tommy. "Ain't he splendid?"

But this development did not suit Vernon Winslowe. He felt that the presence of this little smiling man constituted a new danger.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Isinglass," came the reply. "Isinglass—Isinglass."

The name was repeated incredulously by Joshua Morgan.

"It's stuff they put in jellies to make them set," observed his wife.

"Precisely, madam," said the remarkable owner of this remarkable name. "A substance which transforms a fluid into a solid." And as he spoke his eyes flicked round and reposed for the briefest second on Vernon's face.

"May I ask what you want?" said Vernon.

"Primarily, to be of this company. You received my letter?"

"I received over a thousand letters."

"Just so! Your failure to reply in no way discouraged me. I was determined to come and here I am."

"But I told the hall porter to admit no one else."

"I foresaw that possibility and escaped its consequences by engaging the adjoining suite."

Henry Julius suddenly threw the pressure of his personality into the pool.

"Turn him out, Mr. Winslowe. Go on, out him!"

The eyes of Mr. Isinglass sparkled with a dangerous light.

"The key of that door is in my pocket, sir," he said. "I am an old man, but I warn you I shall defend my intrusion, if necessary, with my life."

"Dash it," said Tommy, "he's a sport! Let him stop, I say "

Clearly they had reached an impasse, and there were many cogent reasons for avoiding violence. Vernon lifted his shoulders hopelessly.

"You mean you refuse to go?"

"Just that. I am as firmly rooted here as that awkward possession, a man's conscience."

"Well, I don't know that one extra matters a very great deal."

Mr. Isinglass protested.

"Of course it matters! To me the business of tonight is of supreme importance."

"And to me," said Mary Ottery, leading a chorus of assent.

"Then if no one minds "

So far from minding, most of the guests expressed the fervent opinion that Mr. Isinglass would be an ornament to the company

"Hark at 'em, Winslowe!" he cried. "The yellow fire of Spanish gold burns in their eyes, the South Sea surf is roaring in their ears. Up with the anchor and let's away!"

And having delivered himself of this inspiring address he squatted on a stool before the fire with his chin resting on his knees, looking for all the world like an aged pixy

So, having no choice but to proceed, Vernon Winslowe plunged headlong into the telling of the tale, and a very good job he made of it Perhaps the presence of Mr. Isinglass stirred his imagination and lent color to his speech. In his heart he knew that the old man would disbelieve all he said, wherefore he confined himself as nearly as possible to a recital of the facts. He told how years before he and another boy had found the map under its coverlet of perished and mildewed papers; he told how to their boyish understanding its significance had never been made plain. "That came afterwards—only a few weeks ago. I was rummaging among some old junk and refound this thing, and suddenly ——"

His audience were leaning forward in tense attitudes as he outlined the various reasons that led him to deduce that the map was of a treasure island.

"I tell you I didn't sleep much that night."

Terribly ashamed he was of making statements of this kind; the effect they produced on his hearers was almost tangible. He hurried back to the truth to recover confidence—dashed in a word portrait of Roger Winslowe in a few deft phrases.

"A crazy adventurer at heart—nerves like steel—pluck enough for a regiment. And a good chap—loved by everyone. It was his friends, the men he trusted, who pulled him down—turned a saint into a sinner."

He could be fluent enough on that subject. The mere sound of his own voice fanned the embers of his indignation to a flame. Old Mr. Isinglass cocked an eyebrow and listened attentively.

"Drained him and beggared him and left him broke. Not only in those days that kind of thing happened, friends, eh? 'Keep your eye on your friends' is a motto worth following."

For some reason Henry Julius said, "Hear, hear!"

Vernon became suddenly aware that he was giving himself away and switched back to the commonplace.

"There's a life of Roger Winslowe at the British Museum if anyone cares to look it up. Five years' piracy in China Seas—getting rich and getting his own back. They say he cleaned up over a million, and the bulk of it was buried."

"Phew!" said Henry Julius.

And Mary Ottery clasped her hands and murmured, "What a lovely ancestor to have had!"

Tommy Gates was beyond coherent speech and William Carpenter seemed to have grown in inches. Lydia La Rue

"It Was a Silver Candelabrum Half an Hour Ago. I Rang and Rang at a Pawnbroker's Bell Until He Came Down and Answered It"

was pressing the back of her hand so tightly to her mouth as to leave printed thereon a scarlet stencil of her lips. Only Joshua Morgan was completely master of himself. He came from Bradford City.

"I'd be glad to see the title deeds of that Cornish house," said he, "and look at the map myself."

"Must everything be spoiled while people rustle papers?" Mary protested.

"No, he's right," said Vernon. "And oddly enough, I have them with me."

He was glad of a moment's respite. From his dispatch case he took a bundle of legal papers and the iron cylinder containing the map. Julius and Morgan examined the title deeds and declared them to be satisfactory.

"And now for the map."

But Vernon shook his head. He had withdrawn it from the cylinder and was holding it up for inspection, but too far away for its detail and lettering to be visible.

"Sorry," he said, "but until we're bound together in some sort of partnership I feel I ought not to show this to anyone."

There was disappointment in the faces of the women, but the men applauded his caution.

"That's sense."

"That's business"

"It's the map of an island in the South Seas," Vernon went on, "and it's written on calico or something. I've no objection to one of you reading the few words in the corner Perhaps you, Carpenter?"

William Carpenter came forward anxiously, with that air of nervous determination sometimes seen in the member of an audience roped in, against his better judgment, to assist a stage illusionist in the performance of an experiment

"Here," said Vernon, folding the map so that only a bottom corner was visible. "It's fairly legible, although the lettering may puzzle you."

You could have heard a leaf fall in the silence that preluded the reading of the words.

"Chrm-hum," went William Carpenter; then "Cross marks cache. Needle Rock meridian—point of shadow fifteen paces due north, three west and under, then the initials R. W."

There was a kind of sigh when he finished—a sigh and a hiss of intaken breath. In the eyes of Mary Ottery and Kate Morgan little beacons were burning. A flush of excitement had spread over the whitened features of Lydia La Rue, as though in an instant a sudden health had found her. Tommy Gates was leaning forward, his chest against the table edge. The beating of his heart shook him visibly. With mouth open and a knife and fork in either hand, sat Joshua Morgan. Henry Julius was stroking his silky mustache with an oddly sensitive and nervous third finger, while Nurse Banbury was rapping her foot very fast against the floor, like someone who has been waiting overlong for a journey to start

No one, save Mr. Isinglass, was aware of the presence of Averil Chester. She had crept in from the adjoining room while Vernon was talking. Lost in the shadows of a recess by the fireplace, she watched and listened. A new idea seemed to have come to her—something at once desperate and determined; a very new idea it must have been, since its arrival had surprised away all other expressions from her face. From where he sat, perched on the stool, Mr. Isinglass could hear her quick breathing and note how her hands were pressed against her breast.

The silence was broken by Joshua Morgan.

"By gum!" he said. "I wonder what's there."

And Tommy Gates, throwing his weight back in the chair, swept a tumbler from the table, which fell with a crash.

"Never mind," said Olive Banbury. "It's lucky"

There was a note of hysteria in Lydia La Rue's sudden laugh

No one was thinking about Mr. Isinglass, and a question from him, precise as a railway time-table, irritated everybody

"Might I be allowed to feel the corner of this map? Calico, I think you said."

"Certainly, if you wish," said Vernon.

The old man dropped a bread pill he was rolling into his jacket pocket and fingered the map for a moment with closed eyes

"Thank you," he said at last. "Interesting and most surprising" He seemed genuinely puzzled

Vernon took a risk

"Have you any opinion about it?" he asked.

"Certainly I have. In my opinion it is a piece of very old linen—very, very old."

Henry Julius came forward hurriedly.

"You're not suggesting, sir, there is anything wrong with it?"

"On the contrary, it is surprisingly right."

Henry wiped his forehead.

"Then why start a scare?"

Mr. Isinglass raised his hands apologetically.

"I beg everyone's pardon," he said.

A crisis had been averted. Vernon began to speak again very fast.

"Well, there you are, good people," he said. "That's the whole thing and it's for you to decide whether or no there's enough evidence after you with that match, Julius—to justify carrying on. For my own part I'm not going to advance any opinion. For what it's worth, I've told the story and the rest is up to you. So take it or leave it. I ——" He left the sentence in mid-air and paused to light his cigarette, then walked over and rested his elbows on the mantelpiece. "If you want to ask any questions, fire away."

A great wave of fatigue and self-disgust was sweeping over him. To conceal it he kept his head averted. All he wanted now was to be alone—quite alone with his thoughts—to conclude the evening's entertainment as quickly as possible and escape. If only they had doubted or distrusted him it might have been different. It was their enthusiasm, their transparent belief, which was so hard to bear. Fragments of talk drifted half heard to his ears, for they were discussing it eagerly among themselves.

"I was thinking of Annie and her first," murmured Mrs. Morgan, in a rustling whisper. "That, and not getting letters. That place, the South Seas, is a rare distance away."

Then came a question from Tommy.

"What's the climate like?"

"Marvelous."

"And would we see any parrot fish?" asked Mary

This was a woman he had planned to swindle and she desired to see parrot fish.

Vernon answered mechanically, "By looking over the ship's side."

"Miss Hornby had a parrot," said Mary "Once it said, 'Blast!' so we gave it to the dustman."

Someone laughed.

"And when should we start?"—from Tommy.

"As soon as we could get a yacht and fit her out."

"A month?"

"Less, perhaps"

Then Henry Julius, clear, incisive and to the point—it was the question of all others Vernon most dreaded

"What's it going to cost?"

He forced himself to reply

"To do it comfortably, roughly a thousand a head."

The silence that followed was poignant. Lydia's shoulders went up

"Think we're millionaires?" she snapped.

William Carpenter sagged. Mary Ottery seemed to go small in her chair. Nurse Banbury rose sharply and brushed some crumbs out of her lap

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*"May I Speak to You?" He Pulled Himself Together With a Jerk. "What? No. I Thought Everyone Had Gone. No, Not Now"*

# PARTRIDGE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VI

BETTY found herself, during the succeeding days, beset by a problem that demanded solution. She saw Dan almost every day; he came to the house with her small orders from his father's store, or he came on no errand at all, simply in order that he might see her. But their kiss was not repeated; it was not mentioned between them. When she first saw him after that event Betty wanted to escape, to hide from him; but she forced herself to meet him at the door, and his bearing was so gentle and so natural that she could not take fright. After two or three such meetings she was no longer afraid of him at all; the moment when he had held her in his arms became misted and blurred in her uncertain memory. It had the unreality of a dream. She liked him more and more because he refrained from reminding her of her momentary surrender.

But the fact that she and Dan had thus without words reached a working understanding did not relieve her of her obligation to Bert, and Betty recognized this fact and was distressed by it. As each day passed she became more and more sure that Dan, with no particular effort on his part, was usurping the place Bert should have held. Bert's letters, which came regularly, were full of confident and boisterous affection; but the day arrived when she could no longer force herself to answer him in character. So one night she wrote him as much of the truth as she could bring herself to put on paper.

"I am only sure," she explained, "that I do not care enough for you to marry you. And this means, Bert, that I will never care enough for you for that. I have given you every chance in my thoughts; I've fought for you a good deal harder than you could have fought for yourself. It's only fair that you should know."

Her letter went out by stage in the morning; it must have been delivered to Bert late that afternoon. His car stopped at the door of the little farmhouse about eight o'clock that evening; and when she heard, she knew it for Bert's, and had a moment in which to collect her resources for the encounter. Then his knock thundered on the door.

She had expected he would come to see her, to argue with her; for she knew Bert would not readily surrender. But she had also expected that he would come humbly and with pleadings on his lips.

Instead he now stormed into her small sitting room, and he was so tall his head brushed the top of the door, and when she met him his great hands gripped her shoulders and he shook her a little and cried angrily, "What's the matter with you, Betty? What's got into you?"

She said gently, "Let me go, Bert. I thought you would come."

He laughed. "Wanted me to come? Just wrote that letter to fetch me racing up here. Lonely?"

"I wasn't lonely. I didn't want to see you. No. Sit down."

He shook his head. "Betty, I'm pretty dense about a lot of things. Not much subtlety. You know me as well as I know myself. Let's not have any indirections. Speak out. You know I love you, and I mean to hold on to you and see that you marry me. Now what have you got to say about it?"

When Winter Settled Down, the Wooded Lands Became Very Still, as Though No Life Moved in Them

He kept his feet, but she took a chair and by merely sitting down put him on the defensive. Her momentary silence irritated him; and he stormed at her in a loud voice. "We've been friends a long time. We don't have to mince words. Blame me for killing that partridge, do you? You're not such a fool!"

"It wasn't the partridge," she murmured.

"Well, what then? You liked me well enough before you came up here."

"I was lonely," she replied. "You were my oldest friend, and it was nice to know that you cared for me. I couldn't help wanting to—cling to you "

"Why've you changed your mind, then?"

"Bert," she replied steadily, "I'm as fond of you as I ever was. I like you immensely. But that isn't the same thing as loving you. We can like—like the exterior of a person. The face they present to the world. Just as you can admire the outside of a house. But loving goes deeper, goes inside. Oh, it wasn't just the partridge; it was the thing it stood for. The ruthlessness in you. You tried to hit the bird, and did, and were glad, and boasted of it. I can like you in spite of that; but I couldn't love you in spite of it, Bert."

"Rats!" he protested harshly, interrupting her. "You know mighty well a woman likes strength in a man, and boldness, and force."

She shook her head.

"That's an old theory. Perhaps it was true once. They say human nature doesn't change. But woman human nature changes, Bert. It used to be the fashion to beat your wife, and women liked being in fashion; but gentleness is the fashion now, Bert."

He asked acutely, "What changed you? How did you happen to make up your mind? There's been something else."

She nodded slowly. "I mean to be honest," she admitted. "I was not sure that I did not love you until I discovered that I did love Dan Bissell."

"That hick!"

"Perhaps I don't mean to put it so strongly," she amended, her cheeks bright with anger at the epithet. "Perhaps I don't love him. But I do like him in a way that goes deeper than my feeling for you, Bert. I like him in a way no husband would want his wife to like another man."

After his first exclamation he had drawn a little away from her; and now he watched her steadily, and presently he laughed and his tone became more friendly.

"Betty," he said gently, "you're a conscientious little thing. Too much so. This chap sees you day after day, and brings you fish, I suppose, and flowers, and shows you the woods; and he's simple and gentle, and you mother him. You've become fond of him. Well, I don't blame you. He's a nice-looking youngster, and he has his wits about him."

"Yes," she assented.

"But I'm not ready to believe you're in love with him," he went on. "I've known you a long time; and I've seen you ——" He smiled apologetically. "I've seen you fond of a lot of other men in the past. You know that's true. But you've always come back in my direction.

"I'm not going to make any apologies for myself. You know me pretty well, inside out; I haven't hid much from you. You know how much chance there is of my changing, and you're the one to judge whether we could get along if it happened that I didn't change. What I'm counting on is that you'll become accustomed to young Bissell by and by. He's new now; but the novelty will wear off. You'll find I'm more substantial; more satisfactory in the long run."

He turned abruptly toward the door. "I'm not going to harangue you, or stay and bother you. Drop me a line now and then, Betty. Don't think I'm trying to tie you down. You're free as air; but when you want me—why, all you have to do is whistle, and I'll come."

He had gone before she could reply; she sat for a moment, trembling, then ran after him and opened the door and called. He was getting into the car; he returned to her.

And she said slowly, "Bert, I never liked you as much as now."

With a gesture surprisingly appealing in so big and so boisterous a man, he bent and kissed her hand; then with no further word turned to his car again. She stood in the doorway, the light behind her, while he turned and drove away. After the red tail light was hidden below the dip of the hill she could still hear the hum of his engine for a long time; it came back to her in diminishing volume through the stillness of the night. Down by the river a coon whistled, and she heard the distant, guttural, hoo-hoo-h-hoo of an owl. The sound of the car died, and she went back into the house.

VII

LATE July passed into August, while here and there a farmer still puttered with his hay. Gardens were ripening. White perch were biting in the pond, and an early frost

painted the leaves of a swamp maple which Betty could see from her window, down in the valley below her house. She had thrown herself with more intensity into her work. Her days were routine. She rose at dawn and breakfasted, then went to the barn, or took canvas and easel down the hill, or climbed to some vantage atop the ridge above her farm. Toward eleven o'clock she gave over this serious work and prepared lunch and ate it. Afterward she liked to busy herself with small sketches and studies on the smooth yellow walls of the renovated barn. Once or twice with Dan as guide she went again to the Ring Brook, and lying on her stomach where she could see trout in the water below strove to duplicate their colors on her canvas. She had copied some of these studies on the walls of the barn. In one rectangle framed by the old timbers she reproduced that circular pool above the bridge, shafts of sunlight striking into the water through the leaves overhead. These shafts illumined the forms of the two big trout she had seen that first day, and which still inhabited the pool, undisturbed now that the fishing season was past. Forms of trout appeared in other places on the walls; she painted or drew them in pencil, showed them lying at ease, showed them rising to take a fly, or at Dan's description and under his suggestion pictured them leaping from the water or fighting a hook.

She made other studies. There were two gray squirrels in the hardwood growth across the road above the house; and by many cajoleries and appeals to their hoarding instinct she drew them within posing distance. So painted them; their heads, their tails, the details of their small feet. She showed them flattened against the wall as though the yellow boards were a tree they climbed; painted them in mid-leap, in every imaginable posture. This was not work; it was play. Nevertheless its fruits showed in her more formal work. In the foreground of her landscapes a bit of life was likely to appear. Once with her easel under an ancient apple tree by the wall at the foot of the meadow she was sketching the profile of a gaunt and dissolute old pine. A rabbit emerged from the swamp growth along the alder run and came through the uncut hay toward where she sat, and she kept very still and watched it for five minutes before it took alarm and fled away in lazy leaps. Again, along the river she was able now and then to capture a bit of life; a tiny short-tailed mouse; a muskrat, posturing as gracefully as a snake upon some half-submerged log; a family of ducks.

Once Dan took her to the pond to show her a baby loon there. The young bird, still covered with down, kept close to its parents; but Dan rowed the boat so swiftly and so persistently in pursuit that the older birds were driven distracted and the baby dived and dived till his small lungs must have been near bursting. They came near enough to catch numerous glimpses as he rose for breath; and Betty in the excitement of this harmless chase forgot the torture to which she was subjecting the young bird till one of its dives became unusually protracted.

Then she was alarmed and exclaimed, "He must be drowned!"

Dan, his eyes contrite, said slowly, "Don't think so. A big pickerel might have got him. We won't chase him any more, anyhow. He's done well."

So he rested on the oars and they waited; and the old birds skimmed the water, half flying and half swimming, uttering their shrill hoots and laughing cries. In turn they dived and flipped to the surface again; then by some instinct converged upon a certain spot and dived, side by side, and swam so near the surface that it was broken and disturbed by their exertions. Their course could thus be followed; they went straightaway, side by side, for fifty yards; then bobbed to the surface, a tiny head between them. Betty and Dan watched the three swim away, the parent birds still calling in tones of diminishing alarm.

Dan took her to the pond another day to catch white perch. A strong wind blew and they had an experience in many ways extraordinary. Moving anchorage in a chop so stiff it called for serious effort on Dan's part, they discovered something swimming in the water, and worked toward it, and saw that it was a gray squirrel, laboring heavily. Dan thrust an oar toward it and the little creature climbed gaspingly on the blade, but was too weak to hold its place, and slipped off and was submerged. When Dan was able to bring the boat to the spot again against the wind, the squirrel was motionless in the water; he lifted it into the boat and they landed and for five minutes sought to force life back into the chilled and flooded lungs, but without success. Dan told her the gray squirrels were strong swimmers; that this one must have crossed from the point half a mile away. It had drowned not fifty yards from shore.

Such excursions breaking the monotony of her days, Betty saw August go its way and September in turn come and go, while the birches began to assume their yellow gowns and the dark foliage of the evergreens grew darker by comparison. Light frosts now and then painted the hillsides with touches as delicate and careful as those of a master; when October came, the panorama from any eminence was a blaze of color. Birches and poplars, which, save where the black growth lay, were apt to predominate, wore bright golden yellow; the beech leaves were more nearly orange. In some lights they seemed yellow, at other times were red. About an isolated beech there was often an effect of halation; each leaf seemed to lose its outline, shimmering in a red haze. The maples were crimson, the oaks as much brown as red. And among these other trees or massed in great banks behind them, spruce and hemlock and fir persisted in a green so dark it was almost black. The open fields scattered here and there were a yellowish brown. Over this incomparable mosaic was laid all day long a light veil of blue; as the sun descended, the western hills assumed a heavier cloak of purple; and when night fell this purple settled across all the land, deepening into darkness. Betty, from the windows of her sitting room, could watch the shadows of the ridge behind her creep down across the wooded valley and up the farther slopes; she could see the sunlight upon Levenseller shrink, see it lose ground minute by minute to its ancient enemy, the

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"He Must be Drowned!" Dan, His Eyes Contrite, Said Slowly, "Don't Think So. A Big Pickerel Might Have Got Him. We Won't Chase Him Any More, Anyhow"

# ADVENTURES IN POLITICS

## Cleaning Up the Machine—By Elizabeth Frazer

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE trouble with politics is that its god is not only a jealous god but likewise a double-header; like Janus, the ancient Roman deity of gates and doors, it faces both ways.

So that, going and coming, the citizen gets two totally different views, and he may be pardoned for demanding which is the real divinity to whom he should bend the knee.

For the past three years the great army of women entering the franchise gate have gazed up with affection at the noble old stone face of tradition carved over the portals of self-government, and spelled out the inscription beneath—The People.

"Aha! That means us," said they. "We're the people. That weather-beaten old image carved up there by our forefathers signifies that we, the men and women citizens of the land, rule this great republic." And they passed confidingly inside—only to discover that the face on the inside of the portal was not the same as the one outside. It looked in fact like a combination of Foxy Grandpa, Ananias and Kipling's The Man Who Would be King. Nor were the inscriptions alike, for while one said The People, the other said The Politicians. And some of the women were furious at this discovery and ran back through the gate. Others, more deeply troubled, asked the men to explain; and the men said, laughing but rueful, "Why, we didn't put that darn double-headed thing up there; like Topsy, it jes' growed!" And it is this same Janus-headed paradox installed over the franchise gate which perplexes women voters today.

### A New Brand of Loyalty

"GIRLS"—the speaker was one of the veteran old girls herself, gray-haired, pugnacious to a degree, but sincere, clear-visioned, strong, one of the best-loved and best-hated leaders throughout the suffrage fight, and three years later still going strong. "girls"—her voice rang out like a bugle call over the audience where were gathered in political conference the women leaders of the country, mostly gray-haired like herself—"you don't mind if I call you girls?" she broke off to inquire.

"No!" they shouted with a single voice.

"Well, then, girls" she lifted her clenched fists and held them high in air "I have just this word to say to you: Don't give up the ship. Don't abandon the high standards for which you fought. Keep faith with your convictions. Have courage. Fight! Fight the machine politicians who are trying to lower those standards and to align you on their side. Don't think it's your bounden duty to follow behind them like sheep. Fight them; fight them inside the party organizations. That's my last word – fight!"

"They thought," she said to me gleefully after the meeting, "that I was going to talk on loyalty. I fooled 'em!"

"But you did speak on loyalty—loyalty to principles, to ideas."

"Yes, but that's not the brand of party loyalty most of them hear down at the district clubhouses or sitting in committees with organization leaders. Women, in my judgment, are in grave danger of losing all they fought for in suffrage if they don't show more courage and stamina in resisting forces inside their own party organizations."

'How would you organize the fight to install good government and clean up a corrupt party organization in a machine-owned city?"

"Which party?" she inquired with a fine broad smile. "Both parties are more or less boss-ridden. Both are spotted with corruption. To pretend anything else is pure hokum, bunk. Even the most sheeplike pro-machine voters among the women are coming to see that; but they justify their position by saying that the other side is just as bad. So it is—save that in a city like this, for example, the machine in control has more chances than the opposition machine. It's not so much a question of principle as of opportunity."

"That's frank," said I, "coming from an organization leader."

"It's worse than that," she retorted; "it's true. I'm an organization woman myself and a member of the county committee; I'm chosen regularly as a delegate to the state and national conventions; but I should be blind and dishonest if I did not freely acknowledge that my own organization is boss-ridden as well as the opposite machine now in power." She added, laughing, "If that be treason, as What's-his-Name said, make the most of it.

"Let's clarify this problem," she continued, "by looking at the real fact picture. Here we see in America a great group of women, sincere, high-minded, eager to work for clean government inside their own party alignments. The bulk of them were the little workers in suffrage, the lieutenants, top sergeants and color bearers who worked their heads off for the cause. Keen as mustard. Lord, what a fine morale they had! I could have marched them to Berlin. They realize they must work inside the parties. They see the necessity for organization; all that was hammered years ago into their heads.

"Came the franchise, and after it, what? Well, they joined one or other of the party organizations and started to work. And then trouble began. They discovered that their organization was controlled by bosses who didn't want these earnest, enthusiastic workers around them; they were afraid of their honest eyes; they wouldn't have them at any price. They wanted women—and also men—they could control; women who would do as they were bid, who would follow blindly where they led and vote their tickets straight—in short, the weaker sisters.

"I'm not saying such women are not honest, hard-working and sincere—according to their lights; but they're usually the kind you find slaving themselves to death in a piece of work without ever once stopping to consider whether that work's constructive or destructive in nature; they just keep on pegging away. More heat than light."

### Balked by the Bosses

"SO NOW, after three years of the franchise, what do we behold? We behold, first of all, the overwhelming majority of the women voters grown discouraged, disillusioned, rebellious, cold. They actually don't know whether it's really worth while to start a row! That shows you how despairing they are.

"And secondly, we behold that our finest, strongest women are not working inside the organization ranks, not because they don't want to, but because the bosses don't want them to—any more than they want honest, intelligent men with stamina and drive—with the result that a lot of splendid political energy is going to waste.

"The machine and the machine politicians don't care; it makes their own job of control vastly easier when the electorate lets them alone. So what are the women to do? Give up working inside the parties? No, for that amounts to a surrender of the franchise itself. Our government is by parties; parties function through their organizations; and without organizations there would be no parties and hence no government. So women must work inside of political organizations. But how can they if the politicians won't let them, if the machine turns down all save the weak sisters whom it can bend to its will? Do you see the tight vise they are in?

"Well, some of them have solved the problem by getting out of politics altogether. Others, the ultra-radical element, contented itself by saying, 'I told you so!' A third group has salved its conscience and is

docilely following the organization heads, no matter where they lead. And a fourth group, a brave little band of pioneers, is hanging to its convictions and trying to clean up the organizations from the inside. I scarcely need say that in my judgment it is not the deserters, nor the sideline cynics, nor the blind followers of the blind, but the small band of practical, constructive fighters that have found the right road out.

"Now a political organization is very like a business organization in its outward structural form. In every great corporation there is a machine and a boss, or a little group of bosses up at the top. But the difference between a boss-run political machine and a boss-run business machine lies in their method of operations. A modern business machine is bound to have good management, put experts at the heads of the various departments, keep down costs and make a profit for the stockholders—or off comes the boss' head. Somebody else is put in who can bring home the stockholders' bacon. But a boss-run political machine cares nothing for the interests of its stockholders or for keeping down the costs of the plant; it's out first and last for itself. So this small band of constructive women fighters are not wantonly trying to destroy the political structure of the organization itself, for that structure is inherently sound, but they do demand a change in the personnel and more businesslike methods of management.

"The fact is that in recent years both party organizations have sort of settled out of plumb; they've lost their center of gravity without knowing it. The men have been absorbed in building up the material prosperity of the country, and the party organizations, whose job it is to express the paramount will of the people, have fallen into the habit of expressing their own paramount will, trying to keep the voters in leading strings and to make their part as automatic and cut and dried as possible. So that when you ask me how to clean up a machine in a boss-ridden city I'd like to broaden that question to fit the facts and ask, How are we to clean up the machines in both the party organizations? How are honest men and women to chase out the bosses in both parties who are flouting the interests of the real stockholders, and install honest, efficient management such as prevails in big private business concerns?"

### *Local Issues for Local Elections*

"LET'S take, for example, a mayoralty contest, with a corrupt machine in control of one party organization, and the opposite organization pretty much boss-owned too. Mind you, party organization is all right; it's the abuses we're dealing with here. And in a machine-controlled city such as this, the organization out of power tends to become boss-ridden too. How do you explain such a phenomenon?"

I suggested the adage of the one bad apple in the barrel of good ones.

"Well, I don't know about that. I've about come to the conclusion that there are no good apples among the politicians—and I've bit into quite a few. But returning to the mayoralty contest, with a machine in control of the party organization and city offices, what are the women to do? Well, in the first place the election must be run on different principles. It must have local issues, not national or international issues. A national campaign should be run on national issues and a city campaign on city issues. What we want in the way of candidates is honest, capable and characterful men, experts on their jobs, who will be loyal, not to a little inside ring of politicians but to the public whose servants they are. It's immaterial what they believe about the League of Nations, German reparations or the way folks run their politics in Chicago or Oshkosh. That's foreign policy. And we'd like to have the accent thrown on domestic policy for a while—clean streets, good police and fire and educational departments, cutting out waste and keeping the burden of taxation down.

"But the politicians won't put up candidates like that. As it stands, we have little coteries of bosses sitting in conferences behind closed doors, deciding on the ticket—and deciding, not on the basis of whether the candidates will be faithful and efficient public servants but upon the basis of whether they will advance the interests of the machine itself.

"Do you see how the center of gravity has been dragged out of plumb? They sit and plan as to whether this or that candidate will help them along in the extension of their power throughout the city and state. But these are not local issues; they're purely political issues.

"Let me give you a concrete example of the way some of these politicians work. When Mr. Blank ran for mayor he was the organization's choice. But some of the women on the county committee didn't want him. What did the chairman do? He simply adjourned the meeting. He adjourned it again and again. That's what the politicians are strong on; they keep on adjourning until they wear the opposition out; and in the meantime they hold little private meetings on the side and rig up some scheme to choke off the opposition and put their choice across. And the courageous women who fight them find themselves quietly eliminated. They don't get reappointed on the powerful inside committees which count. That's happened again and again. Everybody knows it; the women know it; the politicians know it; and they intend to continue putting in their own kind, men and women, until public pressure forces them to quit.

"Summed up, the position stands like this: The machine politicians inside both organizations won't put up the best possible candidates for the jobs and run them on local issues, but men who will extend their own influence and increase their power throughout the city and state; and, second, for the same reason they won't appoint strong, courageous women to key positions on the inside of their party counsels. They want people they can control. The women they appoint may be honest and sincere workers; they usually are; but they won't fight for their convictions; and so the organizations, instead of being strengthened and elevated by the entrance of women into their counsels, remain at precisely the same level as before. They've not added new blood; they've added ciphers, repeating decimals, which is exactly what they desire.

"Oh, these little coteries of machine politicians sitting behind closed doors and doping out a list of candidates for the electorate to mark with a cross on election day! Talk about the secret diplomacy among nations! It's the secret diplomacy of the politicians in the preliminary stage of the contest, before the primaries, their power to designate the entire set-up, that's blighting our system of government at its very roots. And mind you, it's a double-barreled power they possess, for they designate on those primary lists not only the candidates for offices but also, and equally important, the members of the party organization itself. Thus they form a kind of interlocking directorate, self-appointing, self-perpetuating, and the utmost the public can do if they permit these lists to be nominated is to vote a protest vote at general elections. But the machine politicians have provided against even this faint show of initiative. They've got the bulk of the electorate so buffaloed, and particularly the new, untrained women recruits, that they're afraid even to do that. 'Don't scratch your ticket. Vote straight,' say these leaders of the herd, which means practically, 'Don't use your conscience and common sense. Just sign a blank check and we'll fill in the sum.' Well, we've got to change the method of procedure at this point; we—and by we I mean all the intelligent, public-spirited men and women who have been hanging back because they didn't know exactly where to jump in—have got to be consulted in the selection of this double-barreled list of candidates and members of the party organizations."

"But will the politicians let the public share in the selection of those lists?"

"Will a hungry dog give up a bone? Not without putting up a fight. All right then, we'll fight. This is the crucial point of attack, for I needn't say that if you can strip a machine of its dual power to put over its own list of candidates for office and its own organization personnel, you've not scotched the snake—you've skinned it alive. For a machine can't live or breathe without control of those two functions; they're its heart and lungs. Hunters of big game know the exact spot in the anatomy of their quarry where a bullet will penetrate to a vital spot and kill; they don't aim at the ears or tail; they draw a bead on that spot where centers life itself; and I am asking the women to concentrate their attack there."

"Do you think the day will ever come when the politicians will not control this preliminary set-up?"

### *Where the Power Really Lies*

"OF COURSE I do! Haven't we, the people, won every battle we've set ourselves seriously to win? Suffrage, election laws, direct primaries in thirty-eight states. What are these but democratic curbs on the imperialistic tendencies of machine politicians? And mark this—we're hitting a little closer the vital spot each time. We've stopped aiming at the tail. If you don't believe there's improvement cast your eye back over the history of American politics in the last thirty years and note the high peaks of flagrant corruption on the part of the machines.

"But today a better tone prevails; ethical standards are higher, even inside the machine; there is in the electorate far more political and social responsibility; the independent, conscientious citizens are a growing menace to the machine; it has to recognize them, cater to them, incessantly watch its step. The possibility of appealing to public opinion over its head has been successfully demonstrated over and over again. No historian can look back over America's political past and remain a pessimist. 'Daily, with souls that cringe and plot, we Sinais climb and know it not'—and the next step of that climb is to get control of the primaries in the preliminary stage, to have some say in the selection of the candidates."

"But how are you going to get control of those lists, with a machine intrenched in power? Run an independent city ticket? Put up the best men without regard to party affiliation? Fuse the malcontents on both sides?"

"No; these independents nearly always fail. They have no political roots. If they do get in for one term they are usually beaten the next and the battle has to be fought out all over again. For the independent official, having no political affiliations in either party, is hampered at every step by both organizations, which regard him as a pretender on their throne; so they combine and swap favors to pull him down.

"No, so long as we have government by party in this country—and the city is part of the integral whole—we shall not get far by starting up sporadic independent factions on the outside; we may as well settle down to the fact that we can't rebuild; we can only reorganize on the inside; and so these

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22, 1924


## A New Code for Candidates

IT IS not contrary to the best legal ethics, so far as we know, for any former public official to accept retainers from corporations, even from those that are having dealings with the Government, but voters are formulating a new code for those who seek their favors, especially their presidential favors.

The average man, hearing of first this and then that public official who has taken a large retainer from corporations shortly after retiring from public life—and this applies to city and state no less than to Federal officials—argues, whether rightly or wrongly, that these corporations are after something more than the legal ability of their new counsel—that they are buying, or hope that they are buying, power, acquaintanceship and inside knowledge that will be useful to them in their dealings with the Government.

We believe that when officials retire to private life and resume the practice of law they are entitled to the benefits that grow out of a wide acquaintance with the public. But if they accept retainers to appear against the Government, to negotiate with the Government for their clients, that should mean that they do not and cannot expect to hold office again.

Ex-officials who pocket large fees to appear in government cases undoubtedly are hired, in many instances, not so much because they know the law as because they know the ropes; not so much for their vigor of intellect as for the good fellowship that exists between them and their former colleagues and subordinates who are still in a government department, a Federal commission, an attorney-general's office or a state or municipal department. If they do not know this in their hearts they are not very bright lawyers—not nearly so bright as their employers think they are when they retain them. What a certain kind of client asks—sometimes tacitly, sometimes openly—is inside knowledge, inside acquaintance, facilities for getting special consideration, though we do not mean to imply that actual corruption of men in office is often demanded or attempted.

Some years ago the numerous resignations from the income-tax division of the Treasury Department, and the new crop of government-trained tax experts who began to offer special service to rich corporations and to men of wealth, attracted wide and by no means favorable attention. Treasury regulations have done much to discourage this sort of thing, and there, as in many other branches of the public service, observers are forcibly struck by the loyalty with which obscure government servants plod faithfully along year after year on exceedingly modest salaries when they might enjoy far more liberal compensation from private employers.

We doubt if laws can be so drawn and so enforced as to put an end to the practices here touched on; but it is not too much to suppose that a quickened public conscience can discountenance and largely discredit these professional men who offer to clients the influence that they have gained by holding office. It is not the voter's fault if they do it once, but it is his fault if they do it twice.

## The Ill Wind and the Ebb Tide

IT WAS an ill wind that blew from Moscow when the Soviet Government was formed, but it seems that, after all, it blew the world some good. The tide of radicalism is receding rapidly today, and the ebb of the muddied waters is due in no small degree to the complete failure of the communist experiment in Russia.

Although the success of the Bolshevists in seizing power gave an impetus to the extremists all over the world, it cannot be said that the prewar wave of radicalism was due to the Russian Revolution. The outbreak of Spartacism in Germany and the deep red unrest on the Clyde were inevitable results of the war. If Lenine and Trotzky had never emerged from their cellars the pink movement in America would nevertheless have run its course. Serious diseases always leave after-effects. Nations vitiated by war are very likely to suffer from uncertain heart action and giddiness. The late war bred a hatred of existing forms of government and a deep instinctive desire to make impossible any recurrence of war's suffering and privation. It exalted some men and harried others into various forms of idealistic thinking, much of it inevitably unsound. Time has operated to cure some of this unrest and perverted thought, but the failure of the Russian experiment has served more than any other factor to put theoristic souses back on the water wagon.

Marxism has scored a double miss in Moscow. It has completely disrupted Russian industry, destroyed to a very great extent the economic machinery of the country and undermined trade with other nations. That, perhaps, would not have worried the Marxists if in the doing thereof the lot of the individual worker had been improved. But the enlightening element in the situation is that the worker has been much worse off than under the capitalistic order. His labor has been conscripted, he has been underfed and paid a much smaller wage for his work than before. Sacrifice was expected at the start, and the proletarians were promised golden rewards when once the millennium got under way. But the turn never came. Industry, lacking the healthful lubricant of individual initiative, broke down. Today the population of the cities and towns of Russia has declined by one-half. The workers who have not sought in despair the surety of sustenance that the soil offers are now receiving on an average 35 per cent of what they earned under the capitalistic system. The cost of living has, of course, increased enormously. The complete failure of the experiment has been openly acknowledged for more than a year. They have tossed the body of communism from the droshky in order to stay the pursuing pack.

America, though doubly blessed in a material way and little touched by the war, did not escape radicalism. In this country it resembled the itch—irritating and unsightly, but never really dangerous. Anarchist meetings were held in all industrial centers. Inflammatory reading matter was circulated widely. Bloody revolution was openly preached by the foreigner. In the trade-union field we heard a great deal of talk of the general strike, boring from within, sabotage and attrition. The near-intellectuals chattered of a new order. Certain periodicals, though subsidized by the safely intrenched wealth of fatuous women, delivered the old dishonesty of faulty economics in the guise of liberal thought. All this sort of thing was going full blast no further back than 1922.

Today there is little surface evidence of radicalism in America. The tide has receded. The drastic lesson of Russia's failure, however, was not needed to restore our balance and common sense. The high flush of the first three peace years was nothing but the last symptom of war fever. As normal health returned, it vanished of its own accord. The anarchist, the parlor Bolshevik, the borer from within, the wobbly organizer, the dismally pink editor—are still with us in dwindling numbers, but they command little attention.

Finally, the long-heralded and much-dreaded Labor government has come into being in England. Its performances to date suggest that it will be highly conservative in its application of radicalism. It came in like a lion, but almost certainly it will go out like a lamb.

## The Race is On

HAVING just emerged, in a condition of exhaustion and practical bankruptcy, from the war that was to end war, the nations of Europe are now entering on a contest of preparation even more colossal than the orgy which preceded and rendered inevitable the conflagration of 1914. The new race is for control of the air. The chancelleries of Europe ring with the old talk of one and two power standards, acceleration of programs and limitation agreements.

During 1922 France built 3300 battleplanes, which brought her air strength up to 140 service squadrons for 1923. Inasmuch as Great Britain had built only 200 planes during the year and could muster the comparatively insignificant total of 35 service squadrons, the government became alarmed. It was felt that national security would be threatened if a one-power standard were not attained. As a first step toward that end it was decided on June twenty-seventh of last year to expand the Royal Air Force to a strength of 82 squadrons. France made a sharp and instantaneous countermove. Two days after John Bull announced his intention of seeking equality in the air the French Chamber of Deputies voted to add 68 squadrons to the French Air Force, which would bring the total up to 208, and leave the British as hopelessly outclassed as before.

In the meantime Italy is also feeling the urge to build aërial dreadnoughts. Mussolini recently stated: "If others arm in the air Italy must arm in the air."

The irony of the situation is that so far the competition is between allies. Must we regard the present race as a mere curtain raiser to the competitive fury that will rage when the enemy countries are in a position to enter the Annihilation Handicap? If brothers in arms can thus pyramid their expenditures and wreck their chance of economic revival in a spirit of, presumably, friendly rivalry, what would happen if Germany struggled to her feet and the Russian giant broke free from his Soviet shackles?

The presence of a Labor government at Westminster, committed though it is to a peace program, is in no sense a guaranty that Britain will not go on spending the golden sovereigns as recklessly for a one-power standard in the air as she once did to maintain her two-power standard navy. The premier's address at the opening of Parliament was significant, however. It was the first time since the war that a European statesman in an official pronouncement displayed any real understanding of America's feeling toward Europe.

"I feel quite sure of this," said Ramsay Macdonald, "that as soon as America knows that this peace problem is being worked at from a new point of view with enthusiasm, with idealism, a point of view that does not mean more expenditure on armaments, a point of view that does not mean merely European nationalist agreements—as soon as America feels that there is something large, something moral, in the spirit in which those problems are being approached, then we will not have to go cap in hand to America and beg of it to come in."

In the meantime the clamor on both sides of the water for some form of American intervention has subsided considerably. Our own mush-fed sentimentalists have either wearied of the effort or have at last discovered that American common sense is deep-rooted. Perhaps they have come to realize that Europe is a refractory patient and could not be benefited by the tonic of American gold.

# RED TRIM—By Kenneth L. Roberts

SMALL boys frequently seek to persuade their parents to supply them with certain desired articles on the ground that several of their little playmates have been supplied with similar articles by their doting families. If the parents are sufficiently foolish they sometimes comply with their offsprings' request without further investigation. But if they have a modicum of wisdom they inquire with some care as to the effect of the articles on the families which have already acquired them; and they frequently discover that the families wish that they hadn't.

The fact that fifteen small boys have been allowed to have pneumatic guns is no reason why a sixteenth boy should receive a pneumatic gun—especially if the fifteen have knocked the plaster off the walls, shattered the mirrors, perforated all the cats in the neighborhood and worried their relatives into nervous fidgets.

Similarly gentlemen are often urged to invest in the Big Blow Oil Company or the Interplanetary Radio Corporation for no other reason than that fifteen distinguished citizens have already done so. This fact, unfortunately, does not make either the Big Blow Oil Company or the Interplanetary Radio Corporation a conservative investment for investors whose chief requirement is safety of principal. Those who are asked to make such investments might at least ask the fifteen other investors how they like their bargains—for their answers might possibly consist of a series of low, thrilling curses and a number of deafening moans at the absence of dividends.

There are in the United States a number of gentlemen who refuse to be happy so long as the Government of the United States refuses to recognize the Government of Soviet Russia. Their principal argument as to why the Government of the United States should recognize the Soviet Government appears to be that fifteen European governments have recognized the soviets, and that the United States ought to be ashamed of herself for not doing it too.

The reason for the unhappiness of these friends of Soviet Russia is a little difficult to locate. Some want Russia recognized because they think that the recognition will mean that Russia will buy more American goods and consequently improve American conditions.

This is not a very good reason, however; for the Soviet Government, in order to maintain a trade balance, has decreed that Russia shall not import goods to a greater value than those that she exports. Since she exports a comparatively small amount of materials, the amount that she could purchase from America would have about as much effect on American trade conditions as an injection of cocaine would have on the Statue of Liberty.

Others want Russia recognized because they are planning to become the diplomatic representatives of the United States in the newly recognized autocracy. Others want it recognized because they admire the soviet form of government and would like to see it adopted in the United States. Others advocate the recognition of the Soviet Government because they have been hoodwinked by soviet guides, interpreters and agents into thinking that the Soviet Government is a regular, dependable government which functions just like any other government. And others advocate it because they are mentally warped, and consequently obliged by their peculiar mental slant to advocate the things that shouldn't be advocated.

But whatever the reasons for which they advocate the recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States, they all argue that the recognition of Russia by fifteen European states is sufficient reason for the United States to do likewise

That being the case, one should take the ordinary precaution of asking the fifteen European states how they like their relations with Soviet Russia; and when one does this one finds that the fifteen states don't like their relations at all. To put it more bluntly and accurately, their relations with Soviet Russia make them ill. Before entering into this matter in detail there are one or two things that must be explained so that Russia's relationship toward other countries may be made clear.

*Continued on Page 113*




THE HOUSING PROBLEM

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

### The Optimist

*SAID the Scallop to the Shad,*
*"It must make you mighty mad*
*To go round so full of bone;*
*See, I haven't even one!"*

*Said the Shad unto the Scallop,*
*"Why, you saucy little trollop!*
*Here, I'll tell you what I'll do,*
*I'll present you one or two."*

*So he took, to end the matter,*
*Two nice bones, and pushed them at her.*
*Ramming them down with his fins,*
*As in cushions one sticks pins.*

*Well, that Scallop was so proud*
*She just beamed and laughed aloud.*
*And the Shad, with kindly eye,*
*Watched the little fool prance by.*

*"Something wonderful," said she,*
*"Now will happen unto me!*
*For" she breathed in awestruck tones—*
*"I just feel it in my bones!"*

—Carolyn Wells.

### The Salome Sun

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FOR HALF A MILE

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"WHERE SHE DANCED"

ALL STAGES TRAVEL VIA THE CALIFORNIA CUT-OFF—BUCKEYE, SALOME, BLYTHE—BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST AND SHORTEST ROUTE FROM PHOENIX TO LOS ANGELES

WELCOME, TOURISTS, TO SALOME
"WHERE SHE DANCED"

SALOME WATER certainly is "kicky"—Folks all wonder where it gets it—Tickles your Toes, cures the Sickly & Wiggles Your Gizzard when it Wets It. And IT'S FREE—that Famous Ice-Cold Salome Exhilaratingly Intoxicating Water, always on Tap at the Laughing Gas Station, "Where She Danced"—and That's What Made Her Do It—so BE Ware.

You will find Salome the Best Place On or Off the Road to Stop and Camp Overnight, or for the Rest of Your Life if you Like it. The Most Commodious Camp Grounds in the U. S.—Over 10,000 Acres Free for your Use; Free Nightly Serenades by the Coyotes—and Almost Everything else Free—excepting Stuff we have to Ship in Here and Pay the Santa Fe Freight On, such as Gas, Tires, Springs, Chewing Gum, Doughnuts, Health Bread, Etc.

If you are Too Cold when you get to the Laughing Gas Station, get a Cup of that Hot Coffee and some Chile Con Carne. It will Warm you up unless you are Just Naturally Cold-Blooded. If you are Hot drink some Salome Water, Ice-Cold Fresh Milk or Take A Free Shower Bath. You can Sleep on the Ground, Anywhere you like, if you are not afraid of Rattlesnakes, Gila Monsters, Scorpions, Centipedes, Wallapai Tigers and Other Local Pets. If your Wife is Nervous Better Sleep at the Hotel across the Track, in a Real Bed. No, you won't Get Stung at the Hotel. Gasoline Gus will show you Where It Is.

A Re-Tired Farmer come through here the Other Day, going Back to Some Place called Creston, Iowa. He said they didn't have no Corn Cobs in Long Beach, California. You can't learn an Old Dog any New Tricks and I guess he was getting Too Old to learn how to light the Kitchen Fire with Crude Oil or Natural Gas. If they had any Pea Nut Butter and Corn Cobs in Los Angeles there wouldn't be No One Left in Iowa and Texas I don't think. I'm going to plant Some Corn and Pea Nuts here at Salome, for Bait, and see if I can't Trap some of these Texans and Iowa-ins as they go through.

Well, well, well, if Yuma ain't Hot. I sent a letter there addressed to "The Devil" in care of the Yuma Sun, and it never came back; so it must have been delivered, and if the Devil gets His Mail there, then YUMA MUST BE HELL.

Maybe that's why some of the Tourists who have been around that way talk about "THE ROAD TO H——."

Sure, we know the Road is Rough in spots—SO IS LIFE. There is Bumps in Any Road you Take, No Matter Where You Go—Did you ever see Salome Shake and Wiggle To and Fro—mostly Fro?

COME AGAIN.

*-Dick Wick Hall,*
*Editor & Garage Owner.*

*"What the Sam Hill You Doin', Sarah?" "I'm Movin' Out to the Barn—That's What I'm Doin'. You Can Keep the Cows in the House"*

### Peggy of the Cabaret

OH, Miss! . . . Oh, Miss! . . . For the love of lump sugar, can't we get a little service here? I'm as hungry as a cannibal on the Sandwich Islands waitin' for a missionary to show up! Yeh, dearie, please bring us the carte Blanche—I mean the carte du jury, my French ain't so good today.

Well, Babe, do you know anything? Just strut your stuff, kid, I'm dyin' to hear some! Say did you know about Bonnie Doon at the Frivolities goin' to quit?

Sure thing, Babe, she's marryin' a nonprofessional—a raddio announcer! They say he used to be a hot-dog barker down at Cooney Island. Sweet essence of liniment! I've got no doubts now which of the family'll be the loud speaker!

What'll you have, Babe? Don't be afraid to eat heavy, kid, the party's on me, though it will be the first time in six months I'm payin' for my own fare. I lost a good telephone number last night, otherwise I'd of had some poor sap up here flashin' the green instead.

All right, little Goldy-locks. Never mind the horse-de-hoover and make mine split pea soup too—without the thumb. What are you goin' to have for the entry, Babe? Well I'll make mine some chicken liver so-tay on toast with a cup of black coffee and some spewmoni ice cream for a sinker. The same for you? All right make it two, cutie, and bring us a couple o' serviettes, I don't want to muss my rags.

Oh, yeh, I'm studyin' French now, Babe. You can do all the wisecrackin' you want to, dearie, but I'm going out heavy for the culture. We chorus girls have got to put our best legs forward these days. I'm sick and tired a hearing that old gag about the chorus girl havin' only one book. I've got two books! And one of them's a French primer—not that it'll make me a primer donna though.

Mr. MacIntyre, the press agent, is writin' a French revue for the Pallay and he promised me a good speakin' part of three lines as the maid. I know a coupla frog-croaks already like *oui mouchoir* and *merci bouquet*. That there last one means thanks a lot. Mr. MacIntyre says I got a swell accent, Babe, only I've got to fertilize it a bit.

Sure I'm goin' to Paris some day, Babe. I want to go up that famous Eyeful Tower and go through the Loover where they've got all those ex-quisite statutes by Rodent.

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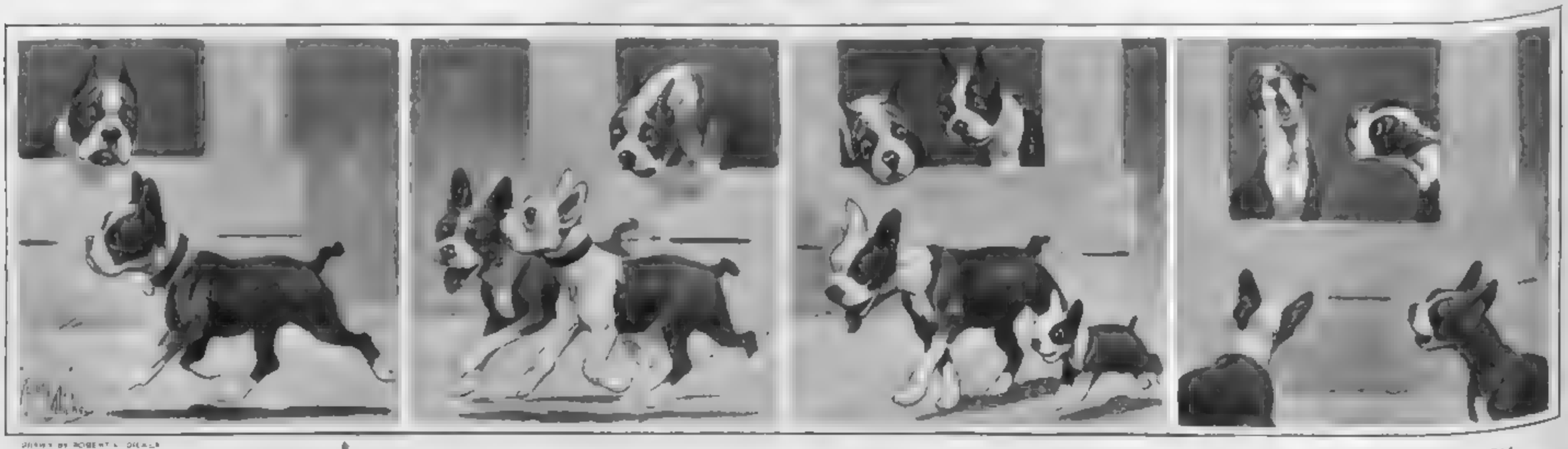
### Mr. and Mrs. Beans



*"Oh, Beans!"* *"Come Here, Quick"* *"For Heaven's Sake, Violet, What's All the Row About?"* *"Oh, Beans! The Tragedy of It! They're All Wearing Bat Ears This Season and We've Had Ours Cropped!"*

I take the lead with flashing speed
I'm famous for my hustle.
I get my zeal from Campbell's meal
It gives me pep and muscle!

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every day!

# Just what a good meal should contain!

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The invigoration of beef broth
An invitation to your appetite
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**Campbells' Soups**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

# FULL OUT—By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

*Janeth's Blue Eyes Came Up to His, She Smiled and Nodded. "I'll Bet on You, Bill Seadog"*

"I'VE got no use for Englishmen," announced Jim O'Hara severely; "and abs'lutely none at all for nobility!"

Having delivered this double-barreled shot, the lips of the chief mechanic of the Brent Aviation Company were sealed. His expression told them that he was the repository of much dark and secret information which he did not care to divulge, especially in the presence of ladies.

"Loud cheers from Ireland!" commented Janeth Brent, the company's president, general manager and treasurer.

"'Tain't that at all," protested O'Hara. "Why ——"

Janeth's laugh interrupted him, and his lips shut tightly again. He could have told them, for example, what a good-for-nothing, useless, incompetent flat that English racer, Bardman, had proved when he got on the road at Santa Barbara in 1913. And hadn't Bardman been chauffeur for Lord Something-or-Other before he took to race driving? Sure, he knew Englishmen! But if Janeth Brent and her brother, Allan, didn't want to listen it was their own loss. O'Hara allowed his eyes to wander off over South Field, where the company's new Umpty-seven plane—an M.P.T., Type Seven—lay glistening in the sunlight, and he forgot English nobility for the moment to murmur ecstatically, "Ain't she a beauty!"

Allan Brent whistled absently a few bars of a tune and passed back the letter which his sister had handed him. He studied the mixture of a smile and a frown upon Janeth's face as she reread it. The letter was from the Honorable Willard Weston Clively Towar, otherwise known by the name which he had bestowed upon himself in his school days, Bill Seadog. That piratical nickname, and the determination to go to sea which prompted it, marked the first rebellion of young Lord Towar against the domination of his elder brother, the Duke of Tallbout. The second rebellion came when he decided not to use the title of Lord Towar. After that, rebellions came so fast that there was no counting them.

One month before this day when Janeth, Allan and their new mechanic, O'Hara, sat upon the veranda of the Brent cottage at Sound Brook, Bill Seadog had been called home by his grace, under pain of forfeiting his quarterly income if he refused. Seadog had obeyed the summons because he felt it his duty as board of directors and spiritual adviser of the Brent Aviation Company to provide another plane by the simple method of annoying his grace until that irate peer not only came through with enough of Seadog's own money but added a "Thank you" as well. Such a campaign had never failed to work—never before, that is.

Janeth, deep in her thoughts, mouth twitching, fingered the first report of the board of directors upon its foreign mission. It read:

*Dear old souls:* I am about to re-dawn upon America. Let there be rejoicing. If you should happen to read in the newspaper that my dear brother had popped a flock of blood vessels you may be sure it was because he learned that I had headed westward as an ordinary seaman. It is a long story, filled with pathos and tragedy. Briefly, his grace announced that I could either abide in the ancestral shanty, devoting my life to raising a breed of rabbits which will be more easily frightened to death when he shoots at them, or give over the pleasure of clinking numerous coins one against the other four times a year. In other words, this low specimen has the power to keep me from spending my own money until I am thirty, and he is going to do it if I am not a good boy. He talked numerous varieties of rot—all along the same snooty lines. My response—if I may be so bold as to borrow one of your quaint colloquialisms—was a hearty, full-toned razz, with an obbligato of shrill, piercing laughter. It pleased him not at all. In fact, he had the air and bearing of one who is annoyed. Ponder upon it, my dears. His grace was annoyed! And imagine me as I sit here, bowed low by conscience. I will be with you just as soon as I can get there. It will, of course, take longer if I have to swim. Ta-ta.

SEADOG.

"I'll bet he had one roaring fine argument with his brother," said Allan.

"Is his brother really such a terrible person?" Janeth asked.

"Pretty bad!" He lighted a cigarette, and his eyes, with O'Hara's, went to the new Umpty, beside which their old plane, an Umpty-five—grimy and unbeautiful—lay outshone. O'Hara arose and walked slowly down South Field.

Allan chuckled. "O'Hara can't stay away from that new bus. He can see a speck of grease on it from a mile away."

Janeth was slowly creasing the letter between her forefinger and thumb nail, so far away in her thoughts that Allan watched her intently for a full minute without her being conscious of him.

Bill Seadog and Allan Brent had met in a French hospital nearly at the close of the war, and exchanged the first words of an enduring friendship with tongues which were thick and heavy with ether. They had left the hospital together and, until the day of Janeth's cablegram to Allan in Bombay telling him that their father had died, they had never been far apart. It was the discovery of the depleted state of the Brent family fortune which had thrown Allan into the aviation business—flying was the only useful thing he knew how to do—and Seadog had rushed to join him at Sound Brook, where the Brents were living in the cottage which had once been their gardener's. Brent House, the old colonial mansion which had housed the family since 1689, was leased to strangers.

It had not turned out quite as he had intended, thought Allan, as he watched this most surprising girl, his sister. In the first place, he had expected to find her something like the nine-year-old youngster he had last seen, instead of a singularly mature and extremely pretty young woman of seventeen. Also, it had not dawned upon him, until it came with a crash, that Janeth and Seadog might conceivably fall in love with each other. Not that either Janeth or Seadog had ever admitted to him—or to each other, he felt positive—that they were in love. But symptoms are symptoms, and they had all of them.

As, for example, Janeth. Her blue eyes had a soft, far-away look; a fleeting, very tender smile played about her mouth; and the fingers of her small sunburnt hands played with Seadog's letter as though they were finding much in it which could be found only through sense of feeling. And then she sighed and rediscovered her brother beside her. Her head came up; bright sunlight, reflected from the red and green ribbons of her sport hat, added a slight and bizarre coloring to the tan of her face, accentuated the flush upon her cheeks.

"His grace is pretty much of a pup," continued Allan. "But it's really been the making of Seadog. He's never told me the whole story of it, but I know pretty well what happened. Seadog was a spindly youngster, not very strong as a kid. One day his grace came home potted and gave him an awful hiding. That was when the trouble started. It took Seadog six years of hard training before he was big enough and strong enough to give his brother a thorough mauling. It was thorough, all right enough! They poured water over his grace's dome for an hour before he came to."

"Gee!" whispered Janeth, eyes lighting.

"And then, of course," Allan went on, "his grace cut off Seadog's money. So Seadog fought a professional pug in a preliminary bout for some big fight and knocked him through the ropes." Allan's head went back in a laugh. "He got his allowance again, all right enough! Then the war came along. Funny how a thing like a hiding will change a fellow's whole life, isn't it? Seadog says he used to be so afraid of his brother that he'd tremble. Those six years of training made Seadog! And, Janeth, you ought to see him in a fight! Whew! He wades in where it's thickest and begins mowing 'em down!"

"I wish he'd start with his brother!" exclaimed Janeth savagely. "Why doesn't he?"

Allan gnawed his underlip thoughtfully for a moment before he replied.

"Jan, when you get down pretty deep in Seadog's nature you'll find that he's darned proud of that family of his. Of course he says that his own title, Lord Towar, is a bunch of bunk, and he hates all the swank that lots of people put on—but he doesn't think that the title of Duke of Tallbout is a bunch of bunk. He just thinks that his brother is a disgrace to it. There's a lot in Seadog that's like the first Duke of Tallbout—a full-out sort of bird who fought wars, hunted and enjoyed life."

"Do you think that Seadog'd like to be the duke?" asked Janeth.

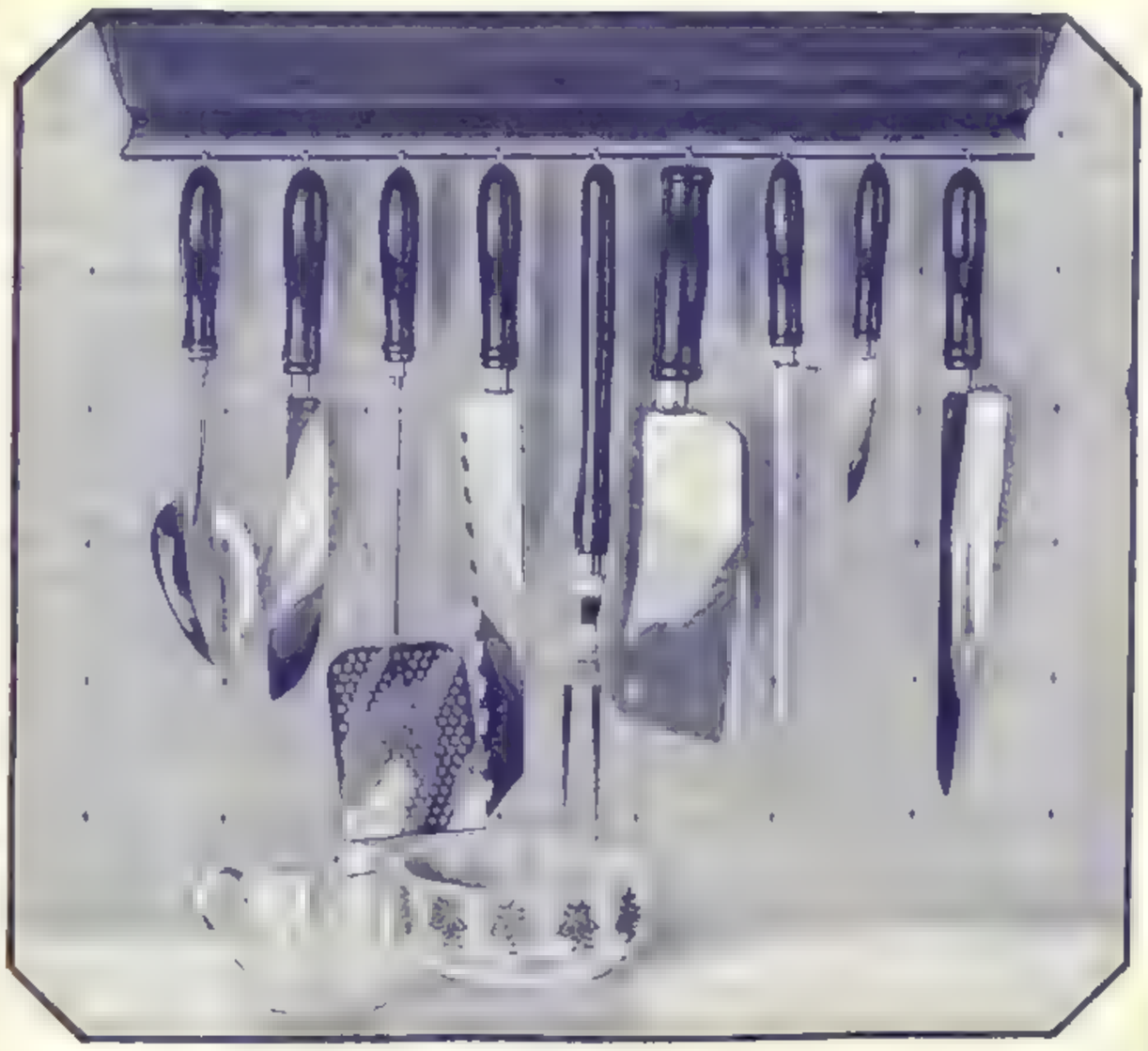
Allan nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, I think he would; not because it would make him more important, but because he'd like to make the dukedom mean something, instead of being nothing but a name and an easy social graft. That's all his brother makes of it."

O'Hara, having found and obliterated an imaginary spot of grease upon the immaculate shining wings of the Umpty-seven, turned back toward the cottage.

Janeth sighed once more. "I hope Seadog'll come back soon," she said. Then, as though it had just occurred to her, "I like Seadog."

Allan held his smile in check until she had turned away.

(Continued on Page 34)



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*Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor*

(Continued from Page 32

The purchase of the new Umpty-seven had been the triumph of determination over bank account. The determination was Allan Brent's originally, born at a moment when the company was as close as it could be to insolvency without entering into business negotiations with the sheriff. Yet, one week later, Janeth, Allan and Jim O'Hara entered the office of the M. P. T. Aircraft Corporation to convince George Morrison, who was the "M." in that corporate title, that a certified check for fifteen hundred dollars was a sufficiently large first payment on an Umpty-seven. The plane cost four thousand dollars.

Morrison listened to the tale of that certified check; how Allan in his old plane had won the race at the Greenfield Flying Carnival.

It was Janeth who told the story, with O'Hara adding bits of technical information.

Morrison, who had given up flying long since, chewed his cigar, nodded slowly and gazed far away out of the windows. He had heard all about the race at the Greenfield Flying Carnival, but it did his heart good to hear it again, from the lips of those who had jammed the old Umpty-five into first place. The Five was a bus to be proud of; he had designed it, been the first to fly it.

Allan took up the narrative: "A man by the name of Taylor, the president of the Globewide Photonews Syndicate, has offered me a thousand dollars to fly to Chicago with pictures of the fight next week. One thousand—and a bonus of five hundred if I get there in time to catch the midnight trains west. We'll sign over that check to you."

Before Morrison could respond O'Hara put in: "The Easterling outfit is putting two Canda planes on the same job. This man Taylor is out to beat 'em!"

O'Hara had touched the nerve which always made George Morrison jump. The president of the M. P. T. Aircraft Corporation stiffened slightly and said: "I'll knock five hundred off the price if you beat the Candas into Chicago!" Then, "When do you want to take the plane out?"

"Whew!" breathed Janeth triumphantly.

"This afternoon," said Allan. "We'll take it up to our field at Sound Brook and give it a good running in before we start west." He passed the check across the desk. "I'll want a mechanic at this end," he added. "O'Hara will be in Cleveland to take care of the plane when I land there."

Morrison nodded thoughtfully. "Watch out for dirty work all along the line," he warned them. "We'll see you clear at this end, all right. Come back here the day before the fight so that we can give the engine a final once-over." He turned to O'Hara. "Have your own gas and oil in Cleveland. That field's a Canda hangout."

"Watch out for dirty work all along the line!"

George Morrison's warning took on an entirely new meaning as Allan Brent landed upon the field at Jersey City.

Tierny, the New York representative of Globewide, was waiting for him, escorted by a singularly hard-faced man who was introduced as Bill Ryan.

"Bill," explained Tierny, "is going to be here with you until you take off. He's got a gat on him, and he's got orders to use it if anybody comes near this machine. Today's the day when we don't trust our best friends. I was planning to have a telephone line here to the field so that I could give you a signal when we start the last pictures away from the ring, but what's the use? They'd just cut the line for us. I'll be at the ringside—with a guard! to collect the pictures, and I've got two men with motorcycles waiting outside. Don't wait more than three minutes after the first motorcycle gets here. If the second hasn't come, take off!"

"For the love of Allah!" exclaimed Brent. "What is this? A free-for-all?"

Tierny grinned. "Globewide and Easterling are out for each other's hides—and don't forget it!" he answered. "It's a cutthroat game! Who've you got in Cleveland?"

"My own mechanic," replied Allan.

"Trust him?"

"Absolutely!"

Tierny nodded. "That's good. Taylor says you've got your own gas and oil there."

"Yes."

Tierny handed him an automatic. "Keep it where it's handy," he said.

O'Hara, in the old Umpty, with Janeth piloting him, had started for Cleveland at dawn, and a telegram had come for Allan at the M. P. T. field, where he had spent the night, telling him that they were ready and waiting for him.

"Say, look here!" began Allan suddenly. "If I'd known you were going to stage this sort of racket I wouldn't have let my sister go on to Cleveland. She went ahead with my mechanic, flying our other bus. If there's any chance of a row I don't want her on the field. How can I get word to her?"

Tierny scowled. "I might be able to get a call through to our Cleveland agent, Dawson, to look her up."

"Do that!" said Allan. "Send word to her that I want her to stay away from the field."

One hundred yards away the two Canda planes, under contract to the Easterling Syndicate; a Zor plane, which was to carry pictures south; and two A. F's, one bound for Washington and Baltimore and the other for Pittsburgh, lay ready to hop off, surrounded by their crews. The two Candas were apart from the group, with a dead line drawn at twenty-five yards. Several men who might have been the blood brothers of the silent and hard-faced Bill Ryan walked about them meaningfully.

"The big fight starts at 3:30," continued Tierny, eying the Candas. "Have your bus warmed up and ready to start from that time on."

Already the road which ran along the field was filled with a procession of humanity, headed for the ring or to linger wistfully upon the outskirts to hear at least the sounds of tumult from the fight. The tube and ferryboats were jammed. Perched high on the rim of the huge bowl, waiting for a chance to mob the reserved seats, dirty and restless, sat those who had stood in line all night. Satin slippers from drawing-rooms and dance halls, shoes which had trod altars and gambling joints, paddled together through the dust, bound from fields turned black by limousines.

Telegraph operators chattered with one another over their wires to reassure themselves that connections were unbroken; radio men, enunciating with painful clarity, were describing the crowd and all that happened in the bowl, while millions tuned in, hoping to get even that smack of soggy gloves upon flesh; in leased baggage cars photographic crews shut doors and windows in a final test for darkness, against the time when they would be rushing overland, developing and printing, and distributing pictures of the knock-out to reporters waiting at stations along the way; the pilots warmed their engines, waiting anxiously for the moment to hop off, for the moment when Jersey would become a blur beneath them.

It was shortly before three when Tierny returned to the field. "I got Dawson," he announced. "He's going to find your sister and tell her to stay clear of the field. Everything's all right in Cleveland, he says; but that doesn't make it all right! Remember that you're running the show! It's up to you. So long, an' good luck!"

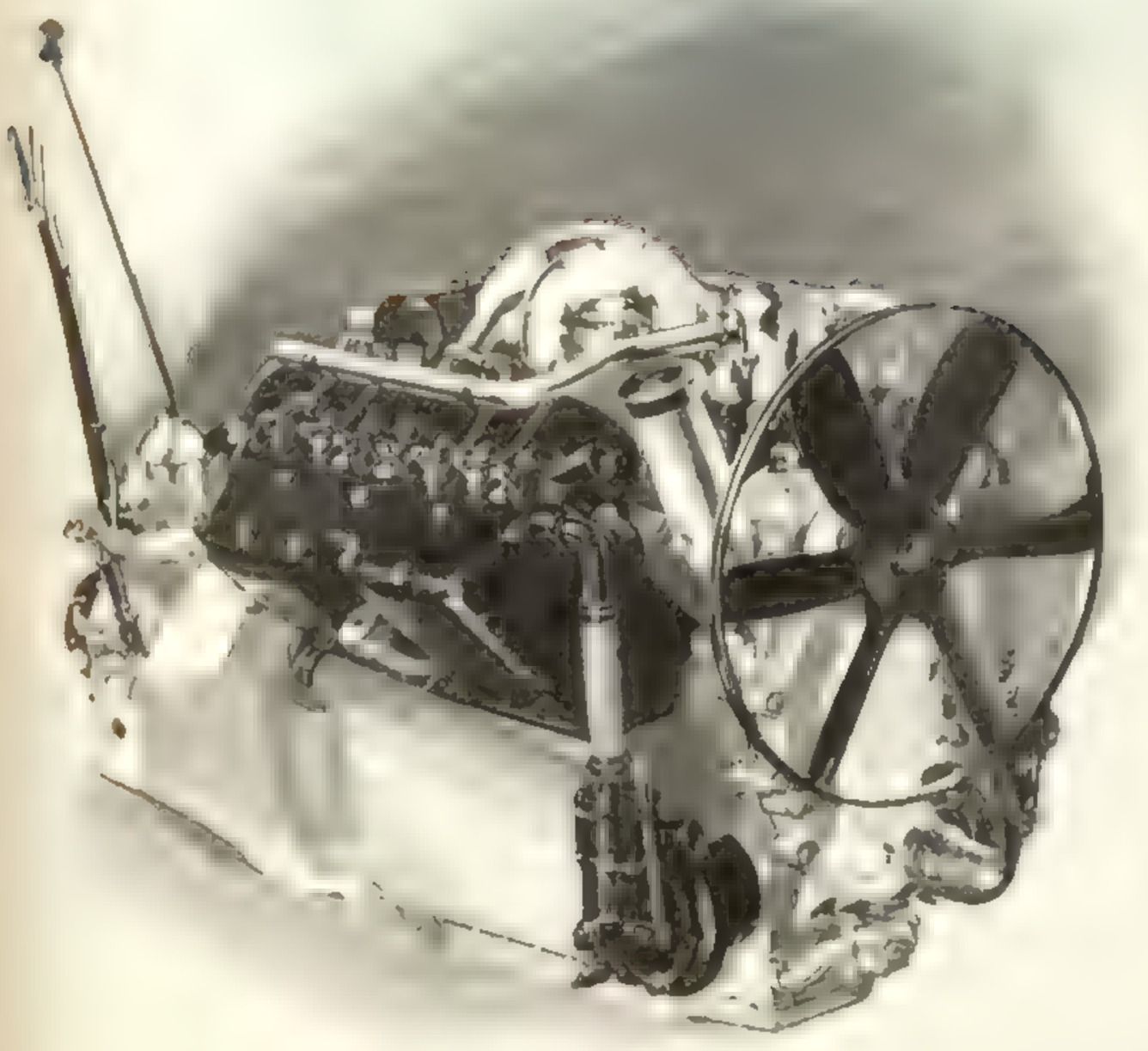
He ran across the field to the side car which was waiting for him.

One by one the motors of the planes started, roared and subsided into a steady beat while the needles of temperature indicators crept up. Mechanics loitered close by, standing apathetically, some with their eyes closed, some

(Continued on Page 80)

*Allan Stood Up in His Seat. "I'll Plug the First Man That Moves in This Direction!" He Said, and the Automatic Flashed in Full View*

# Power – *Harmonized!*



THE builders of the Cadillac have always endeavored to be scrupulously conservative in reciting its merits. But they would be carrying conservatism to extreme lengths if they failed to point out how widely the margin of Cadillac leadership has been increased by the vital improvements incorporated in the New V 63, and particularly in its 90° V-Type eight-cylinder engine.

What Cadillac engineers have done in the V-63 is to introduce entirely new principles of motor design.

Due to the unique construction of its compensated crankshaft the V-63 engine is perfectly and inherently balanced. The crankshaft, with its throws in two planes, and with four compensating weights, is so designed that the forces which have a tendency to produce vibration are opposed, thus cancelling each other at all engine speeds.

The 90 degree included angle between the cylinder blocks is of course retained in the V-63 engine, as it allows an even spacing of power impulses which is not possible in V-Type engines where the included angle is more or less than 90 degrees.

The effect of the compensated crankshaft, found only in the new Cadillac, is to eliminate all perceptible vibration and to harmonize and balance the V-63 engine to a degree of smoothness and quietness unequalled in European or American manufacture.

It would be unfair to prospective buyers to understate the facts. The new Cadillac's superior balance, its greater smoothness and quietness, have been fully established by tests conducted both by Cadillac and disinterested authorities.

Owners, who have driven the car at all speeds, say they are scarcely aware of the motor's presence, so silently, evenly and steadily does it function.

As performance of this character has long been the goal of automotive engineers, the importance of the new harmonized and balanced 90° V-Type eight-cylinder engine can scarcely be overestimated.

It is, in the fullest sense, an engineering achievement, and its obvious results are higher operating efficiency, more pronounced smoothness, greater resistance to wear, and even longer life than have been hitherto possible.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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V63

# OUT AMONG THE GODS

## By Eleanor Franklin Egan

*The Residence of the Governor of Bengal*

THE past of most ancient peoples has been revealed to us in some measure through the discovery of tombs and monuments, and in inscriptions on stone which modern archæologists have learned to decipher; but no evidence of this character has ever been unearthed in India to prove that India was inhabited by a race of civilized men in the very remote ages; nor is there any record by which the historian may be guided in an effort to fix the probable date of the great invasion of the people "from somewhere in Asia" who brought with them into India the religious beliefs by which the peoples of that land were destined to be sunk into such strange and enduring enslavement.

On their way down through the only landward gates of India—the mighty passes in the northwest mountains—the Aryans built no monuments and left behind them no imperishable tablets chiseled with the tales of their exploits. They moved across the land of the five rivers which empty into the Arabian Sea through the delta of the Indus, and so on to the fertile Gangetic plains, there to establish their abode for all time. But nowhere did they write stories in stone to be read in after ages.

What they brought with them was an amazing literature in the minds and upon the tongues of a dominant and hereditary priesthood; a literature to be afterward written in hymns and laws and deeply philosophical essays and to be acknowledged as more ancient than anything in literary form that mankind has produced, or that has survived, at any rate, to enlighten the modern world.

### *A Kaleidoscope of Soul Color*

IN ITS outward aspects, in its idolatry, in its gross superstitions and hideous practices, Hinduism can be nothing but revolting to a Western mind; but underlying all these things is a foundation of philosophy, the principles of which are of sufficient purity and magnificence of scope to have enraptured the minds of some of the greatest students of all time. Schopenhauer is spoken of as being the spiritual kinsman of Shankara, though 1000 years elapsed after Shankara died before Schopenhauer came into human being to immerse himself in the profound system built up by that great Aryan upon the teachings embraced within the ancient Vedic lore. The Upanishads may be read and the Vedanta philosophy may be studied in various translations, but these are serious undertakings that would appeal to few minds. I have no intention, of course, of attempting to interpret Vedanta philosophy even in outline. It is a kaleidoscope of soul color with infinite variations and combinations; but running through it all are a few primary principles in the form of beliefs that are made manifest in the daily life of India by so many amazing and incomprehensible observances that not to have a glimpse of these beliefs is not to have a glimpse of inner India at all.

It is sometimes said that there are more gods in India than human inhabitants, and this may be true if more than 300,000,000 items go to make up the sum and substance of the visible and invisible worlds. Everything, whether animate or inanimate, may be a god in some form or degree. But all that is an overlay obscuring a faith which knows no gods, but which embraces a tremendous conception of an all-god. This faith is the faith of the educated and the thoughtful, and is not known to the vast multitude unless it be in a vague understanding of its basic principles in their least subtle forms. The multitudes were never taught. They were merely reduced to spiritual subservience to the Brahmans, who were the authors of all the learning of the ages past and who, throughout the ages, have been its jealous custodians.

The Brahmans created for the people their innumerable gods and laid down for them a code of social ethics characterized by a minutiæ of rules and regulations so appalling that the average mind must pause and wonder how many people so enmeshed in rigid ritual can make of life anything except one long devotional exercise. And, work though he may, get on as best he may, that is what the life of the ordinary Hindu amounts to. The people were grounded in the doctrine of transmigration and were given a sufficient glimpse of the universality of soul life to imbue them with a vast dread that they might transgress some Brahmanical law and thereby risk condemnation to rebirth in some lower form of animal life, or even some form of vegetable life; but they were never permitted to lift their heads above the slough of superstition and fear, in which they were so easily controlled.

Is it any wonder then that images and shrines abound and that practically every visible object from the sun, moon and stars to an isolated weed by the wayside may be an object of worship, or that the gods are innumerable? For the most part they are not gods, but only souls to be propitiated and prayed to for intercession with the gods. The higher gods are really personifications of the cosmic elements among which the souls of men wander from life unto life—unto emancipation from the bondage of life when the higher learning is attained.

And this is one's point of contact with the Indian who is privileged to know. I cannot believe that all educated Indians are either deeply or superficially versed in the Vedanta philosophy, any more than I can believe that all educated Christians are profound students of Christian theology. Mr. Gandhi freely acknowledged that he knew very little about it, although the chief tenet of his political faith was that the way for India to escape the satanic domination of an alien government was for all Indians, of whatever creed or persuasion, to ignore that government's existence and to revert en masse to the simplicities of the Vedic period. What I do know is that one seldom talks with an educated Indian who does not sooner or later say:

"Unless you have learned something of the great philosophy which is the foundation of all life in India, you cannot understand us; you may see us superficially for what we are, but you cannot know why we are what we are and therefore you cannot know us."

And nobody, being permitted to observe India in her innumerable attitudes of worship, can fail to acknowledge that this is true. The humble citizen groping in the outer dark, bowing down to his sticks and stones and offering sacrifice to souls departed or to a selected few among the unnumbered demons and deities, is easy enough to understand. But not so the men of the higher castes and classes; educated men; men of trained intelligence whose lives in this life are devoted to such an unbelievable extent to the attainment, not of heavenly bliss, but of annihilation, or absorption into the infinite. When you see numbers of such men sitting motionless for hours on end, their legs crossed under them, their hands held open and relaxed upon their knees and their eyes fixed vacantly upon nothing at all, you want to know what they are thinking about. You have a mean kind of suspicion that most of them are thinking about something of immediately personal and altogether worldly interest, but you know that an occasional one among them really is seeking the way of the truth and the light. He is pursuing through concentrated meditation the higher knowledge, and you know that his preparation to do this has involved the acquirement on his part of the rudiments at least of that knowledge which is supposed to lead to the higher knowledge.

### *Men With the Higher Knowledge*

THOUGH I must not forget to say that the men I have in mind are not to be confused with the kind of man who becomes eventually the real ascetic, and goes on from meditation to religious mendicancy; who assumes the character of a fakir, or holy man, and who makes of his life one long pilgrimage of sometimes very doubtful devotion. Such men are supposed to have attained the higher knowledge, to have freed themselves from the encumbrance of deeds and to be lingering on this plane only because to quit it voluntarily would be to become once more encumbered by a deed to be atoned for in subsequent rebirths. They are waiting only to be relieved of the gross body by some natural process and then to enter upon their reward as souls emancipated. And I may say that in considerable numbers they prey upon a credulous people, live without effort and command a homage only slightly less than that bestowed upon established gods.

The men I am thinking of, however, are ordinary citizens—men in various walks of life who make annual pilgrimages to one sacred city or another and there, in some chosen spot, force themselves into practical immobility for long or short periods, as the case may be. They are not to be understood except in the light of the philosophic teaching. In their daily lives and to all intents and purposes, so far as one may judge from observable evidence, they are as idolatrous as the lowliest ryot; but they must in reality have of themselves and of the universe a quite transcendental vision.

They think of the universe as Brahman. The average man of the West has a conception in his mind of a mighty god called Brahma, and one often hears the Hindus in general referred to as Brahmans, just as Christians or Mohammedans are referred to as such. But there is no such

*Continued on Page 38*

*The*
**CLUB SEDAN**

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# The Good MAXWELL

**CLUB COUPE**

(Continued from Page 36)

god as Brahma, unless Brahma be that which the finite mind envisages in what is known as the lower Brahman and which possesses attributes only because they represent man's necessity to visualize that which his mind is called upon to grasp.

My chief authority in all this is Dr. Paul Deussen, one-time professor of philosophy at the University of Kiel; but also I have gone overboard occasionally from my own raft of ignorance and have splashed round considerably in the anything but limpid depths of the ancient literature, having thereby learned just enough to imbue me with a profound respect for those who have found such exercise sufficiently exhilarating to inspire in them a really fruitful perseverance.

I have not yet quoted Doctor Deussen, nor have I leaned upon his unacknowledged support; but I am fearful lest someone might suspect me of pretending to knowledge which I do not possess, and I therefore make haste to say that my object in beginning thus seriously an article not intended to be particularly serious is merely to call attention to the fact that what you see on the surface in India is not by any means all there is to see. I have always been impatient with the writers—whose name is legion—who write from a purely Christian viewpoint, and without any kind of analytical modification, about the idolatries and the heathenism in general of the Hindu faith. In deference to a great people, having as a basis of their civilization a great philosophy, it is due, I think, that one should at least make a genuflection of acknowledgment and apology before going ahead with one's own inevitably prejudiced observations; and the Indian who says "Unless you know why we are what we are you cannot know us" deserves courteous consideration.

*Simla in Winter When the Snows Sweep Down from the Himalayas*

But to get on with the Vedanta philosophy: The universe is Brahman, "without attributes, formless, devoid of distinctions and unconditioned. It is different from that which we know and from that which we do not know; words and thoughts turn back from it without finding it; and Bahva, the sage, answered the question regarding its essence by silence."

Now I am quoting Doctor Deussen. But on the other hand, in the sacred words of the Chhandogya Upanishad: "Man is formed out of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he is departed; let him seek then the will. Spirit is his substance, life is his body, light is his form, his thoughts are truth, his self is infinity."

### Complexities of Hindu Faith

ALL of which sounds rather wonderful and exalting, and seems to promise that whatever I will to be I may be through the cycles of eternity if I but develop a sufficient will. But this simple conception of self is enswathed in innumerable wrappings of metaphysical speculation, and as it reposes in the heart of the Hindu faith it is not so simple or so easy to get at after all. But to quote Doctor Deussen once more, and then to get on out among the gods where they gambol without regard to philosophies:

"According to the Upanishads, Brahman creates the world and then enters it through the individual soul."

You must get down under that. It is deep, but not too difficult. There are many contradictions, to be sure; but they are the result of a wrestling match between finite mental capacity and elusive transcendental conception. The universe is Brahman; Brahman is the universe and the souls of us all are Brahman. So far as I can make out, it is a magnificent all-oneness, considerably riddled by a kind of boll weevil of human mental limitations. I will venture nothing more in the way of original observation, but will content myself with a somewhat lengthy quotation from the works of the scholar whose profundity I have attempted so earnestly to sound. He says:

> The leading idea of the empirical cosmology and psychology of the Vedanta system—is the existence from eternity of the round of rebirths. Without beginning, there has existed, separately from Brahman, a multiplicity of individual souls. These souls are distinguished from Brahman, with whom metaphysically they are identical, by the *upadhis* by which they are enveloped. Among these *upadhis*, which, together with the deeds, adhere to the soul, must be counted the physical organs of the subtile body which supports them, and also, occasionally, in the wider sense the gross body and the external objects. Only the gross body is destroyed in death; the subtile body, with the physical organs, has existed as the investment of the soul from eternity, and accompanies it in all its transmigrations. The transmigrating soul is also accompanied by the deeds, ritual and moral, which it has done during life, and these prevent the round of rebirths from coming to an end; for every deed, good as well as bad, demands in compensation reward or punishment, and this not only in another world but in the form of subsequent earthly existence. Without deeds no human life is possible; hence no life is possible which is not followed by another as its atonement. Very good deeds produce existence as a god; very bad deeds produce existence as an animal or plant. Even if in this life the soul should not act at all, it would not thereby be preserved from subsequent rebirths, since deeds of remarkable goodness or badness demand several successive births as an atonement. This is the reason why the round of rebirths extends through all spheres of existence, from the gods down to the plants, without beginning, and, unless the latent power of deeds is consumed by knowledge, also without end.

The latent power of deeds consumed by knowledge—in that phrase lies the whole explanation of Indian asceticism and of the curious practice indulged in by so many men of at least periodical self-detachment from the interests of this life and concentration upon the mysteries of the universe.

But does not indulgence in such a practice itself constitute a deed? When a man renounces all his normal obligations in this world, goes off somewhere and finds himself a bo tree under which to sit and meditate for the rest of his life, would you not say that he had committed a deed which might call for some measure of atonement? My own opinion is that a majority of such men should be returned to earth in some form in which they would find it impossible to escape their share of the work. The real holy man, the professional and full-time ascetic, the kind who specializes in holiness to the exclusion of all things else, scorns even to do his own begging. He attaches to himself a small boy who is known as a chela, or pupil, and three times a day this boy takes his master's begging bowl and, carrying it from door to door, gets it filled with food. And so fearful is the average Hindu of the consequences of any possible spiritual offense that the boy is seldom turned away even from the poorest threshold.

There is no doubt that some of these men perform extraordinary feats, especially as regards submitting themselves to unimaginable physical tortures and seeming to prove that they have become immune to pain or to sensation of any kind which has to do with the gross, or earthly, body; the belief being that to all intents and purposes such a man is no longer in the flesh, but that all the deeds of all his lives and all the seeds of deeds by which he was encumbered have been consumed by knowledge. "When the deeds whose fruit has not yet begun to form, and when those whose fruit is the present existence, have been destroyed by knowledge, then, at the moment of death, complete and eternal emancipation begins for the enlightened sage; his vital spirits do not depart, but he is Brahman, and in Brahman he is merged."

### The Magnificent Jami Masjid

A GOOD many of these men are merely mad; there can be no doubt about that—just ordinary everyday lunatics at large; while others—the majority, I should say—are plain impostors of the most reprehensible type. It is said that no man having achieved the higher knowledge can ever touch money, but I dare say the experience of a good many foreigners in this connection coincides in one way or another with my own. In Benares one day, just to test this interesting theory, I offered a rupee to a real *sanyasi* in a saffron robe—the holiest of the holy—and he clutched at it with the kind of furtive eagerness which might be expected of a lowly beggar in fear that his companions would set upon him and despoil him of his wealth.

But so much for that! Having made my genuflection to the higher thought of India—very sketchily, to be sure and getting my mental heel caught in my own garment of ignorance, so to speak—I may now fare forth with a clear conscience, see things as they seem if not as they are and express on all occasions any feelings by which my Christian spirit may be assailed.

*A View of Simla Looking Toward the Himalayas*

In leaving the city of Delhi you leave a city in which you have had dinned into your deepest consciousness the rigid gospel that "God is God; there is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet."

Delhi is Mohammedan, the ancient capital of the Mohammedan conquerors of Hindu India, and one of the greatest sights to be seen on earth is the gathering of the faithful on Friday for prayers in the magnificent Jami Masjid, the cathedral mosque, which is the grandest mosque in all India and which was begun in 1644 by that ambitious builder, Shah Jahan, who built the Taj Mahal, which was finished in 1658 by his fanatical son, Araungzeb, who deposed him—with a good many trimmings of somewhat unimaginably brutal detail—and who spent his life in putting the stamp of his fanaticism on all that was finest in Hindu architecture and art throughout India. He ordered the destruction of all images and the defacement of all Hindu sculptures, and wherever you go in Hindu India today you cross his trail, with the result that you hope the gods have been just and that wherever he may be they have decreed that he shall grow a new nose every morning and have it chipped off every afternoon at four o'clock.

I was rather particular about asking the booking agent to get me a compartment by myself for the journey down

(Continued on Page 52)

*... costs only $18.00.*

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

# *The Young Bride Makes a Real Discovery!*

This young bride has made a real discovery! Floors can be cleaned in half the time when covered with *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs. Saved are the tiresome half-hours formerly spent in beating and sweeping!

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| 9 | x 9 | ft. | 13.50 | | 3 | x 4½ | ft. 1.95 |
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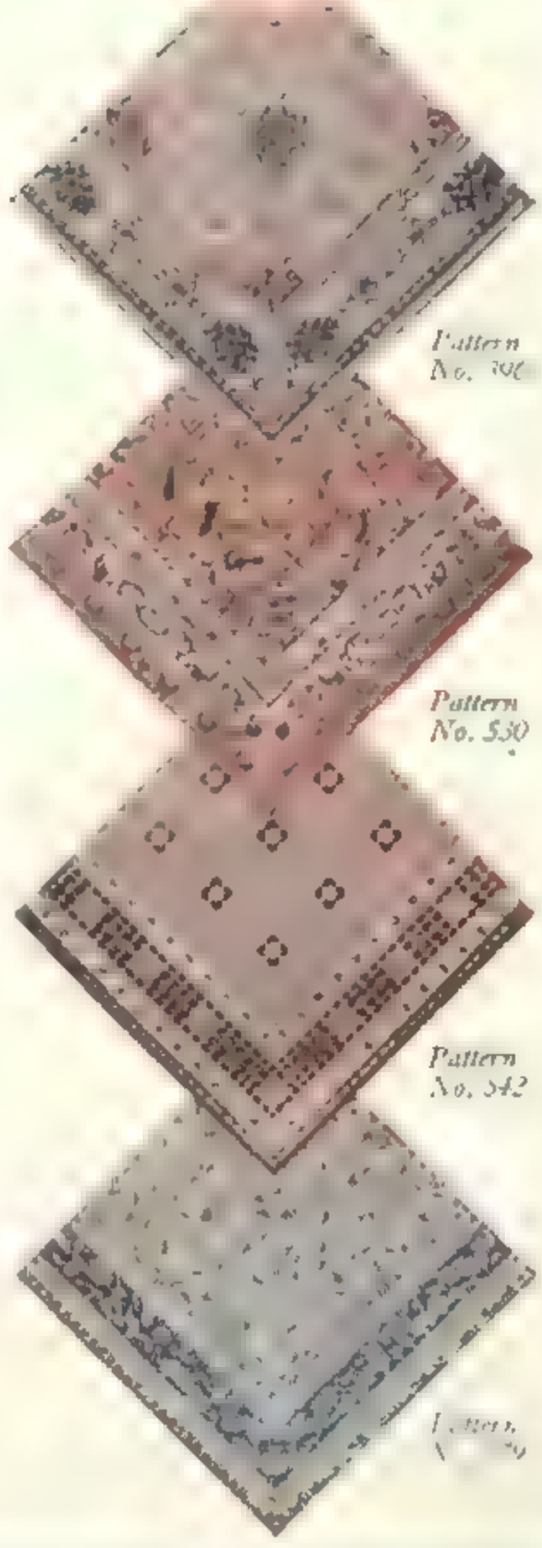

*Pattern No. 530*

*Pattern No. 542*

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# COLOR PHASES

## By Hal G. Evarts

THE occurrence or recurrence of color variations among the same breed of animals has given rise to widespread misunderstanding and fallacious belief in the existence of separate species. In some instances twin brothers have been popularly endowed with entirely opposite characteristics and habits, whereas, as a matter of fact, they were identical in every respect except that of color.

The truth is that practically every animal is subject to certain color variations, some with a wide range of phases of frequent recurrence, some in which the color is so firmly fixed that an off-shade individual is of such rare occurrence that it may be classed as a freak. Among some species variation is the rule; with others the exception. There are certain species in which two distinct colors seem to alternate in the same family or occur in twins. In fact the rules governing variations are as abundant as the variations themselves, and no generalization will apply.

For long years it was a popular belief that the rare silver fox was a separate variety, but in the last few decades it has become generally known that the animal is a freak red fox, while a cross fox or patch fox is an individual that tends toward the silver or black phase. Silver-fox farming has attained the proportions of an industry in parts of the United States and Canada, and the fact that silver foxes can be bred true to color has been established beyond doubt. There are pedigreed strains whose color has been fixed for so many generations that there is little more likelihood of a throwback to a red fox in a litter than there is likelihood that a Jersey calf will appear among a herd of pure-bred shorthorns. However, this fixation requires a number of generations of selective breeding and elimination.

A pair of dark cross foxes, say 50 per cent silver, may throw either to the silver or red phase, the predominating color tendency among the pups resting largely upon the ancestry of the parents. While raising foxes in Wyoming I had one pair of rather dark crosses that produced in one litter two pups of their own shade, one much darker, and one pure silver black whose pelt was rated at seven hundred and fifty dollars on the New York market. Another pair of about the same grade of crosses produced two crosses lighter than either parent and one pure red fox. It is only through the publicity that has accrued to fox breeding that it has become known to the general public that red, cross and silver foxes are merely varying shades of blonds and brunets in the same family.

Generally speaking, this same color determination may be attained in the breeding of any animal for any one of the phases occurring in that species, the number of generations required for fixation depending somewhat, although not entirely, upon the frequency of recurrence of that particular color, which might be said to indicate the degree of tendency of the species to throw to that shade. For example: Given a stock of 50 per cent cross foxes, it would be an easier matter to breed back to a pure red strain than to a line of pure silvers, since the silver phase is of far rarer occurrence than the red in foxes. However, if the parent stock came from a line that had been bred up toward the silver strain for several generations, themselves having been cast out merely as off-color individuals, then the progeny would be apt to tend toward the darker phases rather than toward the lighter. It is far easier to fix a color phase than the infrequency of its occurrence in a wild state would indicate.

### *Breeding Skunks for Color*

THE pelt of a skunk, provided that size, fur and primeness are equal, is graded upon the relative proportions of black and white, the darker skins being the more valuable. If the white stripes are broad the pelt is worth less than one in which the stripes are narrow, a narrow stripe less valuable than a short-striped pelt, while the black pelt brings in the top price. The black skunk, though not rare, appears in a relatively small percentage of the wild-caught skunk pelts that appear on the market. In the case of those reared in captivity it is quite naturally the aim of the breeder to produce a preponderance of black individuals.

A few years ago I secured one hundred and sixty female skunks, all short stripes, and twenty-eight males whose pelts were black except for a small white spot on the top of the head. The young, of which there were approximately seven hundred and fifty, showed something over 40 per cent of black individuals. The rest of the kits were all short stripes save three; two of which were narrow stripes while one was a broad stripe. If the males had been broad stripes instead of black individuals, there is little room for doubt that the percentage would have been reversed in proportion—one black in place of my one broad stripe, and so on through the lot.

At about the same time there were several breeders in Pennsylvania and New York State—perhaps others elsewhere, as well—who had perfected strains of black skunk by selective breeding. An Illinois breeder of black skunks was also experimenting with the white tendency and had succeeded in producing several albino skunks, pure white individuals, and expected to perfect the strain soon. My correspondence with him ended some six years ago and I have not heard of the final outcome of his experiments.

The Arctic fox presents another illustration of an animal in which wide color variation is the rule rather than the exception, the white fox and the blue fox being mere color phases of the Arctic—blonds and brunets of the same family—and occurring in the same litter, the blue shade being much the rarer of the two. The United States Government has assumed control of the Arctic foxes on the Pribyloff Islands, and by annual elimination of the white individuals is bringing about a much larger percentage of blue foxes. This course, if persisted in, will undoubtedly develop a fixed strain of the rare blue foxes in the Pribyloffs, and the Government will then be in a position to supply breeding stock for those who would engage in raising the animals in captivity.

These few instances will suffice to illustrate the ease with which comparatively rare color phases may be increased by selective breeding, while in a wild state there is a lack of this selection and a corresponding infrequency of a phase's occurrence. There are certain localities where a particular color phase of some animal appears in abundance, attributable, no doubt, to the chance mating of a number of individuals of that color rather than to climatic or food conditions.

It happens that I have chanced across a considerable number of color variations in various animals; some of the phases being comparatively common, others very rare.

### *The Pink-Eyed Possum*

PERHAPS fifteen years ago I put out a trap line and my first catch was an opossum that was as black as a crow. A year or so later a trapper brought in an albino opossum, pure white with pink eyes. I have since learned that in some localities black opossums are not rare; but although I have caught a fair number of the animals of every shade of gray, ranging from light cream-colored hues and silvery specimens to those of very dark shades, it so happens that I have seen but the one specimen of either extreme.

Several years ago I saw an albino pocket gopher that had been killed by a farmer. This is the only instance of the occurrence of an albino in this species that has ever come to my notice, and I would have had the animal mounted except for the fact that it had passed beyond the point where the pelt could be preserved before I chanced to see it. Black muskrats are not particularly uncommon, and I have seen a half dozen albino skins, several of cream color and one silver-hued pelt.

Two years ago, while in Northern Canada, I saw black, white, cream and silver beaver skins in the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, Northern Trading Company or in the possession of individuals.

One fall day while prowling along the banks of the Arkansas River, I saw a cream-colored animal moving through a thicket. I caught a flash of a bushy tail, and jumped to the conclusion that the creature was either a very pale mink, known as a cotton mink among trappers, or a stray ferret that had escaped and wandered afield. I made a run for the spot, hoping to obtain a clear view of the creature. It was still there, and at my approach it mounted a tree, proving to be a fox squirrel of a somewhat dingy cream color. Although not milk-white, it would probably be classed as an albino.

A friend of mine shot a black coyote in the valley in which I was living in Wyoming, and some years later I saw the pelt of another black specimen brought into Cody. At various times I have seen several pinto blackbirds and one albino. Albino deer, though rare, are known to occur from time to time in many parts of the country. I have never known of a pure albino among the elk tribe, but a few years ago several men told me of seeing a pinto elk in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. In view of an incident that occurred in the Hole some years back, it is perhaps fortunate that pinto elk are not common. An Eastern hunter, whose guide had temporarily left him to his own devices, fired upon a boy who was riding through the timber on a pinto horse, mistaking the couplet for an elk, and succeeded in shattering the boy's ankle joint and killing the pony. If it were known that a few pinto elk existed, this practice might become general and calico mounts would soon be taboo in the hunting country.

Early plainsmen testify to the presence of an occasional albino among the buffalo herds, and in the few accounts relating to this matter that I have chanced across, the observers in each instance have recorded seeing only albino cows. It would be interesting to hear the testimony of others on this point and determine if this phase was confined exclusively to cows, which seems unlikely, or if any of the old-timers had chanced across an albino bull. I recall reading an article in which the author related crossing the trails of seventeen albino buffalo during his hide-hunting career, every one of the animals being a cow.

The instances of color variations just cited are of relatively infrequent occurrence, and the individuals may be classed as off-color freaks since their scarcity fails to occasion even a mild speculation as to the possibility of their being distinct varieties. No one imagines that there is a distinct strain of white gophers, cream-colored fox squirrels, silver beaver or black coyotes. It is only in the cases of the frequent recurrence of certain phases that such misunderstanding arises. On the surface it seems that this situation should be reversed; that the very commonness of the phase would tend to breed familiarity as to its origin. Nevertheless, though not one man out of a hundred would suspect that there was a distinct variety of pinto elk, it is safe to assert that after all the years of publicity that have centered around fox ranching, there is not one out of five of our population but believes that red, cross and silver foxes are distinct varieties instead of differently tinted individuals of the same stock; and perhaps not one out of twenty knows that the white fox and the blue fox are but the two extremes of color variation in the Arctic fox.

The American black bear furnishes quite the best example of a color phase that develops a popular belief in separate strains. It has been carried so far that the habits, relative strength and ferocity of the various shades of black bears are popularly considered to be matters of natural history. The man who would turn a deaf ear to the suggestion that an albino mule deer might be a distinct breed instead of a freak individual would hotly contend that the cinnamon bear is an animal of unlimited ferocity.

The black bear has a wide range that includes most of the continent of North America, and his color variations are as extensive as his habitat. Brown is quite the most common off color, hence the cinnamon myth. Throughout the mountainous states of the West and Mexico, the brown bears are abundant, in some localities appearing in the same proportion as their black brothers. I believe that the percentage of brown bears is quite small in the East, Southeast and in Central and Eastern Canada. Though my information relative to those parts has been gained entirely through the reading of hunting tales rather than through observation or first-hand information, and as I have also read many a fable which purported to be a truthful tale of the savage cinnamon, it may be that my conclusion as to the percentage of brown bears in those localities is underestimated. The black bear predominates in the Sierras of California, while in Montana, Colorado, Wyoming and parts of Idaho the browns appear in almost equal proportion to the blacks.

### *The Blue Glacier Bear*

IN REFUTATION of the cinnamon myth, I have seen not less than twenty she bears followed by twin cubs, one black and one brown, quite irrespective of the coloration of the mother. This was in the Yellowstone and in the country to the east of the park. In that particular locality it is the rule rather than the exception that twin cubs throw to two colors. The black seems to predominate in the Jackson Hole country immediately south of the park, a circumstance for which I cannot logically account. These browns range all the way from a deep rich chestnut shade to very light tans. It is therefore absurd on the face of it to endow the cinnamon with implacable savagery, while admitting that the black is more or less harmless and good-natured. Nevertheless, the belief in a distinct breed of cinnamon bears and the ferocious characteristics attributed to them has become so firmly grounded in the popular imagination that it is well-nigh impossible to explode the fallacy or even to modify it.

The blue glacier bear of Alaska is extremely rare and but few pelts have reached the museums. It was long considered a distinct variety, but within the last few years it has been determined beyond doubt that the animal with the blue fur is but a rare color phase of the black bear, as twin cubs—one blue, the other black—have been observed following a black she bear in at least two instances.

Within the memory of many men now living there was another bear that might have been either a distinct subspecies or a color phase of the black bear. This animal inhabited the open badlands and foothill country of Wyoming and Montana upon the advent of the first white settlers. The fur of these animals was of a very light

(Continued on Page 43)

# "E" for Texas too!

## All-Day Conflagration shows Fire-Chief New Points about Ford Lubrication

A TEXAS town* has two Ford fire trucks. A fire started in the morning. It raged all day. The Post Office and several business buildings were destroyed. In all, half a city block was gone when the fire ceased.

Truck Number One, lubricated by a well-known oil, went to work—pumping, hard, continuous work—at 6:30 A. M. By 9 o'clock the engine was seriously overheated. The water was boiling. In the two and one half hours a gallon and a half of oil was consumed.

The crank-case was drained and a different oil poured in. Within 30 minutes the engine again badly overheated and the water boiled.

In desperation, a third brand of oil was tried. This, too, lasted only 30 minutes. When the drain plug was removed the oil ran out and "foamed up like a batch of hot molasses."

The severe stresses imposed by this continuous pumping quickly tax the ordinary lubricant—it requires an oil of superior character to stand up in fire apparatus *which is really worked*.

### *"E" Thrives on Hard Jobs*

The Fire Chief was then urged to use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." A gallon of "E" went into the Ford engine at 11 o'clock. The engine ran continuously until 7 that night—on the same oil plus about a quart more. No overheating. No boiling. "The boys could tend to the hose instead of the engine."

Truck Number Two went through the same difficulty and got the same welcome relief from Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

### *What "E" Offers Your Ford*

Some of the marked benefits of using Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in a Ford engine are these: Less carbon; better bearing lubrication; positive and immediate clutch engagement and disengagement; thorough lubrication of transmission sleeves, gears, and bearings; thorough lubrication of every frictional surface.

For the differential of your Ford car use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

### Fair Retail Price

*30c A Quart from Bulk*

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest, and the Far West.

By buying in sealed 5-gallon cans, or in the 15-gallon or larger steel drums you get genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil for *less* than 30c a quart. The 5-gallon or 15-gallon containers are particularly suited to the car owner who has his own home garage.

*Domestic Branches:*

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| New York *(Main Office)* | Minneapolis | Rochester |
| Boston | St. Louis | Oklahoma City |
| Chicago | Des Moines | Peoria |
| Philadelphia | Dallas | Albany |
| Detroit | Kansas City, Mo. | Portland, Me. |
| Pittsburgh | Milwaukee | Springfield, Mass. |
| Indianapolis | Buffalo | New Haven |

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You get more than mileage when you buy Goodyear Tires and Tubes. You get *trouble-free* mileage, due to Goodyear quality. You get *safe* mileage, due to the skidless All-Weather Tread. You get *low-cost* mileage, due to reasonable price.

*Goodyear Means Good Wear*

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 40)

golden-taffy color that glistened in the sun and earned the name of silk bear or sun bear for its owner. Very few of them were killed by the whites and as far as I know there is not a pelt in existence today.

Ned Frost pointed out to me the spot in the Wyoming foothills where, in the '90's, he shot the last silk bear that is known to have been taken. One circumstance that might indicate that this was a distinct subspecies rather than a color phase is the fact that the animals were quite small, never attaining a size larger than that of a two-year-old black bear, although they might be very old individuals. It has been shown that a color phase may be fixed by selective breeding, and in the case of the silk bear this might easily have been produced by enforced selection. We might presume that the black bears inhabiting the open country threw an equal number of the brown phase, such as is the case in the adjacent mountain country. The blacks and darker brown specimens would be far more easily observed at a distance, looming up against the light soil and vegetation, and hence falling prey to Indian hunters more frequently than the lighter tawny individuals whose coats would blend and merge with the landscape. It would not require many generations of this sort of thing to bring about a preponderance of light-colored breeding stock, the progeny of which would soon become fixed.

Size variation is almost as common as color variation among many animals. Even under like conditions and in the same localities, bears vary largely in size, as do humans. Food conditions in the arid foothills would naturally be more unfavorable than in moist, partially timbered regions where berries, grass, bulbous roots and all variaties of food appear in greater profusion. A country of such conditions as the former would account for both the small size and the taffy-colored coat of the silk bear of the foothills. This, however, is admittedly pure speculation on my part, and before those men who had actual first-hand experience with the animal shall all follow it into oblivion it would be interesting to collect their testimony with a view to determining whether or not the silk bears sprang from a fixed color phase of the arid regions or were merely a few runt individuals that chanced to throw to that taffy shade.

The grizzly, too, is subject to a wide range of color variations. Most grizzlies have white or light guard hairs that give them a grizzled appearance, hence the name, and the variations rest upon the shades of the under fur. Not all grizzlies have light guard hairs, however, as evidenced by the California grizzly, now extinct, which was reputed to be coal-black. The big brown bears of Alaska, too, are largely devoid of the light-guard-hair feature and their pelts seem to run more to solid colors, though ranging from deep chestnut brown to light tan shades. The fur of the Barren Ground grizzly of the Arctic plains—a pelt I have never seen, but about which I made inquiry of a number of men who have killed the animal—seems to run to a dingy gray-brown shade. The beautiful silver-tip phase occurs from British Columbia to Colorado, the white guard hairs appearing in more or less profusion and glistening against a background of black under fur. However, even in the range of the silver tip, the individuals with brown under fur appear in far greater numbers. In some animals of this brown tone there are few light guard hairs, and it is undoubtedly through encounters with this phase of the grizzly by early hunters, who mistook the animal for a brown variety distinct from the grizzly, that the cinnamon myth came into existence and was tacked onto the inoffensive brown bear. Specimens of every shade, from the black grizzlies that once ranged the mountains of California to a few individuals of pure cream color, have been taken from time to time. A collection of all these various phases gathered into one group in some one of our museums would serve to give the public a more accurate idea of the appearance of this greatest of all game animals, which is now growing extremely rare within our borders.

The wolf, too, is one of many color phases, ranging from black to pure white, and with considerable size variations as well. The big wolves that followed the buffalo herds on the plains, and those that haunted the timbered stretches of the United States, seemed to run to light gray shades with fair uniformity. Those of Alaska and the Yukon vary from gray to black, while those of the Arctic plains and the ice fields are white; and black wolves are reported to exist in Florida. Incidentally I saw a black wolf in Kansas on two different occasions, the same individual in each instance. The animal, along with a gray, had ranged the locality for several years despite efforts on the part of the local inhabitants to be rid of it. The second time I sighted him the black fellow was carrying a small steel trap on one foot. Eventually he fell prey to a pack of wolfhounds and his gray companion disappeared from the locality.

Quite the most unusual instance of freak coloration that I have seen was in the pelt of a marten. Martens range through all shades of brown, from the palest to the deepest extremes, while black individuals and albinos occasionally occur. The marten has a yellow patch in the throat and in rare instances an individual will throw to that color. While I was at Fort Simpson, beyond the Great Slave Lake in the Mackenzie River, and some eight hundred and fifty miles beyond the nearest rail transportation, a trapper showed me a pelt of pure golden-orange. It was extremely large for a marten hide and for a moment I suspected that some lovely Persian cat had strayed down into the north and stepped into a trap. However, it was a genuine marten pelt. I learned later that perhaps one skin in every ten thousand that come out of the north shows this odd yellow color phase. The most of these, however, are of a pale lemon shade without any particular beauty and are graded as extremely pale martens, worth less than the darker shades. In fact any sort of pelt of freak coloration usually has only its novelty to recommend it and is seldom combined with beauty. This particular pelt, on the contrary, combined oddity with extreme beauty. The rich fur was the deep golden shade of a ripe orange without a single off-color hair. I secured the pelt from the trapper and have kept it as the prize exhibit of freak color variation in animals, as I believe it to be the only one of that particular deep orange shade in existence.

# ADVENTURES IN POLITICS

(Continued from Page 27)

lists must receive the stamp of approval of the party machinery itself."

"But where's your leadership? The average citizen can't sit down and pick out a list of the best candidates."

"Yes, we must have leadership; and we've got it too. We've got it in business, in science, in art. But the best leadership, both among men and women, is not working in politics. All right, let's put it to work. Draft it, if necessary, just as the law drafts men for jury service, or as the Administration drafted big business men during the war. Why shouldn't we draft men for candidate service? We may come to that some day in municipal affairs. But in the meantime we can put the idea to work. We can gather together the leaders of various good-government forces, civic clubs, citizens' unions, municipal research bureaus, bar associations, outstanding exponents of the ministry and the independent press, hold a mass meeting, elect a chairman and form committees of public-minded citizens who shall select the lists. There should be a Democratic committee to choose a Democratic ticket, and a Republican committee to choose the Republican ticket.

"It goes without saying that these candidate committees, formed in equal part of men and women, should be citizens of outstanding character who take their duties at least as seriously as the average juryman. Each committee should select candidates of its own political faith who are honest, capable and experienced in the line of their particular jobs. And equally, if not more important, they should also suggest names of members for the party organization itself to be nominated in the primaries.

"These lists, with a sufficient number of signatures, should then be handed over to the respective party organizations with the notice: 'These are the good-government candidates; you are requested to print them on your primary ballots.' The election laws themselves provide for the latter part of this procedure. And they so provide expressly in order that the voters themselves, if they desire, may take a hand in the selection of their public servants. It is a safety valve for democracy, an excellent little device.

"The machine leaders, of course, may refuse to indorse the lists. If public opinion is lethargic they may decide to ignore the lists and make out their own tickets *in toto*. But the good-government forces may circulate a petition for their candidates and if it is signed by 3 per cent of the electorate they must be printed on the primary lists; after which the real fight is on. This, you see, is not fusion; it is not running an independent ticket; it's fighting the battle where eventually it must be fought—right inside the party lines.

"All this preliminary part of the contest, it goes without saying, should receive the widest publicity. Newspapers and churches and social and civic clubs should explain explicitly every step of the process; for the people must recognize that we're fighting, not to destroy the organizations themselves but to render them more serviceable for our pressing needs. At present everybody knows that the politicians frame us, and they're going to continue to frame us until we begin to hit them where they live. We may, of course, fail to nominate our good-government ticket; we may be snowed under in the primaries, and it's a good general who visualizes defeat. But even so, we've taken a big step forward; we've made the politicians compete with our lists and put up a higher-grade ticket than they'd have otherwise done; we've leveled their standards upward; and more than all, by actual demonstration, we've educated the people as to what principles ought to prevail in the choice of candidates and shown them their power. And we've done this by standing up for our convictions.

"We now come, in the mayoralty contest, to the general elections. Our own candidates have been defeated in the primaries, but we have fought a constructive fight. Thus far the machine is victorious in the field.

"What now? Shall we lay down our arms, vote a straight ticket, support the machine? Not if you still have any kick left in your bones. The fight isn't finished—it never is—and your head still should be bloody but unbowed. The machine has demonstrated its power, but the women can still give it what the press likes to call a stinging rebuke at the polls.

"It's a pretty good rule in municipal elections, particularly with a machine in control, for women to scratch their tickets. Don't vote straight. If you do you're simply enthroning your foes. I don't vote straight and I have been a member of the county committee for years. I didn't vote for the candidate for governor selected by my organization. Why? Because I couldn't and I wouldn't. I fought him in the primaries and I fought him in the general elections. What's more, I told the chairman of our county committee that I was scratching him.

"'And you a member of the county committee!' he exclaimed. 'Why are you doing such a thing?'

"'A matter of conscience. I fought him in the beginning for good reasons, and those good reasons still stand. That's not all, either. I'm going to scratch my city ticket. Whom do you think I'm going to support for city engineer? A socialist! Yes, sir! And do you know why? Not because he's a socialist, but because he's the only man on the whole list that's an expert on his job. He's up for city engineer, and he actually is an engineer! And so I'm going to give him my vote. Both the Republican and the Democratic nominees for that position were put on for purely political reasons. I've always said that women should stand for efficiency and good business management in government, and so I'm standing for them.'

"'By Jove,' laughed the chairman, 'if you go on talking like that you'll have me voting for that bird too! But look here, nonsense aside, scratch your ticket if you must, but don't go around telling the world. You do a lot of harm that way. And you a member of the county committee!'

"'I will talk!' I replied. 'I'm not ashamed to say that neither the candidate for governor nor the candidate for city engineer


# Watch This Column

## "The Law Forbids" is unusual

BABY PEGGY AND ROBERT ELLIS IN "THE LAW FORBIDS"

In Universal's new picture entitled ***"The Law Forbids,"*** there is a scene in which BABY PEGGY, one of the all-star cast, and her trained rooster, "Alexander," upset the best laid plans of men and create a riot of mirth. Her father is a playwright and is superintending the opening night of a new play. PEGGY and "Alexander" are in the wings. The rooster breaks loose and flies on the stage as the most intense scene in the drama is being enacted. PEGGY follows to capture the bird, both oblivious of their surroundings. The players are dumbfounded and the great audience goes wild with laughter. It is an excellent play of intense drama and fine comedy—and I am very sure you will enjoy every minute of it. Watch for it in your town and neighborhood.

Courtney Ryley Cooper, an author whom most of you know, has written the material for Universal's newest chapter play, ***"The Fast Express,"*** in which WILLIAM DUNCAN is starred. If you are a chapter-play fan, I believe you will agree with me that this is about the best one we have made. It is full of mystery, stirring action and surprises. We have been told that WILLIAM DUNCAN is the best chapter-play star in the industry and now we are willing to believe it.

Once more I must call your attention to REGINALD DENNY in his youthful play of ***"Sporting Youth,"*** and MARY PHILBIN in ***"Fools' Highway,"*** in which she makes an even greater success than in ***"Merry Go Round."*** These two plays are now being shown and the reports we receive from exhibitors are flattering in the extreme. I am very anxious to have your opinion of both of them. Will you see them and write to me personally?

***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** is probably the most discussed picture-spectacle the industry has produced. Its success has been phenomenal. To those of a literary turn of mind, it affords interesting study. To every one who enjoys "amazing" scenes and action, it is thrilling to a degree. I certainly would enjoy your view of it.

*Carl Laemmle*
*President*

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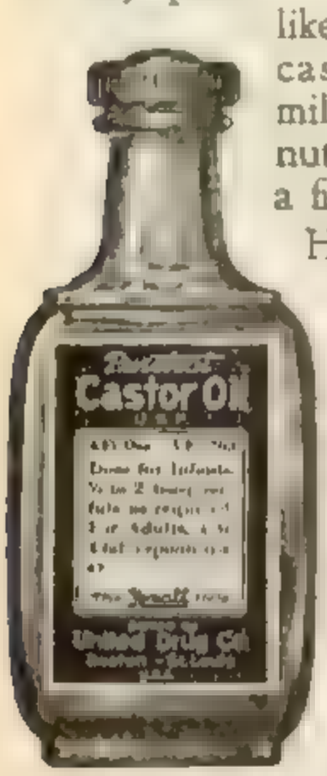


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comes up to my notion of what those positions demand. I'm going to scratch and I'm going to talk. And if you think my voting and acting according to the best lights of my conscience aren't consonant with my remaining on the committee, I'll resign today.' But I didn't resign and I didn't hold my tongue.

"And so I say to the women, clean up inside your own party organizations. Keep the fight down to the primaries; that's the vulnerable spot of the machine. Don't try to run an independent ticket. You'll have to build up a new organization and it will buckle and break under strains. Work inside your own party organizations, but don't surrender your convictions or cease to fight. Don't join the thunderers against the corruption in the opposite ranks, but start spring housecleaning in your own; you'll soon see that it's a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Beat the politicians at their own list-making game by making up a ticket of your own on the lines described above, then take your case to the people and fight every step of the way."

This is a practical plan of operation in a mayoralty contest in the first preliminary stage. Its main advantage is that it provides a legal method of getting an honest city ticket on the primary ballots to offset the lists of the politicians usually selected to extend their own power. For it is obvious, with government by party, and with the primaries established by law as the method of nominating candidates, and also members of the party organization itself from which the chieftains are drawn, that so long as the politicians can control the primaries and nominate their men they hold the master key to the whole situation within their own hands.

The honest citizen may vote against them in the general elections, but at best it is only a protest vote. The electorate may even rouse itself temporarily to defeat a particularly corrupt machine. No matter; the snake is only scotched, not killed. It can be killed only in the primaries. So long as it controls the legal machinery for nominating candidates and organization members it is still functioning, alive. It can be, and often is, handsomely beaten at the general elections and still maintain its grip. It is estimated that Tammany could be defeated in ten successive general elections, and so long as it could swing the primaries it could still return to power. But neither Tammany nor any other machine in existence can withstand continuous defeat in the primaries, for it has lost the corporal body through which it functions, and a disembodied spirit can't do much harm.

### *After the Set-Up*

It is strange that voters at large, the great mass of ordinary plain citizens of the land who conduct their private affairs with a reasonable degree of foresight and success, have never seemed to realize the paramount importance of the primary elections in our democratic scheme. That they do not grasp its significance is proved by recent statistics of the primary election returns. In the hottest primary contests only about 40 per cent of the electorate turn out. In normal uncontested primaries only from 10 to 20 per cent show up. That is to say, under ordinary conditions, from 80 to 90 per cent of the voters are too ignorant or lazy or indifferent to take a hand in the really constructive end of the game, where they can express their will and help put down graft and waste.

On the other hand, at the general elections, where the voters are limited to the set-up which the politicians prepare, they turn out in far greater numbers. There seems to be a general hazy impression that the primaries are not the public's affair; that all this is mysterious behind-the-scenes stuff with which they have nothing to do, and that their part of the program begins after the set-up is made. That this thick haze which envelops the primaries in obscurity has been very largely induced by the politician medicine makers themselves there is no manner of doubt. The primary election is their Achilles' heel, and no good warrior, political or otherwise, is going to expose his weakest spot to attack. On the contrary, he will cover it up, veil it in darkness and turn the spot light to his least vulnerable point of attack; and that, for the politician, is in the general elections, by which time the battle is already half won.

And now let us put under the microscope the smallest subdivision of the political system, an election district, and see why machine politicians do not care for the bright blaze of publicity turned on their activities at this stage of the game. The number of voters in an average election district is about 400. In a normal district, with the Republicans and Democrats about evenly divided, the general line-up would be something like this: About fifty Socialists, Prohibitionists, and so on—this holds good of an average district, though naturally the foreign sections will contain more and the uptown residential quarters less; but fifty is a fair average. Add to that about fifty unaffiliated slackers who don't care enough one way or another for the country to take a hand in its laws; that is a low estimate of the nonregistered, unaffiliated citizens, but let it pass. That leaves 300 divided about evenly between the two dominant parties; 150 to a side.

This means in a primary election that the captain of the election district has a company of 150 civilians to organize, drill and conduct over the top on election day. But in point of actual fact, he requires only a majority of these in order to swing the game. Eighty will do it nicely; call it ninety to make sure. This is on the basis, however, that every single Democrat and every single Republican will keep his rendezvous at the polling booth like a 100 per cent citizen. But they don't! On ordinary occasions, as the figures show, anywhere from 10 to 20 per cent turn out. That is to say, the voters reveal themselves by actual practical tests as from 10 to 20 per cent good American citizens and from 80 to 90 per cent bad American slackers.

### *Would You Vote for Ten Dollars?*

What price democracy here, when, in normal conditions, about four-fifths of the citizens voluntarily disfranchise themselves and permit a small minority of politicians to rule? A stranger from Mars, confronted by these damning figures, might well exclaim, "Why strive to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear? These creatures are not fit to be free." It is a moral certitude that if every qualified voter were assured of a bright-minted gold eagle upon casting his ballot at the primaries, the crowd of noble, free-born citizens pushing and clawing their way into the polling booths in order to exercise their sacred rights would exceed even that of the close-serried mob which lines the pavements for blocks on the night of a Dempsey bout. And yet it should be obvious even to a feeble intellect that by neglecting to vote, and turning over control of a city or state to a small group of politicians to run according to their own will, the increased burden of taxation, of higher rents and rising living costs due to inefficiency and waste, which every citizen pays for out of his own purse, far exceeds ten dollars per capita. And this burden falls most heavily, not upon the rich but upon those whose meager budgets can ill afford the strain.

"But I don't pay any taxes!" protests the needy citizen living down in the congested quarters of the city.

Why, you poor immortal dub, it is you and your wife and your children who are being taxed almost out of your hides! You are taxed on every pound of meat, every lump of coal, every loaf of bread, every pair of shoes. You are taxed for those foully ventilated little rabbit warrens for which you pay extortionate rent. You are taxed going and coming, and your wife is racked and tortured and aged before her time, trying to stretch the weekly pay to meet the weekly bills.

A recent survey of the renting conditions in New York City made by the Bureau of Housing and Regional Planning, and submitted to the governor, reveals a state of affairs which bears directly on this point and is depressing in the extreme. The reports show a steady increase in the rents paid. This is as true in the worst old-law tenements, in bad repair, without heat or light, as in the new-law buildings of better type. Higher rents are taking money that should be spent on food and education and warm clothes.

On the other hand, the owners of these tenements complain and can often prove by their books that even with higher rents they are not able, with the increased taxes, to make as good a profit as they did years ago from much lower rents. This reveals how the poor are caught hardest by rising prices. And it is a fact that honest, efficient government, and even democracy itself, may, to a certain extent, be dispensed with by prosperous business men who can always pass on to the consumer their heavy taxes due to governmental extravagance and waste.

But to the great common mass of plain people, struggling to make ends meet, honest, efficient government is an absolute necessity—the very breath of life. For to whom shall the weekly wage earners pass the buck when the dealer raises the price of a sack of bad coal or the landlord increases the rent? They are the end men in the long chain and in the last analysis it is they who are flung off into space. Where shall they turn for aid? For them democracy and yet more democracy is the only chance. They outnumber the prosperous citizens a thousand to one and the legal weapon of redress is in their hands. If they will not use it they must take the short end of the stick which the politicians hand them; they cannot have it both ways.

This widespread refusal of the qualified voters to take a constructive part in politics at the primaries deals a body blow at the whole principle of democracy and plays directly into the hands of the machine. For it must be remembered that the captain of his district has to swing only the majority of voters who actually appear and mark their ballots correctly in order to nominate his list and keep his grip on the party machinery. Does it rain cats and dogs at the primary elections so that the lukewarm citizens, the sick and the elderly stay at home by the fire? So much the better for the machine! Welcome foul weather and apathy, welcome slackers, the ignorant and indifferent and those who are too proud to vote. The smaller the number of party members who actually vote, the smaller the majority the machine needs to nominate its own men. Thus, in an election district containing 150 Democrats, the machine would have to swing over seventy-five to remain in control—if the Democrats voted 100 per cent strong. If only half appeared, the machine would need to swing only a majority of that half—around forty. And if only 20 per cent cared enough to vote, the machine would need to control a majority of that number, or sixteen votes. And when it is recalled that it is about this proportion of from 10 to 20 per cent of the total number of qualified voters in each party who actually cross their ballots in a normal primary election, it will be seen that the problem of the machine is at bottom about as intrinsically difficult as rolling off a log. It will be seen also that the greatest enemy of good government is not the politicians, but the negligent, I-don't-give-a-damn attitude of the people themselves. In short, it is not the machine voter but the antimachine nonvoter who is doing his best to put the free institutions of this country on the skids.

### *The Hundred Per Cent Boys*

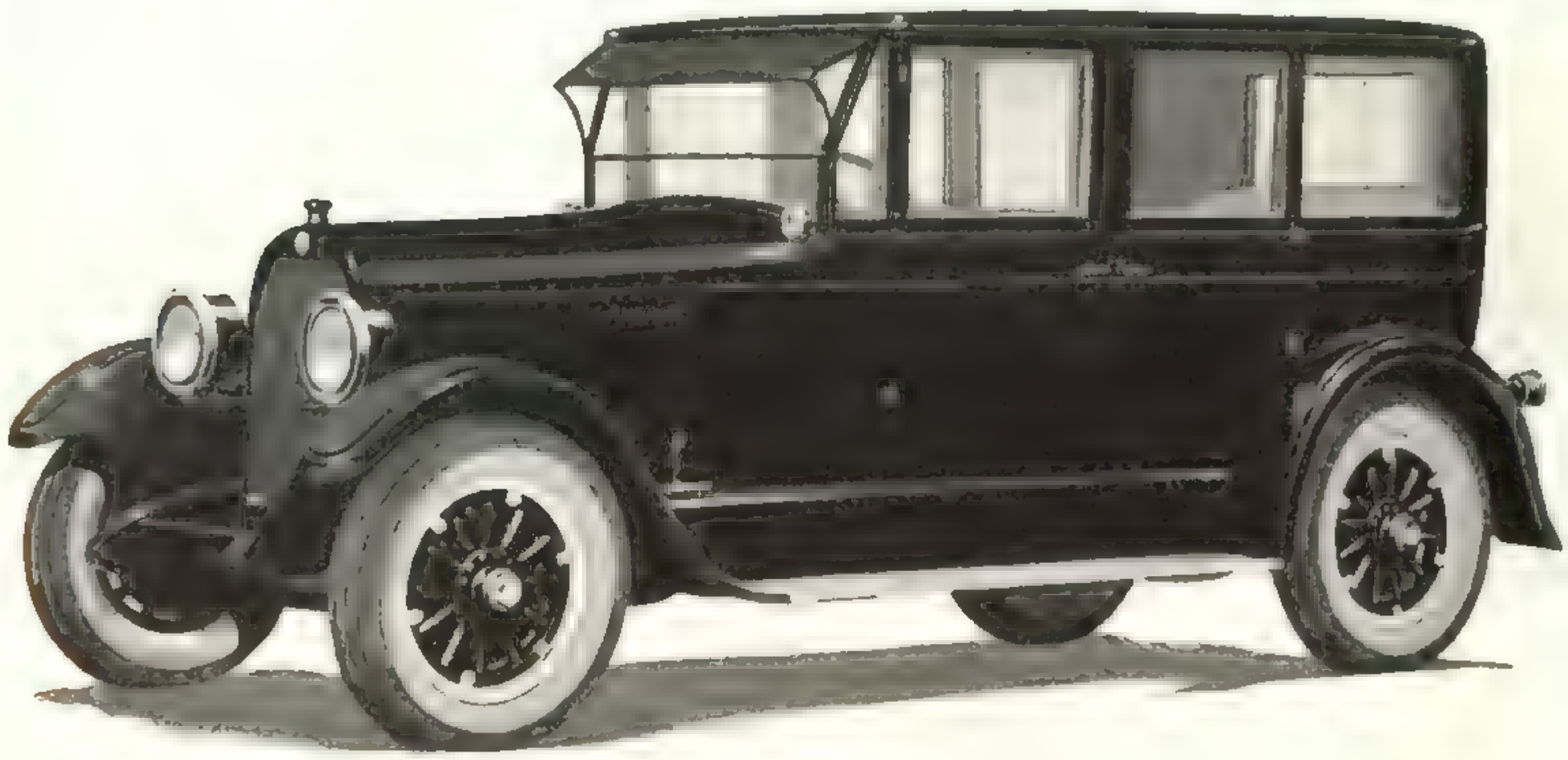
The essential difference between a machine voter and an antimachine nonvoter is one of efficiency. Your machine man votes. So does his machine wife. So does his machine cousin and his uncle and his aunt. At the primaries neither rain nor golf nor pressing engagements nor cynicism keep them from exercising their sacred civic rights. One hundred per cent strong, they march up to the polls and vote their tickets 100 per cent straight. They are the Old Reliables, the shock-troop boys, and it is a poor machine that cannot muster at least fifty such boys. And fifty, under ordinary circumstances, with around 20 per cent of the voters out, are three times the number required for victory.

It should now be manifest why the politicians do not care to have the spot light thrown upon the primary elections, for an aroused electorate which turns out 50 or 75 per cent strong would cut down their margins. It would make them really work. It is therefore the plain, the inescapable duty of every man and woman to take an active part in the primaries and widen out the fan of the participants, thus curbing the power of the machine.

In this situation a peculiarly heavy obligation rests upon the women voters of today. For with the granting of the franchise the corrupt machines in both parties have doubled their strength; and, unfortunately, the good-government group has not been equally reënforced. The wives, sisters, sweethearts and women relatives of the politicians and their henchmen vote in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred exactly as their menfolks do. And they vote! They check off the candidates on sample ballots, and to avoid error they carry these samples

(Continued on Page 46)

# The New PEERLESS SIX



After nearly three years of development work, and many thousands of miles of test driving, the new Peerless Six is offered to the public as the latest creation of a group of craftsmen of long and brilliant experience in the manufacture of quality motor cars.

In designing this new car, Peerless engineers were inspired by the high purpose to co-ordinate, in a six-cylinder automobile at a moderate price, *all* the elements of construction and performance which, summed up, produce lasting satisfaction to the buyer.

As a direct result of its advanced engineering design, the most rigid scrutiny of materials, and the most painstaking workmanship, the New Peerless Six sets entirely new high standards in six-cylinder motor car value.

Even the most casual observer recognizes the impressive beauty of the car. And the substantial impression gained from its appearance is borne out in every phase of its performance.

Drive the car only a short distance, and you will immediately sense its unusual power, its comfort, its flexibility, its roadability, ease of handling and smoothness in action.

Your feeling of security in its dependable operation under all conditions will grow with each mile of its service.

The highest possible tribute to the New Peerless Six is embodied in our statement that it is a worthy companion car to the Famous Peerless Eight, qualified to bear its name both by inheritance and by right of performance.

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More than seventy horsepower is delivered by a remarkably clean and simple engine, of exclusive Peerless design and built in our own shops. The cylinders are 3½-inch bore by 5-inch stroke. The crankshaft has seven main bearings, 2⅜ inches in diameter, with right reciprocating parts balanced to a nicety. The body styles are Five-Passenger Touring Car, Two-Passenger Roadster and Five-Passenger Sedan. The wheelbase is 126 inches.

*The New Peerless Six is in production at the company's extensive works in Cleveland, and deliveries are now being made to our distributors. You are cordially invited to inspect the new car at the salesroom of the Peerless distributor in your territory. If Peerless is not represented in your community, please write to us for further information.*

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It is no more injurious than pouring water into your radiator. It will not clog circulation or damage your engine. Guaranteed by Mr. A. P. Warner, inventor of the famous Warner Speedometer. If it does not do all we claim for it, we will refund your money. Over a million users enthusiastically endorse it. Avoid substitutes. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

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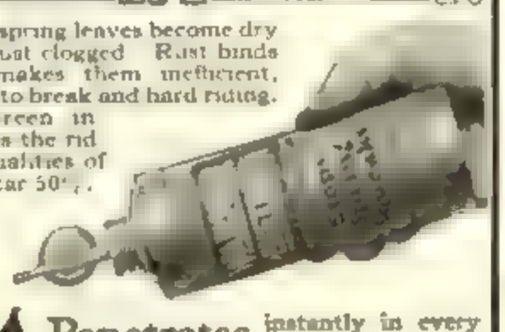

**Penetrates** instantly in every direction. No need to have spring leaves separated

**Lubricates** every pin point of wearing surface with protective cushion of finest lubricant.

**Graphite** Contains Acheson's deflocculated graphite. It always remains in suspension. It flows integral with the oil and coats the leaves.

**Over 1000 Uses** around the home, office, machine shop, and for farmers and plumbers, etc.; for squeaky hinges, rusted pipe connections, to free rusted nuts, or sticky furnace valves, etc. Guaranteed

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Enclosed find seventy-five cents. Please send me one can of Warner Penetreen

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(Continued from Page 44)

along with them to the voting booths. Like the men, they are 100 per cent efficient.

This thoroughgoing partisanship does not extend to hosts of women, who if they voted at all would be on the antimachine side. But the overwhelming majority of the so-called better element stay away from the polls. Recent statistics show that less than half as many women register as men. But the machine women do not omit this necessary little rite. The sins of omission are all on the good-government side.

A recent letter from a woman to the writer bears upon this point. She concludes:

> My feeling, in short, is about this: By not voting I do not actively help a corrupt leader anyhow.

But that is just exactly what she does! Her defection directly strengthens the grip of the politicians she describes. The captain in an election district controlled by the machine sends the word down the line to his henchmen to see that all the women connected with their families register and vote. Thus his forces are doubled while those against him receive but scattering reenforcements.

A district leader who had actively opposed granting women the franchise explained his position to me:

"My opposition was based on purely practical grounds. It is not that I thought women weren't sufficiently intelligent and competent to wield the franchise, but I feared that here in New York City—or any other big center, for that matter—with its large foreign population and ignorant vote, the women who ought to vote would not, and the ignorant, controlled women who ought not would. I feared that the better element who could and should play a part wouldn't be interested and the riffraff, the vicious and controlled would. And my fears have been justified.

"Let's put it this way: The women who ought to be in politics, who could exert a fine influence, are not there in the numbers they should be."

### *The Real Battle Ground*

We come to that phase of the situation called getting in touch with the electorate. Let us suppose that the preprimary campaign is in violent blast; good-government lists of candidates for both parties have been selected according to the plan outlined above; the various civic associations have coördinated their activities and are probably fighting among themselves like cats and dogs, each demanding a lion's share of the prestige; the churches and the respectable press are hammering away at their respective tasks and a steady barrage of publicity is being played up and down the line on all the issues involved. But this overhead organization and strategy, just as necessary in politics as it is in business or war, is of no avail unless the vast army of the electorate can be made to go over the top. Right down in the election district is the real battle ground. The troops are the electorate. And in the end victory or defeat boils down to a question of individual morale.

How then is one to get in touch with these troops out in the field? How show them that the battle rests with them and not with a few superior officers parked away back at G. H. Q.? How impregnate them with the will to win? The way to get in touch with anybody is to get in touch with him. The way to shake hands is to shake hands, and not merely to telephone or bow. In this matter of getting in touch there is no substitute. Business firms know that. That's why they send their salesmen out. Mass meetings, posters, editorials, elaborate mailing lists, all this overhead stuff is—well, just passably good. But they are substitutes; make no mistake about that; they cannot take the place of establishing a friendly human contact with the individual voters in the district, going among them in a spirit of equality and comradeship and selling to them the idea of coöperation as practically as if it were a cake of soap.

"If I had only a small sum to spend on a campaign," recently remarked the woman leader of an assembly district to me, "I'd spend it all on house-to-house canvassing. That's where I get the biggest results."

Certainly she does, for such a course is psychologically sound. Big business concerns spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in lectures and laboratories for the same object—namely, to get their salesmen into sympathetic touch with their clientele.

The following is a good example of how not to get in touch. In a recent effort to arouse women voters in a large city and make them vote, postals were mailed to them by tens of thousands advising them where their polling booths were and urging them to vote. That one piece of work cost prodigiously in human energy and in cash, for all the women's addresses had to be looked up and verified and then the postals typed; and yet, conservatively estimated, it was a 90 per cent failure. It was a campaign dud that didn't explode. Why? Because it was psychologically unsound. It proceeded on the hypothesis that women deeply desired to vote and that once they read that postal card and discovered where the polling booths were they would rush off to do their duty forthwith.

But actual statistics do not warrant such trusting optimism. It requires something far more potent than a drab printed little postal card with its curt announcement through the mail to kindle interest. It's like playing a deuce, with a king out against you, overlooking the ace by your thumb. Postals, literature, printed stuff are not good arousers of enthusiasm. They are good in the second stage when the attention has been already fixed, but as primary fixers they rank low. The best-known fixer is the ancient one of going out and meeting your quarry face to face.

### *Voting as a Favor*

That is the first step. The second step consists in selling him the goods after you have met him, and it makes precious little difference whether the article to be sold is good government or a good washing machine. Here we may take a leaf out of business salesmanship. A bad salesman does all the work himself; he talks, cajoles, implores, pleads, jokes and works himself into a sweat, while the client sits back coldly, stolid as a resisting mule. Instinctively he resents this external pressure, this putting on the thumbscrews. In the end it becomes a conflict of will and the poor salesman is shown the door.

"They don't care a single thing about me!" bitterly exclaimed a woman who had been sent some such literature through the mail. "They only want my vote. Well, they shan't have it. It's not that I care anything for the old thing; it's no use to me; but I won't be made a tool. They don't know I'm even on earth all the rest of the year—and then they come preaching and bullyragging around at election time. It gets my goat."

This is a jaundiced attitude, but it's a mighty human point of view, and what it reveals most clearly is faulty salesmanship.

"The most discouraging thing," remarked another woman leader to me, "is that they all seem to feel they're doing us a personal favor by coming out to vote. Nor is this by any means confined to the ignorant and the poor. 'Well, since you've taken all this trouble of coming to see me,' said a woman whom I visited several times in a big uptown apartment house, 'I guess I'll have to think it over, and maybe I will vote.' She promised out of politeness to me!

"Or take some of the men; they're just as bad. The district leader has sent out postals every day for a week, urging the laggards, who have promised him faithfully, to make good their word at the polls. Election day arrives; they are nowhere in sight. Finally the leader sends off a few last-minute telegrams to catch these fine birds. Last year one of them came hurrying around in his evening clothes from some celebration and said, 'Well, old man, here I am! And the deuce of a time I had getting away too. But I just couldn't disappoint you when you went to all the trouble of sending me that telegram!'

"That slacker was as pleased as Punch with himself. Now this passivity and lack of responsibility among the voters give the ordinary political worker down in the district a life-size pain. They act as if they were doing it for us; as if it were our exclusive job. I sometimes think the franchise should be taken from people like that, or that they should be compelled to vote and forced to pay a fine if they failed. We do so much for them! And they do nothing but receive, receive, receive!"

That is just the point. These people are political indigents. They have been helped and pampered so long that they can no longer stand upright. So much is done for them that they have come to consider that they have no responsibility at all. They resent it if they do not receive all-the-year-around attention, like some charity patient who has lost the use of his legs. There ought not to be a few overworked committees in each district thinking out ingenious dodges to get out a reluctant or resisting vote. This is bad salesmanship; it is old-fashioned, as outdated as wooden battleships. The trick is to make the voter a self-starter. Never mind about converting him; make him a collaborator; set him to work. He'll convert himself far better than you can. Mussolini's great success has been largely due to his genius in turning the Italians into millions of self-starters, passionately eager to collaborate with him.

Get the women into action; turn them into self-starters by asking them to bring their children to an entertainment at the district clubhouse; or if they are good voters themselves, to dig up one more woman to register, to speak to the janitor or the milkman or the iceman; to ascertain how many women in the house have registered; to distribute leaflets at a meeting or hold a flag. Shift the gear from the passive over into the active clutch; make it their party, not yours.

"Bill," said a wise reformatory head to one of the toughest of his lads, "I wish you'd keep an eye on Joe. He thinks you're just about O. K. You've got a world of influence over him. Don't let him pipe that you're looking after him—see? Do it on the q. t. Pretend like you want to do the things yourself and just watch him follow suit!"

And so Bill looks after Joe and in the process strengthens himself. It is deep calling unto deep.

The fact is, normal, healthy human beings instinctively resent being made good by fiat, being constrained by external pressure to do this or that or the other thing; they don't want to receive benefits passively; they want an active partnership. Give the voters responsibility. Treat them like grown-ups. Hand them a job. Expect them to get around it and don't butt in on their technic. It may be better than yours!

### *Salesmanship in Politics*

It goes without saying that each active woman voter should attend to the registration of her own household. If it's in a big apartment house a committee might be organized to handle each floor. The voters may be busy or poor. So much the better, for it is axiomatic that such find time to do more than the rich, for service is the warp and woof of their lives. Make each voter a missionary and ask him to bring in another; check up their promises. Divide the district up into blocks and organize the women into minutemen. Have clubhouse testimony meetings where the women relate their experiences, how they succeeded or were repulsed. Some of their tales are screams blazing masterpieces of sheer technic. Wind up these meetings with little talks on practical salesmanship in politics, showing them the ropes and what baits to use.

Don't be too insistent on converting the new recruits all at once to any cut-and-dried system of political belief. Get them into action and then let their natural curiosity begin to ferment. It will. First thing you know they'll be asking you the real bed-rock difference between the Republican and the Democratic Party, and then you'll be stumped. Continue your bracing self-starter tactics and coolly refuse to tell; make them find out for themselves. It is around this juncture, with every voter hustling to register and convert another or die in the attempt, that the will to win is born. There comes a kind of comradeship comparable only to that in a battalion of veterans who've been under fire, known war as no noncombatant can and are fused into unity. Some call this morale, some esprit, but I prefer the term "comradeship"—that deep, strong, warm feeling of being among tried friends with a common job in hand and striving toward a common goal.

And even then, despite all this intensive work down in the election district with the front-line troops, so to speak, the machine candidates may still romp home to victory. Nevertheless, you know you are on the right track. And these are only skirmishes. The real offensive will come when the army is made fit to fight and knows what it's fighting for. As Bairnsfeather remarked, the first seven years are the worst. So—courage! If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Miss Frazer.

# *This Oldsmobile is a Great Success!*

Since its announcement last October, the Model 30 Oldsmobile Six has enjoyed a greater sale than any other model built by Oldsmobile in its 27 years of existence.

The reason is not hard to find. Take the sedan for example—

The body is by Fisher—a name that stands for all that is best in fine coach building. We could lay bare the frame of the sedan and show you the splendid workmanship of Fisher craftsmen. We could show you how the fine hardwood frames are mortised-wedged, glued, screwed and bolted. We could become very technical in explaining the scientific bracing of all the parts which are subject to strains. But all this quality can be taken for granted when we say—Body by Fisher.

The chassis ranks as one of Oldsmobile's finest achievements. The 40 H. P. engine, with its balanced crank shaft and full force feed lubrication, is a marvel of economy and power; the sturdy frame, the rear axle of latest design, the long, resilient springs—these with Delco ignition and Harrison radiator are among the features responsible for the brilliant performance qualities of the car.

Yet, with all this quality, the Oldsmobile Six sedan is priced at $1135. This amazing value is a direct result of the purchasing power, engineering talent, and manufacturing efficiency of Oldsmobile and General Motors working hand-in-hand.

That's why the Oldsmobile Six is irresistible. That is why it is a great success.

## a SIX Sedan at $1135

| | |
|---|---|
| Roadster | $ 765 |
| Touring Car | 795 |
| Sport Touring | 915 |
| Cab | 965 |
| Coupe | 1075 |

*The G M A C extended payment plan makes buying easy*
*All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire extra.*

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
Olds Motor Works of Canada Ltd. Oshawa Ont

*Genuine Oldsmobile parts may be purchased from any Oldsmobile dealer in any part of the world. Standard parts are supplied dealers for sale at reasonable prices. Each Oldsmobile other than a dealer parts price list issued by us which is always open for owners' inspection*

# OLDSMOBILE-SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

# Dermutation *allows more Time for Breakfast*

More time for breakfast and the newspaper when dermutation clips minutes from your shaving schedule. Dermutation is the scientific term for absolute beard-softening.

This process, perfected by the Mennen Laboratories, reduces shaving time by half, adds supreme comfort and safeguards your skin. Any kind of water, even the hardest or most alkaline, will work perfectly with Mennen Shaving Cream and give you the benefit of dermutation. Use cold water if you like, and omit hot applications and finger-rubbing.

Dermutation causes each stiff, horny hair to become wholly soft and pliant. Hairs thus softened offer no resistance, and instead of turning back the cutting edge of the razor, allow the blade to cut right through. That means speed and comfort.

The Mennen beard-softening process safeguards your skin during the shave, and Boro-glycerine provides unique after effects. This wonderful emollient, compounded by skin specialists, feeds and stimulates the facial tissues. By relaxing the pores, the skin is enabled to throw off hidden, oily deposits. This gentle action improves the skin and circulation.

*To prove that Mennen lather with its dermutation action can so thoroughly soften the beard and prepare the hairs for easy cutting that no props are necessary, try this test:*

*Lather thoroughly with Mennen Shaving Cream, then wipe off the lather on one cheek. Shave just as you would if lather were there. Note how easily the Mennen-processed hairs shave off.*

SPECIAL TEST

Try this extraordinary shaving cream at our risk. Buy a handy 35c tube or an extra economical 50c tube of Mennen Shaving Cream at your druggist's. Use it a full week. If not completely won by its merits, return the tube to us for a full refund. Or, send the coupon below for a free trial tube.

*Jim Henry*
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

JIM HENRY, c/o THE MENNEN COMPANY, 341 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey
or The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

Dear Jim: That dermutation idea sounds good to me. Send a free demonstrator tube. If I like it I promise to get a big one at the drug store.

*Name*

*Address*


# The Woman's Page

## By MARY DIXON THAYER

### *Social Prattle*

SUCH lovely gowns as the girls are wearing this season! Really, I don't know when I ever saw such pretty frocks and such pretty faces above them! There is Lily May Squinty, for instance, one of the sweetest Debs of the season, whose mother was a Ranter, you know, and whose grandfather was president of the County Bank until he was asked to resign.

Well! Lily is such a charming girl! I saw her at the Horseshow yesterday, looking too dear for words. She had on a little red toque, and the simplest little frock imaginable, made out of green chiffon velvet and embroidered by hand with pouter pigeons in the cutest design I ever saw. I suppose Lily got it in Paris, where she spent most of the summer, you know, with her aunt, the Countess Poponjoy, who was Marion Ikstein, of New York.

I do think all our Debs are so sweet! There is Elsie Slipsley too. I think she is just a dear! They say her grandfather has given her the Slipsley pearls as a coming-out present—but I don't believe anything could spoil Elsie!

I saw her at the Fiddledooks' tea, where she was receiving with Arabella. She and Arabella went to school together, you know, in Switzerland, and of course they speak French too beautifully. I think it is so nice. Isn't it lovely the way parents send their daughters abroad nowadays? It used to be that only the boys would go, but now everybody sends their daughters, and I do think it is so nice.

Well, what with the Horseshow, and the Polo, and the Tennis, to say nothing of all the teas and dances for the Debs, Society has been terrifically busy this week! I should think it would be exhausted. I know I am.

Who should I see at the Polo, yesterday, but little Pearle Rolypol! She and her husband were sitting right in front of me, and Pearle had on the daintiest little frock you ever saw, all of orange tulle, with a lovely bright lavender sash. Pearle eloped, you remember, last month, and they say that the Rolypols were really quite upset at the time. Pearle is so young, you know. But when they came back from their honeymoon looking so rosy and happy, I suppose Mrs. Rolypol just couldn't resist them!

At any rate, I hear she has settled a million on Pearlie, and Pearlie is going to build a sweet little cottage with it. Pearlie is such a sweet girl!

Have you heard that the Van-Epland Hidumps are back from Europe at last? You remember Rebecca Hidumps, who married Sir Arthur Makintosh, from New Zealand? Well, Rebecca went abroad, you know, about two weeks after the wedding, and she hasn't seen Arthur since. They say Arthur is a splendid fellow, though he used to be a tiny bit wild when I knew him as a girl at Narragansett.

Anyway, the Hidumps are back, and everybody is wondering what Rebecca will do. But I'm sure everything will be all right. Rebecca is such a sweet girl!

I understand that the Michael Cooties are going to live in New York. Mrs. Cootie was a Slickenback, you know, and all her people came from there, but it was so nice having her among us, that we just hoped and hoped she'd never go away! . . . (Ad infinitum.)

### *Hints for the Home*

MENU

BREAKFAST

Stewed Melon Dipped in Vinegar
Dry Cereal Without Cream
Coddled Eggs With Mint Sauce

LUNCHEON

Roast Duck, Stuffed With Horsehair
Cucumber Salad

SUPPER

Duck Sandwiches
Cucumber and Melon Dumplings
Coddled Egg Tarts

SOLVING THE WINDOW-BOX PROBLEM

AS ORDINARILY built, the window box for plants is a problem to the woman with fastidious tastes. Indeed, were it not for the plants in the window box the window box itself might almost be said to be useless.

If, however, a little thought is expended upon the window box it can be transformed into a thing of joy and a beauty forever.

Grasp the window box firmly in your left hand, using the thumb and index finger, and tilt it forward until its contents are emptied onto the parlor rug. Next, seize a strip of rubberized tape from the mantel, and bind the window box securely to the radiator, so that it will remain in a precarious position. This novel placing of the window box will be found to enhance its charm, and to fill the whole room with a sense of delightful insecurity.

Once the window box has been arranged in this manner, onions may be grown in it to great advantage, and I knew a woman who found that radishes could be raised in window boxes, and that they lent a note of warmth and color to the interior.

But, whatever you do, remember that a window box is a window box.

### *Games for Children*

**Hyena and the Green Pea**

ALL the players sit in a row on chairs, or in a circle on the floor, with heads bowed on arms or on legs. Can be played also in the schoolroom on a rainy day, or on a day when the sun is out, when heads may be bowed on desks, or on the radiators, if not too hot.

Each player holds out his or her hand for a period of two or three minutes, more or less, during which time the odd player, who is the hyena, runs on tiptoe, or on all fours, up and down in front of the row of seats if the seats are in a row, or round and round the circle of seats if the seats are in a circle, and drops the green pea—which may be a pencil or a rubber band—at his own discretion, or as directed by the teacher, or by his or her mother, or by anyone in authority, into one of the outstretched hands, whereupon the child receiving the green pea leaps to his or her feet and chases the hyena round and round, or up and down; should the hyena be caught before he or she reaches his or her seat, he or she must be the hyena once again. Otherwise, the child who received the green pea—which may be a pencil or a rubber band—becomes the next hyena. The other players may, or may not, raise their heads while the chase is going on.

[Develops muscles of forearm and rear of chest; stimulates lung expansion.]

### *No More Girdles, Girls!*

NO GIRDLES are being worn this year in Paris, according to a dispatch direct from that city. Frocks are slim and straight, and at the same time fluffy and crooked—an effect achieved by the use of flares and tucks which are allowed to hang down in front, and to extend as far backward as the rear center of the inner kneecap.

### *The Evening Story*

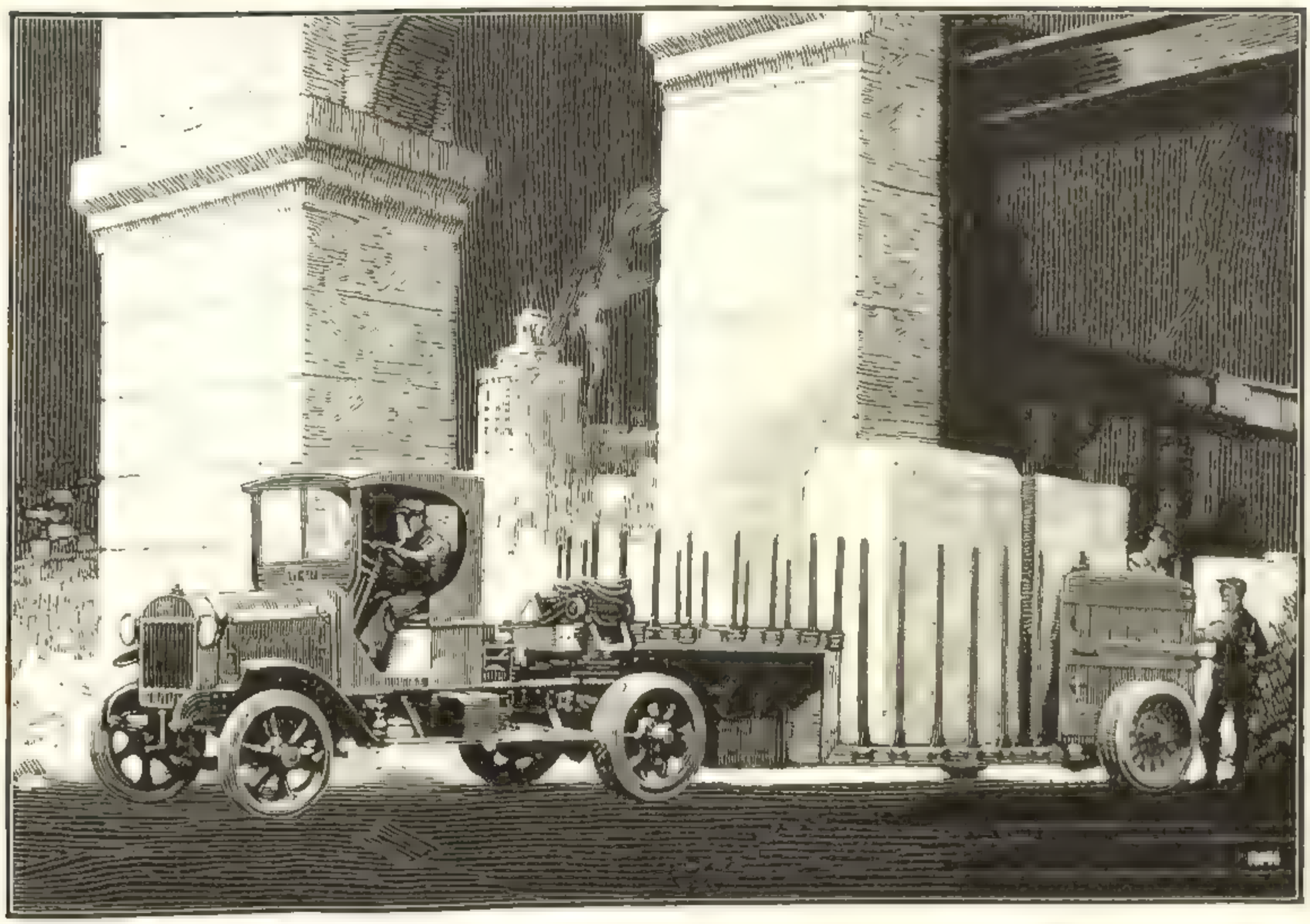
**By Marie Eleanor Snooks**

Author of The Man Who Had Never Loved, The Sin of a Woman, and other fascinating tales

(Synopsis of Receding Chapters)

Taplow McArthur returns after thirty years in a German prison to attend a house party on Long Island where he meets Inda Wanda, a beautiful and dissipated young woman who is ruining her constitution by eating headache tablets, and Muriel Lee, who is jealous of her but does not know that she is a drug fiend, so he swears that he will prevent her ruining her life and discovers that she is about to elope with her husband so that, wild with horror, he determines to preserve her from herself and kidnaps her, taking her to an uninhabited cottage on the border of the Arctic Ocean where they live on dried fish and seaweed for six months while her passionate spirit is cowed into subjection and she learns to love him for his cruelty and ferocity, but her nerves become more and more frayed and at last loathing and loving him at the same time she shoots him one morning, but the shot, which was aimed at his temple, lodges itself in his toe and he is only rendered helpless, so for weeks she ministers to him faithfully, gathering for his meals choice crabs and

(Continued on Page 50)



# GMC Sales Policy Is Vital To Every Buyer

## *Since value in relation to price determines the economy of any truck purchase*

The General Motors Truck Company always has determined the list price of its trucks according to a fundamental principle—list price is the actual cost of producing the truck plus a fair profit.

This policy is significant to the truck buyer because it reveals itself to him in terms of dollars and of value.

Just as GMC value has increased by the addition of exclusive profit-producing qualities—

So, too, GMC prices have decreased 65 per cent more than an average of other trucks since 1920, the year of highest prices.

Consequently this GMC policy has become a measuring-stick for true values, which buyers recognize as accurate year in and year out.

**GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY**—*Pontiac, Michigan*
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

*Distribution Centers at*

Akron
*Atlanta
Baltimore
*Birmingham
*Brooklyn
Boston
Buffalo
Beaumont
*Chicago
*Charlotte
*Cleveland
Cincinnati
Clarksburg
*Dallas
*Denver
Detroit
Dayton
El Paso
Erie
Houston
*Indianapolis
Kansas City
*Los Angeles
*Louisville
Lincoln
London, Eng.
*Memphis
*Minneapolis
*Milwaukee
Montreal, Quebec
New Orleans
*New York
Oshawa, Ont.
*Oakland
Omaha
*Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Portland
Parkersburg
*Pontiac
Rochester
*St. Louis
*San Francisco
*Seattle
*Spokane
Salt Lake City
Saginaw
San Antonio
Shreveport
Toronto, Ont
Vancouver, B. C.
Washington
Winnipeg, Man

**Direct Factory Branches*

# General Motors Trucks

GMC

# Many new cars are now equipped with Kellys

In a year remarkable for its advancement in automobile manufacturing, when the makers of cars are going to extremes in providing luxurious comfort and peace of mind to the owner, it is natural that the makers of many of the finest cars in the world have selected Kelly-Springfields as the tires which add the finishing touch.

Kelly-Springfield tires not only add to the distinction, comfort and safety of a car but they also contribute to the purchaser's satisfaction through long mileage and trouble-free service.

**It costs no more to buy a Kelly**

KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES


(Continued from Page 48)

oysters dropped by passing seagulls upon the icebergs, but finally worn out with despair and anguish she resolves to kill herself.

CHAPTER 22,431

INDA picked up the revolver where it lay in the drawer of her bureau. She fingered the barrel thoughtfully, longing, with all her heart and soul, for death. And yet . . . and yet . . . was He not in her life? Was there not, perhaps, something . . . something worth struggling for?

Impulsively she turned and contemplated him where he lay eating an oyster out of its shell.

How far away from home they were! How far from all the haunts of men! And there she was—Inda Wanda—without even a headache tablet!

A slight groan escaped her lips. Instantly he flung the oyster from him and raised his smoldering eyes to hers. A thrill ran through her from marrow to marrow. After all, he was a man! Could she kill herself under his eyes? Could she leave him if he really desired her?

They stared at one another a full minute—for two minutes—and then Inda Wanda, very slowly, put the revolver back in its place.

"How is your toe?" she inquired, and her voice betrayed not the slightest quiver, but she knew that he had read her soul, and that only his casting from him that oyster had saved her from perpetrating the act.

"It is better," he murmured; "much better. . . . . ."

She stooped and smoothed his pillow, and as she did so he caught her hand in his, and pressed it feverishly to his lips. A tremor ran through her from marrow to marrow again, but she did not utter a word.

Suddenly he flung her from him, as though she had been an oyster, and the old evil light flamed in his eyes.

Inda Wanda fell, striking her head upon an icicle, and became unconscious for several hours.

*(To be Continued Indefinitely)*

### The Letter Box

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LETTER BOX.

*MADAM:* I am a young man, nearing my fiftieth year, and I have had fifty years of varied experience, but I am out of a job although I answer advertisements and fill out application blanks all day.

One of my friends, a man who is head of a large concern, says he doesn't understand why I can't get a job from someone else. I am good-looking, a wonderful talker, full of ambitions, discreet, vivacious, sweet-tempered, quick-witted, and possess an attractive personality.

Yet I see younger men than myself holding responsible positions! Why is this?

A DISCOURAGED READER.

ANSWER:

Poor, dear, tired, gifted young man! Have you ever thought of getting married? The man with plenty of brains and an attractive personality, but who is always out of a job, should find a job as husband. I think this is just the start you need. But be careful who you pick. Don't marry a girl who isn't wealthy. You would never be able to drag her up to your own level. Why not come around some afternoon and talk over your troubles with me?

But perhaps you are already married. In that case, my poor young man, why not take a correspondence course? Yes, a correspondence course is what you need. Take a correspondence course in Egyptian hieroglyphics. You will find it tremendously stimulating, and of incalculable help to you at every turn in the business world.

MADAME Z.

TO THE ED. OF THE LETTER BOX.

*MADAM:* Will you please help me to solve a question that is almost driving me mad? It is whether, when my fiance and me are married, we will be happy or not?

I am a young girl with blue eyes, lovely golden hair, and a fascinating smile. But I have bowlegs and a mole on my chin. My fiancé is a young man with dark wavy hair, a patient look, and a mustache. But he wears speckled neckties, and he likes onions. Could we be happy, do you think?

I lie awake every night and wonder about it. I try to look at things fair, but somehow I don't seem to see the future. We have been engaged ten years and my fiancé says if I don't marry him pretty quick it will be too late to marry anybody in this life.

What would you do about it?

A YEARNING HEART.

ANSWER:

*Dear little Yearning Heart:* By all means marry immediately! If you have blue eyes, lovely hair, and a fascinating smile, you need not worry about bowlegs or a mole on your chin. Moles can always be removed with the electric needle, and as for bowlegs, you know that long skirts have come in, and a man who loved you when short skirts were in vogue will certainly love you more now that they have gone out.

As to your fiancé, speckled neckties are indeed a trial, but have you tried him on striped ones? And you know, dear little Yearning Heart, we cannot find perfection in men. If his neckties are clean, and correctly tied, that is all you can expect. I wouldn't worry about the onions. Probably you chew gum, yourself.

And now, dear little Yearning Heart, I can see absolutely no reason why you should not be as happy as larks.

MADAME Z.

### To the Employer

THE man who can read character at a glance is the man who is bound to succeed. Eyelashes are particularly revealing. In engaging a stenographer, for instance, eyelashes should always be considered.

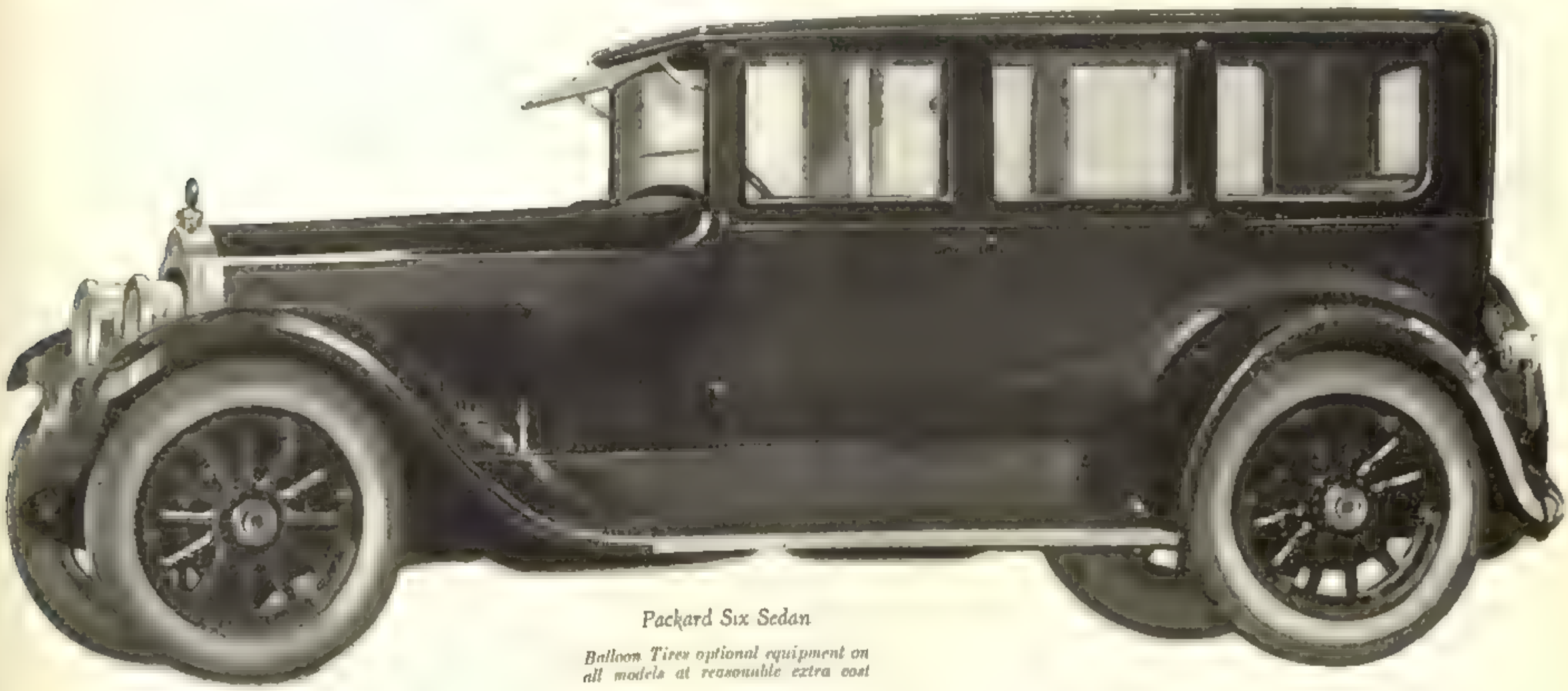
If lashes are long and curling, it is a sign that the applicant has ability. Long and curling eyelashes are always to be preferred, in stenographers, to short and bristling ones. Long and curling lashes have been found, in stenographers, to indicate remarkable ability in procuring positions.

Observe the applicant keenly. If the lashes are lowered and raised simultaneously, and at rapid intervals, this is always a sign of sweet temper, and of a great desire to please. If, on the other hand, one eye remains apparently closed, while the other appears to be open, this is a sign of perfection, and the applicant should be immediately engaged.

*(Tomorrow we will discuss the Dimple.)*

*Redfish Lake, Sawtooth National Forest, Idaho*

1899 ▱ ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD ▱ 1924



*Packard Six Sedan*

*Balloon Tires optional equipment on all models at reasonable extra cost*

**It costs less to own a Packard Six than many cars whose list price is even $1000 less than Packard. That Packard quality in manufacture and leadership in design result in real economies is evidenced by the following letter from "a man who owns one":**

▱ ▱ ▱ ▱

"On purchasing my Packard Six Sedan, I felt I was spending far more than I should. Since that time, in figuring the upkeep as compared with the car I previously had, the initial expense has been cut down so much as to make my Packard now stand me far less than the cost of the car I had contemplated purchasing.

"You will no doubt be interested in looking over the following figures:

"Have done up to the present nearly 10,000 miles, making most of my trips in the Catskills with seven passengers, averaging each time 18 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

"As to oil consumption, I have used exactly 12 gallons and then only when I drained and refilled the crank case.

"Have never spent one cent for repairs of any kind and the same four tires which came on the car look today as good as new.

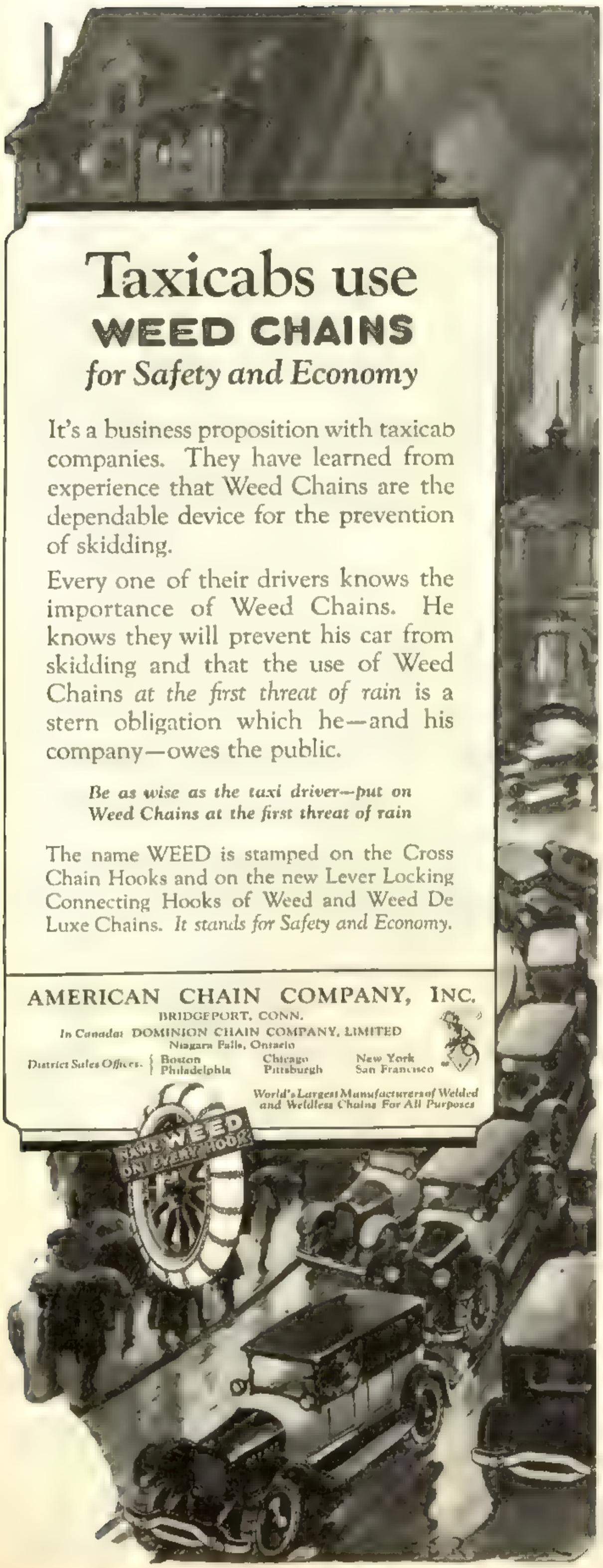
"I will gladly verify personally any of the above statements to any one whom you might wish to refer to me."

DR. A. H. XIQUES
Staten Island, N. Y.

November 28th, 1923.

Nothing that Packard can say of its Six and Eight can equal the enthusiasm of Packard owners. In these advertisements, therefore, we shall strictly follow our own admonition, "ask the man who owns one."

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



# Taxicabs use WEED CHAINS *for Safety and Economy*

It's a business proposition with taxicab companies. They have learned from experience that Weed Chains are the dependable device for the prevention of skidding.

Every one of their drivers knows the importance of Weed Chains. He knows they will prevent his car from skidding and that the use of Weed Chains *at the first threat of rain* is a stern obligation which he—and his company—owes the public.

***Be as wise as the taxi driver—put on Weed Chains at the first threat of rain***

The name WEED is stamped on the Cross Chain Hooks and on the new Lever Locking Connecting Hooks of Weed and Weed De Luxe Chains. *It stands for Safety and Economy.*

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
*In Canada:* DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED
Niagara Falls, Ontario
*District Sales Offices:* Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York, San Francisco

*World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains For All Purposes*

NAME WEED ON EVERY HOOK


# OUT AMONG THE GODS

(Continued from Page 38

to Jaipur. Not that I had any faith in his ability to do this, but there is nothing like throwing all the rings you have at the target you are aiming at. If you get one over you get something, anyhow, even though it may have cost you a great deal more than it is worth. This effort cost me an unlimited outlay of suavity in the booking office and afterward a somewhat extravagant fee to be divided between the hotel runner and the second steward of the station platform. I never could think of these deputy station masters who shoo people aboard trains at Indian railway stations as anything but second stewards. They always reminded me of the second steward on shipboard, who always comes around the first day out to insinuate in a quiet kind of way that nothing is to be omitted which might by any chance help to insure unlimited comfort and happiness to a selected few. He picks out this selected few, collects his fees and disappears, never to be seen again.

I wanted a compartment, and the reason why I wanted a compartment was that it was getting along into the hot season and the ride was to be an all-day ride down across a blistering desert, bare enough to bare one's soul in resentment against its insistent irritation. There are blue glass windows in all the better-class carriages, but when they are closed, and the traveler thinks he is enjoying the subdued light which they produce, he suddenly begins to realize that there is a murderous sun beating down on a tin roof overhead and that he is smothering to death in what seems to be a hermetically sealed bake oven. He opens the windows and lets in the air, however scorching it may be and however laden with biting desert dust. The thing to do under such circumstances is to get one look at the landscape and then lie down and go to sleep. This was what I was hoping to do, but my hotel porter and the platform steward had both failed me, and when I arrived at the station it was to be told that there was nothing left on the train.

But I had to get aboard somewhere. I was expected that evening in Jaipur, and by no less a personage than the diwan himself. I was whimsically thinking that he might, maybe, meet me with caparisoned elephants and enough pomp and circumstance to make everybody else think I was somebody in particular. I ran up and down the platform looking into compartments, while Chabu, my servant, made himself just a little more useless than usual, when along came the hotel porter and said there was a place in a compartment down near the end of the train. That was a typical incident. The occupants of this compartment had tipped the station master, but had overlooked the porter! They were all closed in, with shutters drawn and everything, and they thought they were safe. But the door was not locked, because, for obvious reasons, no compartment door of a railway carriage in India can be locked from the inside.

My porter opened the door and immediately a troubled treble voice came out of the gloom saying, "Do you want to come in here?"

I knew exactly what had happened, so I laughed and answered: "No, I do not want to come in here. Haven't the slightest wish on earth to come in here, but I may have to. Incidentally, I know just how you feel and I'm sorry. I thought I was to have a compartment myself, but you see how things are."

Then a man spoke. He was stretched out on one of the divans under the windows, where he could not be seen from the outside.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes, all alone."

"And do you mind my being in here?"

"Why, no, certainly not!"

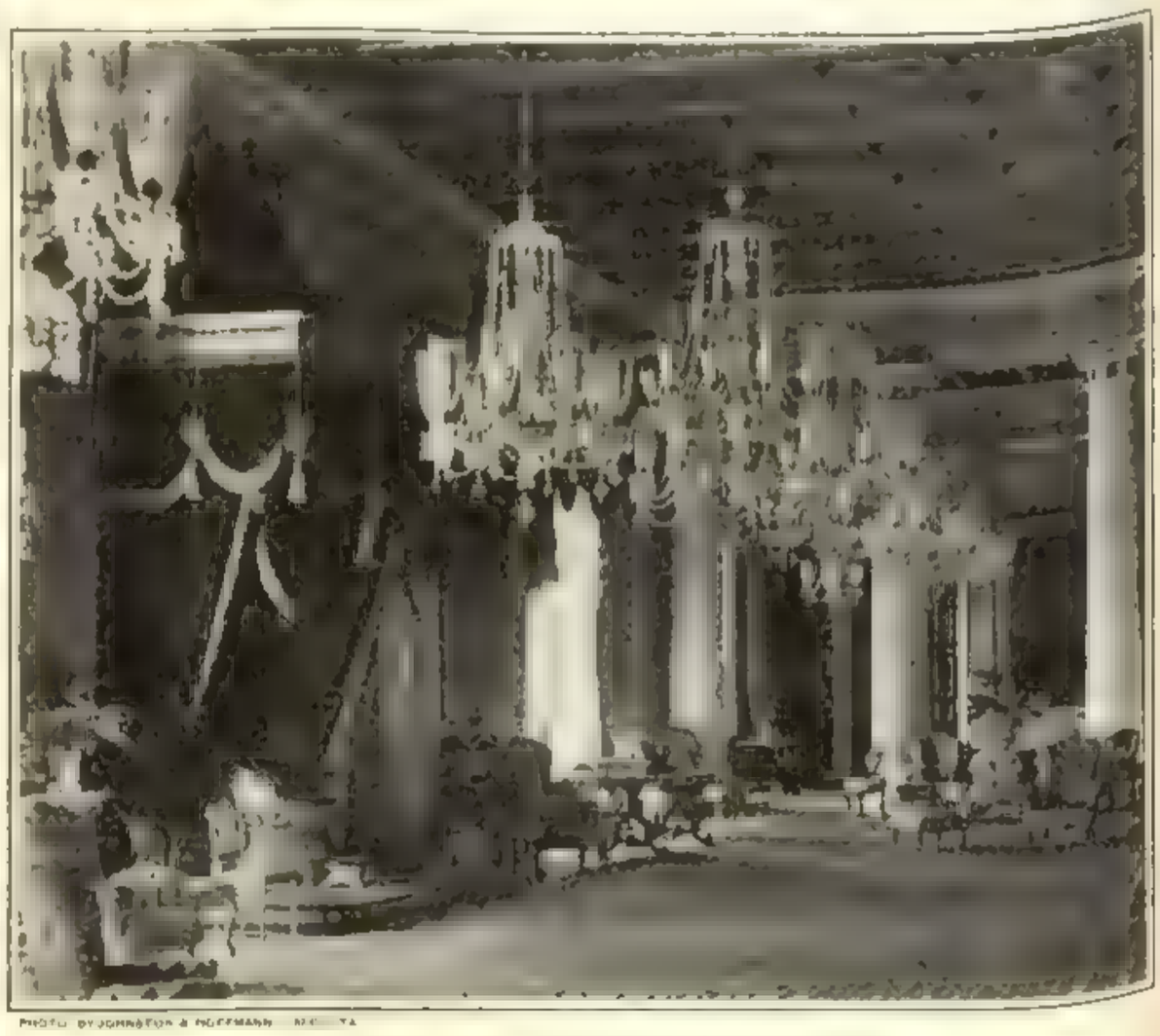
Then he rose up.

"Oh, for the love o' Peter," he exclaimed, "come on in! You sound good to me! This is a ladies' compartment and I've been expecting to be thrown out any minute. But if there are four of us we are full up and everything snug. Come on in!"

There were three of them: a Mr. and Mrs. from somewhere in New England, and a sister of the Mrs. They were on a year-long trip round the world and had been everywhere. They had sailed from Vancouver, had been to Japan, China, the Philippines, Java, Siam, Burma, Ceylon, and where not. And everything had gone beautifully until, encountering in the north one of those too sudden climatic transitions to be expected by the traveler in India, Mr. had been stricken with rheumatism and was now a suffering and almost helpless cripple. No wonder he wanted to stay with his womenfolks. His wife called him "father" and he called her "dear," while they both called the other quiet, pretty little elderly lady "sister." They represented the most attractive type of Americans abroad, and I was sure they had left at home a charming family to the various members of which they had sent at least a ton of picture post cards. They had occupied the two divans which they had a perfect right to do—and this left me with only a stiff little low-backed chair. But that was all right.

As the day wore on it got hotter and dustier and more glary all the time; but if under such circumstances you are not permitted to go to sleep, the next best thing is to have somebody to talk with who speaks the language of your tribe. At midday we pooled the contents of our lunch baskets and treated ourselves to a pleasant interval; then went on through the afternoon, talking desultorily and intermittently and

(Continued on Page 54)



*The Throne Room in Government House, Calcutta*

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***Something dainty—something different —to give new charm to breakfast***

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Quaker Puffed Rice—so fairy-like a food that you'd never dream it's so nutritious. But the *whole grain* is there, rich in essential food elements and minerals. And each grain steam-exploded to eight times its normal size, to make digestion easy.

Serve with sugar and cream, in bowls of half-and-half, and with fresh or preserved fruit. Delicious with melted butter as a between-meal tid-bit for the children.

Include a package with your grocery order today.

WHOLE WHEAT—***in most attractive form***

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Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famed inventions of Professor Anderson—foods shot from guns, the most thoroughly cooked grain foods known.

**Quaker Puffed Wheat** **Quaker Puffed Rice**


(Continued from Page 52)

sometimes quite excitedly about American politics, the situation in Europe, the virtues of the unspeakable Turk, Himalayan scenery, the new Indian Government, hotels and railroads; the current ubiquity of the conducted American tourist; why Americans travel that way, and other things of interest and importance.

The day passed, and, as tired and dirty as people ever get to be, we arrived in Jaipur just within the outer edge of early dark. It was too late, anyhow, for caparisoned elephants to make much of an impression, so I was not sorry when an amazing person—a native state equivalent for a chuprassi—flanked on either side by a considerable detachment of similar individuals, stepped up to where I stood among my belongings on the platform and, having identified me, announced that the diwan sahib had sent an automobile and a carriage and hoped I would forgive him for not meeting me in person, which he would have done except for an engagement he had to keep; and would I accept his apology for not having me brought at once to his own house, which he was unable to have the pleasure of doing because the diwan memsahib was absent from the city? All suitable arrangements had been made for me at the hotel; I was to command his servants, whose service was at my entire disposal, and he would see me in the morning.

"Splendid!" said I; and I might add that when an Indian undertakes to entertain a friend of a friend of his own he makes no reservations whatever

So far as hospitality lies within the scope of their social liberties, the Indians are as hospitable as any people I have ever encountered. Often much too extravagantly so on public occasions, but not so frequently within the circle of their own home life for the benefit of the wondering and wide-eyed stranger. I had been sent to the diwan sahib by one of his friends, an Englishman in Delhi.

In the jam I lost Mr. and Mrs. and their very nice sister, but I found them again afterward, so that was all right. The wonderful Number One Person gave a few orders about my luggage and assured me that everything would be attended to. Then I was escorted out through the throng to the waiting motor car, and with the king-pin, or whatever he was, in front with the driver, and with four members of his ornamental entourage clinging precariously to the running board on either side, I was whirled at the rate of about fifty miles an hour down a long, dusty and by that time moonlit road, through a high-arched gateway and up under the porte-cochère of a somewhat pretentious hotel, on the low veranda of which the proprietor and a dozen of his minions stood waiting to receive me.

### The Maharaja of Jaipur

So you see that in India there is nothing like being a friend of a friend. Though this time it was not the government. It was merely a friendly Englishman writing to a friendly Indian to say that here was an American friend for whose benefit the works might be blown up if to see the works blown up happened to be among the things in which she was interested. Considering all of which I wonder why I expected the diwan sahib to dawn upon me next morning, a richly bejeweled Indian, saying, "I am ver' sorry. I spik ver' bad the English." That was what I was hazily looking forward to. But wait!

I shall never forget that night. It was my first night in real India. I was in a native state. There were no British officers; I had passed through no cantonments on my way to the hotel; had seen no barracks or parade grounds or any men in slick khaki uniform; I had passed out of British India and was in Indian India, the India of really olden times; and when the dinner menu was handed to me I was interested in a notice at the top of it which said in large gilt letters that the hotel was "under the gracious patronage of his highness, the maharaja."

The present maharaja of Jaipur is a minor who is being educated under British guardianship and brought up in the traditions of loyalty to the British raj, for which his house is justly celebrated. The late maharaja, who died in 1922, seems to have been a good deal of a citizen. He enjoyed a revenue of about 6,500,000 rupees and spent quite considerable sums for modern developments within his little principality. This principality lies in the north of Rajputana, not far from the edge of the great Indian desert, and embraces large areas of scrub-timbered jungle as well as thinly cultivated lands which are wholly dependent for their fertility upon the annual rainfall. It follows, therefore, that it has known lean years in blighting succession and has been overwhelmed time and again by the terrors of complete famine in the grip of which thousands upon thousands have died. Among other things the late maharaja did was to spend about 18,000,000 rupees on irrigation projects and on roads and railways, to the end that, in case of famine, most of the people may now be reached with immediate relief, while the fear of widespread failure of crops on account of drought has been greatly reduced.

He maintained a rather unusually fine military force of some 5000 infantry, 900 artillery and 700 cavalry, and when the Great War began he offered these troops to the empire along with the necessary funds for their maintenance wherever they might be sent. They served in Mesopotamia and—the Rajputs being fighting men—they served with conspicuous gallantry, suffering heavy losses. But the corps was always kept up to full numerical strength, and had no sooner returned to Jaipur in pride and triumph than it was called upon once more for imperial service; this time in the war with Afghanistan in 1919, which was a very ugly little engagement, but which attracted little or no attention in the world at large for the simple reason that the world was fed up on war and was engrossed at the time in other considerations.

### Government by Regency

This maharaja's name was Sawai Madho Singh, and besides other things he did he made a personal contribution of 2,600,000 rupees toward the expense of the war and maintained from his own revenues a very valuable transport corps on active service. He received all the alphabetical honors that Great Britain or the empire had to bestow on such a vassal; by degrees he got his salute increased from seventeen guns to twenty-one, and when he was about to die, having no son to succeed him, he adopted a son of the ancient and honorable house of Rajawat of Isarda. And it is this lad—heir to a vast estate, which is what the average native state really amounts to—who is now being brought up in the light of the imperial policy which, modern unrest and political disturbances notwithstanding, is to establish and maintain, if possible throughout all the territories of India such harmony as may result in the increasing prosperity and happiness of a very numerous people. In the meantime the government of Jaipur is being conducted by a board of regents of which the diwan sahib is the chief.

I went to bed that night in what seemed to me to be an all-pervading calm, carefully taking with me a volume of Rabindranath Tagore's fragmental poetry, which, as a soporific, I had already tested to my entire satisfaction. But not even deep, meaningless meanings could bring sand to my eyes, and I found myself lying wide awake, listening to the silence and thinking to myself that in India every furred or feathered creature either sleeps in the early night or very softly prowls. Then I decided that I had used up all my air. My room was spacious enough, but its only outlets were a door which opened onto a public veranda and a window away up near the top of a twenty-foot wall. Or maybe it was only eighteen feet, or sixteen. In any case, it was very high, as all ceilings are in this land of many climates and most of them hot.

I had been thinking all the time that that window was tight shut, but I was puzzled to know what I might do about it. Was it tight shut? Well, of course! In most countries a window might rightly be defined as an opening in a wall to be kept closed. That is why there is more tuberculosis in the world than any other known disease. I shall never die of tuberculosis, though I may fall and break my neck sometime, or strain a ligament and become a lifelong cripple in an effort to get air; but while I keep on breathing I shall be breathing all the air I can get.

The only way to open this window was by means of a tangled rope which was attached to it in some mysterious way and which was festooned with that which every housekeeper recognizes as time-honored accumulations. It looked as though it had

(Continued on Page 56)

# for Fords

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It is a significant tribute to Champion dependability that Champion spark plugs have been standard on Ford cars for more than 12 years.

No engineers are more exacting; no purchasing department buys with greater care than the Ford Motor Company.

That Champion has held Ford confidence for more than a decade is of very great importance to every one of the millions who drive Ford cars.

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Ask any of the 90,000 dealers who sell Champions to allow you to compare them with other spark plugs. Champion superiority is immediately apparent. Champion X is 60 cents. Blue Box, 75 cents (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents). You will know the genuine by the Double-Ribbed sillimanite core. They are fully guaranteed.

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# CHAMPION

*Dependable for Every Engine*

# ROYAL
## ELECTRIC CLEANER
### *Gets ALL the dirt by Air Alone*

## How to Make Sure of Choosing the Best Electric Cleaner

THE one sure way to definitely prove the superiority of the Royal Electric Cleaner is to test it thoroughly in your own home.

Test it alongside any cleaning device or method you may choose. You will discover, as have hundreds of thousands of other women, that the Royal is not excelled in any test.

Test the Royal for thorough rug cleaning—you will see how it gets all the dirt that's *under* and *in* the rug, as well as surface litter. Test it for easy operation—for mechanical efficiency—note the ease of using its attachments and their versatility. You will find that the Royal has every feature that goes to make a perfect cleaner.

We urge you to make this comparative test because it will prove to you that there is no cleaning more perfect than Royal cleaning—no Electric Cleaner that offers more.

You cannot be sure you have the best Electric Cleaner until you have seen the Royal. A Royal Man will gladly bring you one to test. Write us if you don't know his name.

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*Continued from Page 54*

not been touched within the space of at least four housecleaning seasons—if they have such seasons in Indian India, which one is very much inclined to doubt. I climbed on a rickety little cane-bottomed chair and tackled the combination. I climbed down and wrapped my head in a towel and climbed back again. My hair was full of Rajputana jungle dust, but there are differences between dusts just as there are differences between most things. I tugged away, twisting and turning this way and that, and finally I got the rope straightened out. After which one gentle little pull on the right end of it and, lo and behold, a six-foot window stood wide open above me!

"Gr-r-r-and!" said I to myself. Then I went back to bed and went to sleep without reference to Rabindranath Tagore or any other mighty intellect.

But in the vast, clean, moonlit silence I was not counting on such possibilities as early-rising insects and other pestiferous creatures. In the very first glimmer of the grayest dawn came a screech owl and perched himself on my high-up window ledge, where he began to express in his own peculiar way what sounded to me like a good deal of a legitimate complaint. I addressed the bird in soothing accents, asking him if in that ghostly hour he could not find some way to communicate to me the sad story of his lives. He merely screeched.

"Oh, well," I replied, "it probably serves you jolly well right! My guess is that you were a holy man minus the attributes of actual holiness, and that you are now condemned to a long series of penalties for having made a mockery of the sacred laws."

He screeched once more and flew away. Whereupon, having started a train of thought, I turned on my reading lamp and proceeded to delve into a volume entitled Hindu Culture.

There is one thing to be said about Hindu culture, and that is that it has a fine reputation among Hindus. Time and again in India I have been reminded of the kind of woman who, in a controversy, can be depended upon sooner or later to assume a haughty air and to say for the benefit of all and sundry, "I'd have you know that I'm a lady!"

I have said to many an Indian: "Why talk so much about your culture? Why not put a little of it into operation for the benefit of the people? What is it for? And what is culture anyhow? Is it merely an age-old accumulation of tradition, literature and art, and must it stand as an everlasting obstruction in the path of modern progress? Is there no culture expressed in modern conceptions of mere human welfare?"

### *The Order of Quihais*

But too many studious Indians detest the word "progress." What they want is to progress backward, and in this age of electricity and miraculous invention they find this a rather difficult thing to do. The people simply will not follow. The author with whom I decided to commune until there was a chance of getting a bath and a cup of coffee began right away by saying that the learned had "been trying to conjure with the word 'progress'" and that the multitude had "accepted it as a shibboleth." I went on reading and gathered that though he regretfully acknowledged progress as something which could not be arrested, he had his doubts as to its value and rather leaned toward a certain Western belief that "progress may be regarded as a substitute for the weakening idea of Providence."

"Chabu-u-u!"

"Lady sahib!"

He was right outside my door, and there is no other way than this to call a servant in India unless you have been in the country long enough to have learned to yell "Quihai!" This means "come here," or something to that effect, and it invariably fetches a minion on the run. The old and, in their own opinions, almost always prematurely retired Indian service men who haunt the clubs of London are known as Quihais, because they simply cannot cure themselves of the quihai habit. The word is pronounced Kee-hy-ee, with a strong accent on the second syllable, and it has a commanding sound. However, I had not yet qualified for membership in the Ancient and Honorable Order of Quihais.

"Chabu-u-u!"

"Lady sahib!"

"Please arrange my bath."

"At once, lady sahib!"

"And Chabu!"

"Lady sahib!"

"Send a waiter in about twenty minutes with coffee and rolls, and don't forget the hot milk."

"Will do, lady sahib."

To arrange my bath all he had to do was to go round to the rear entrance and order a coolie to carry into my bathroom, which opened onto the back veranda, two or three pails of hot water, these to be dumped into a tin tub—of the foot-bath variety, only slightly enlarged—which stood in the center of a kind of concrete slope having a large hole at the bottom of its outer wall through which waste waters were supposed to be poured into the general and all-consuming atmosphere; the trouble being that the atmosphere was not as all-consuming as it might have been, with the result that the prevailing odors reminded one of a good many things besides flowers that bloom in the spring.

Through these holes in the bases of bathroom walls snakes crawl. It is not known how many people are killed every year in India by reptiles, because no one among the millions who believe in the sacredness of the creatures, and especially of the cobra—"Shesh, the emblem of all eternity"—would report such an incident for fear of getting the snake into trouble or of incurring his somewhat fearsome enmity. But I have been told of an actually registered annual mortality of nearly 30,000, and I do know that no sensible person ever walks into a bathroom or fumbles about anywhere in damp or dimly lighted places without looking to see that he is not too poisonously companioned.

### *The Rose-Colored City*

There is a little brute called the krait which has no dignity as to size and no social standing even among snakes. But he is the deadliest of them all and his favorite haunts are moldy corners and crevices in human habitations. He is particularly addicted to bathrooms and dirty shelves round sinks of various sorts. No serum has yet been produced as in the case of the cobra and the Russell's viper with which to inoculate against his sting and there is no known antidote with which to overcome his poison. Just one little snick, and within two hours at most the victim is dead, having died a terrible death. Nice little thought with which to begin a morning, is it not?

Chabu came in and almost with bated breath said, "Lady sahib, the diwan sahib is in the drawing-room."

"All right," said I, "tell him I'll be right out."

Oh, our devastating Western lack of real comprehension! Why should I not have known enough to be duly impressed? Why should I not have known that this message would have to be relayed all the way up from Chabu through the person with whom he was privileged to communicate to the person after the person, and so on, to the person who was privileged to communicate with the diwan sahib? One always learns about that sort of thing when it is too late.

But the diwan sahib! Would he care? He would not?

"Oh, good morning!" said he. "I hope you had a fine night and are ready for a strenuous morning in our fair city, as you Americans say."

I had to revise all my preconceptions. Here was a most engaging, an extraordinarily handsome and very distinguished-looking gentleman who spoke English with a Piccadilly accent. Which goes to show what England has done to India—or for India. It all depends upon the point of view. Everything about the diwan sahib, and particularly his clothes, bespoke a fine aristocracy. He wore Indian garments in every detail, but there was a kind of sleek perfection about him which would be difficult to describe, while he was rendered altogether irresistible by a pugaree in shades of brown which was more wondrously wound than any pugaree I had ever seen. His morning until 11:30 was entirely at my disposal; his car was waiting at the door and we would go out and have a look at what Pierre Loti once described as the only rose-colored city. The temperamental Frenchman exclaims with characteristic fervor:

"What an astonishing and kingly caprice it must have been that planned a whole rose-colored city, where all the houses, ramparts, palaces, towers, balconies and

*(Continued on Page 58)*

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

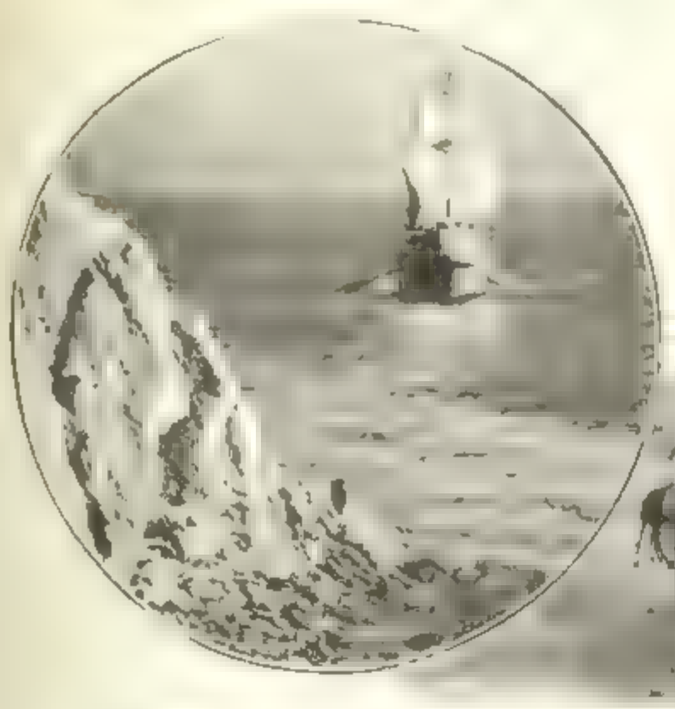
# News of First National Pictures

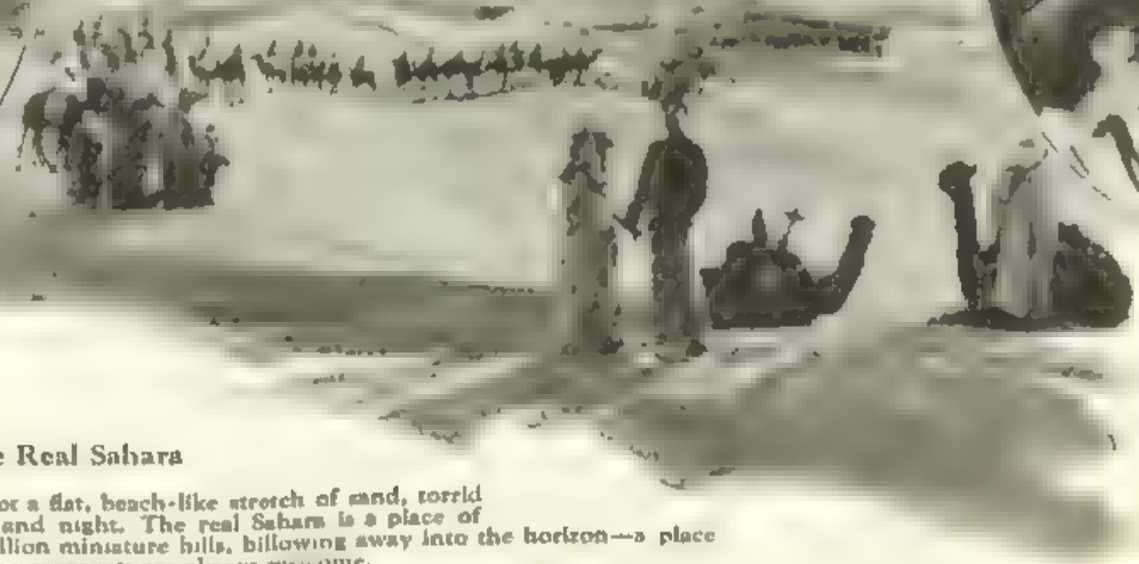
An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

## Three Pictures on the Movie Horizon

Pick your entertainment in advance. Three big pictures are coming that you will not want to miss. "The Sea Hawk," "A Son of the Sahara," and "The Woman on the Jury," will provide three evenings well spent





### The Great Movie Fleet

When Frank Lloyd's fleet of sixteenth century ships sailed out of Los Angeles harbor to take part in the sea battles which will be seen in "The Sea Hawk" one can imagine the old salts stroking their beards and saying "Strange craft for these waters!"

And right they were. Never since the days of Sir Francis Drake and Balboa have any such vessels sailed the Pacific. Here is a stately Spanish galleon, with movie cameras stowed away instead of treasure chests, moving into position.

"The Sea Hawk" will be the biggest sea story ever put upon the screen. Read Rafael Sabatini's novel and prepare for the screen treat.

### Enter the Goddess of Love

"CYTHEREA," produced by Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures), directed by George Fitzmaurice and adapted from Joseph Hergesheimer's best selling novel, looms up on the horizon as a dramatic sensation of the season.

The picture is a love drama revealing a man's impulses; a man swept into the seething currents of the war's aftermath of high society. Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens, Constance Bennett and Irene Rich head the cast.

Cytherea is the name the ancient Greeks gave to Venus, the goddess of love.

### The Real Sahara

Not a flat, beach-like stretch of sand, torrid day and night. The real Sahara is a place of a million miniature hills, billowing away into the horizon—a place where overcoats are always welcome.

Edwin Carewe learned all this when he went to Algeria to film "A Son of the Sahara," a romantic story with Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor in the leading roles.

The camels and Arabs in the above picture are making their debut as screen actors. There are hundreds of them, a little bewildered at the strange proceedings, in some of the scenes

### "When a Man's a Man"

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT, through his facile pen, speaks to more people than all the radio broadcasters of the country. It is estimated that fifty millions of people have read his novels. Nearly a million and a half copies of "When a Man's a Man" have been distributed throughout America. And now, to tell his story to many times that number comes the motion picture version, produced by Principal Pictures.

Seeing "When a Man's a Man" is like getting better acquainted with a group of mighty interesting people. Out they jump from the printed page and live their lives all over again before our eyes.

The story is interpreted by John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte, Forrest Robinson, George Hackathorne and Robert W. Frazer.

### New Corinne Griffith Picture

CORINNE GRIFFITH doesn't stop after one success, or two. With "Black Oxen" and "Lilies of the Field" completed she is now playing in a society drama entitled "For Sale." The author is Earl J. Hudson, the man who wrote "Sundown."

It is society drama with Miss Griffith in an emotional role such as only she can interpret.

### Pick of Recent Pictures

YOUR life is emptier by twenty-one loud laughs and six dozen chuckles if you haven't seen "HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND." It's as delightful a screen farce as has ever been filmed. Owen Moore, Sylvia Breamer and Sidney Chaplin are the trio who provide the merriment.

"FLAMING YOUTH" continues to be ideal entertainment for millions of theatregoers. With Colleen Moore in the leading role it has taken its place among the outstanding productions of all time.

As for "BLACK OXEN," it is creating more interest than even we dared to hope. Gertrude Atherton's novel of rejuvenation, brought to the screen, has set the country talking and wondering. And, of course, it brought further popularity to Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle.

"PAINTED PEOPLE" is another one that is hitting the Great American Public in the right spot. Colleen Moore again—this time in a small town drama, with comedy attached. Richard Connell, a Saturday Evening Post author, wrote the story.

"TORMENT" is a good example of how the screen has progressed, melodramatically speaking. Maurice Tourneur has produced a thriller that makes one understand that adventure may be stumbled over by the most prosaic

### The Dare

She had threatened suicide in a wild outburst of despair, and the man beside her suavely handed over a revolver! Was it braver to take his dare or the dare of the world—to live!

In "The Woman on the Jury," Sylvia Breamer has a dramatic role seldom equalled on the screen. The story speeds on to a tremendous climax. One woman and eleven men in the jury room. And one ballot read "Not Guilty!"

Although her own happiness trembled in the balance she cleared the name of the girl on trial.

### Strongheart Pays a Visit

STRONGHEART, the greatest dog actor in movies, paid me a noisy visit a few weeks ago. Lady Jule, rather wan after a transcontinental tour and many receptions, only wagged her tail and lay down. Both these beautiful police dogs appear in "The Love Master," filmed amid the snows of Banff, Canada, which is now being shown in leading theatres. They traveled in fine style to New York, became the center of attraction at the dog show, and then departed to appear at theatres throughout the country in conjunction with the showing of "The Love Master."

### "Flowing Gold"

Oil! Men fight, lie and plot for the possession of it. This Rex Beach novel is the most fascinating story of the most fascinating industry ever presented on the screen. Watch for it at your local theatre.

(*left*)

### "Lilies of the Field"

The unusual picture of society life with Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle in the featured roles. A masterpiece of screen entertainment awaiting your inspection—and (we prophesy) your approval.

(*right*)

"You've got it —that Hinge-Cap wins!"

THE new Hinge-Cap on Williams spells efficiency—minutes saved. It is the only shaving tube cap that can't get lost.

And just as we give you the most efficient tube, so we give you, too, the most efficient cream!

—Efficient because Williams lather is heavier and holds its moisture in against the beard. The hairs are softened all the way through.

—Efficient because there's a lubricating film between your skin and the blade that eliminates pulling and drawing.

—Efficient because after the shave a soothing ingredient in Williams has cooled and soothed your face so that your daily shave is comfortable no matter how heavy or bristly your beard.

You'll like Williams in every particular. No artificial coloring in this cream. No complexion soap could do more for your skin.

Start tomorrow with Williams!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.
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1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Williams Shaving Cream

with the new Hinge-Cap

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph a scientific after shaving lotion. For free trial bottle write Dept. 13B


(Continued from Page 56)

temples are of one color, evenly diapered with posies of white flowers. One might almost think that all the walls had been hung with an antique chintz of floral design, or that the town had been hewn out of onyx in the style of the old cameos of the eighteenth century. It is so different from anything elsewhere, and the whole effect is one of complete and charming improbability."

All of which is true. The present city—the largest now in Rajputana—was built by Maharaja Sawai Jai Singh in 1728 when he abandoned the ancient and magnificent Amber on the hills only eight miles away because of a continuously inadequate water supply

The diwan sahib thought we might better begin the morning with a visit to the Ram Newas and the museum, the Ram Newas being a public garden of about seventy-five acres which was given to the city by the late maharaja, he being sufficiently modern in his views to provide it with a fine ornamental band stand, with playgrounds and a fully equipped open-air gymnasium. All of which is well worth mentioning, because such benefactions are not common in India. Along the far upper end of the park are huge steel-barred corrals and cages in which are kept numbers of magnificent tigers—most of them of the man-eating variety—which the maharaja's constantly employed tiger hunters have captured in the near-by jungles.

The foundation stone of the Albert Museum was laid by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, when he visited India in 1876, and that is why it is called the Albert Museum. It is a fine building in the highly ornamental Indo-Saracenic style, and it houses a very interesting general collection, which includes practically everything from ancient tapestries to embalmed specimens of the lowest forms of animal life, the idea having been that it was to provide educational assistance to students of all kinds.

### Eyes Blind to Dirt

But at this point I think I must interpolate a brief observation of another kind, first asking the diwan sahib to forgive me and begging the pardon of all Indians whose sensibilities I may be unfortunate enough to wound. I found the Albert Museum dirty; everything in it was dirty and badly kept, and I would not mention this particular and perhaps unimportant instance except that I wish to go further and say that nowhere in India have I ever visited a public institution of any kind which was under Indian supervision, and found it clean or anything but run down and neglected as though nobody was responsible for its upkeep. There is a splendid museum in Calcutta, for instance, whole galleries of which, filled with priceless treasures, look as though they had not been dusted or swept in twenty years, while perishable collections, all but invisible behind the grimy glass of great cabinets, are falling into decay.

I cannot say who is to blame for such conditions, but it is one thing for which the patriots certainly cannot damn the British raj. The Indians are the controlling element in nearly all the important municipalities; they direct their own colleges and universities and are practically unhampered in their superintendence of innumerable hospitals and other establishments of public utility, and—I hate to say it—I have never been in any such establishment that was even passably well kept. All of which is the more observable because it offers such a striking contrast to the conditions maintained in public institutions under British supervision.

The archæological department of the government was not provided for at all until 1870, and for many years it maintained a somewhat intermittent and precarious existence. Nevertheless, it has to its credit an amazing volume of accomplishment. In addition to rather tremendous undertakings in the line of antiquarian research, it has rescued from desecration and dilapidation most of the great monuments of ancient and medieval India and has put upon them the stamp of its efficiency and of a fine appreciation of their value. Only a few years ago the old fort and Mogul palaces of Delhi and Agra were the abandoned haunts of owls and bats and pigeons. They were incrusted with filth and were crumbling into ruin. There was not much money with which to engage in the enterprise of rescue and conservation, but when Lord Curzon was viceroy he took it upon himself to recast the whole scheme, his enthusiasm expressing itself not only in governmental orders but in considerable contributions to the archæological fund from his own private fortune. Since when the work of restoration has proceeded apace throughout the country, with the result that hundreds of ancient tombs and palaces and temples have been cleared of débris, have been painstakingly repaired and are now monuments of immaculate charm, set for the most part in the midst of glorious and splendidly kept gardens. Whatever the British are responsible for in India is immaculate; their cantonments are immaculate; all their numerous environments—governmental, educational judicial, commercial, domestic, social—are immaculate, and in making an inescapable comparison one can only decide that the Indians, like most Eastern peoples, are blind to that which offends the Western eye and the shortest if not the ugliest name of which is dirt. I don't believe I ever went sightseeing with a Britisher in India who did not, in contemplating some fine example of conservation, sooner or later remark:

"If the British should get out of India how long do you think this would last? Within three months everything in the country, with the possible exceptions of the Taj Mahal and Fatipur Sikri, which have hereditary and endowed caretakers, would be restored to the pigeons, while all the fine gardens would be grown up again into the jungles they were."

And no doubt this is partly true.

In the rose-colored city, with its wide, straight streets attesting the wisdom and large-mindedness of its founder; with its magnificent walls and many noble gates; with its surrounding hills crowned with forts and mighty-seeming battlements of magnificent masonry, there is much to see. But who, having seen, can do anything but inadequately describe? People more than anything else, interest me. I go through the fascinating, gaudily bright streets of Jaipur, for instance, and I forget to look at the quaint buildings and the grimy shop windows filled with enameled brasses of surpassing workmanship; with semiprecious jewels, the product of the state, grotesquely or most intricately set; with flaring rugs and glaring tapestries; with old water-color prints depicting the splendors of ancient days; with fantastic weapons and cumbersome armors delicately damascened; with what not in specimens of a native craftsmanship which has boasted a world celebrity for ages. I forget to be impressed by the unimaginable Palace of the Winds or to fasten in my mind any but the haziest pictures of palaces and courts, schools and colleges and such other things as men are proud of because they are evidence of men's will and ability to achieve.

### Striking Street Scenes

My attention is concentrated upon the men themselves. I stand and watch a craftsman at his work. He is one among hundreds of his kind and he is doing that which his ancestors for generations have done. He sits on his heels before a tiny forge in a dim-lit, smoked and cobwebby cubbyhole, surrounded by materials and clumsy-looking implements, and he is engaged in turning out a thing of such delicate beauty that one thinks when it is finished that it could not have been fashioned by any but fairy hands. His forehead is smeared with gray powder and he wears round his neck a wreath of fresh marigolds, by which he advertises the fact that he has been paying recent homage to Kali, goddess of destruction.

Down through the street, weaving in and out among the bull carts and the curiously canopied carriages, comes a romping company of men. They are performing a fantastic dance and making strange grimaces, while they utter weird howls and shrieks of high-pitched laughter. They are throwing upon one another and upon all the passers-by a crimson powder. Their faces and heads are covered with it; their clothes are brilliant with its stain, while their hands and arms are as hands and arms dipped deep in blood.

A religious festival! It is rather hideous, but is saved by hilarity from being too altogether unpleasant. I watch this company out of sight; I ignore innumerable beggars whining close about me; to notice one of them would be to risk a riot and a clamoring assault in which practically nobody in the entire population would scorn to participate; I gaze with a vast curiosity upon groups of veiled women hurrying along as though they were afraid; I observe the children—innumerable children; little children taking care of littler children, many of them wallowing in the dust and all of them unspeakably dirty; then perhaps I turn to the merchant, the brass merchant or the jeweler or the dealer in fabrics and alluring curios who is standing on his threshold begging me, the foreigner for whose despoliation he largely lives, to come inside and have a look at his wares. "You need not buy. I would not have you buy, but you will find that I have very beautiful things for you to see. Come on in, memsahib, and permit me to show you!" This is what he says.

The next morning the diwan sahib was unable to go with me to Amber, but he sent his car and a wonderful old teacher from the maharaja's college who had achieved an eclectic religion, was a little bit of everything and knew the history of his country. He was delightful! We drove out past the royal mausoleums, stopped to look at the white marble tomb with which the late maharaja honored his favorite wife—or his only wife for all I know—and the only slightly less magnificent tomb in the same inclosure with which he honored his favorite elephant; through tumble-down villages and the splendid estates of noble gentlemen, and so on—with more ruins than anything else to engage our attention—until we rounded a steep hill on a fine new road and came upon the far-flung splendor of Jaipur's ancient capital.

### A Labyrinth of Dreams

No vehicle was ever built that could be taken up the hill to the marvelous old forts and palaces which crown its rugged crest; but at its base there is an open courtyard, where elephants are kept, and it is upon the upper deck of one of these that the pilgrim must finish his pilgrimage. The diwan sahib had made arrangements for me to have the largest pachyderm in the maharaja's stables. He thought, of course, that this would please me. And so it did; but I will say that if the grand old beast had been even a shade more mountainous my courageous spirit surely would have failed me.

Anyhow, there he stood, with his ponderous person almost entirely concealed in the graceful folds of a considerable acreage of red velvet draperies, while his mahouts, in palace uniform, lounged at ease in his immediate vicinity. But also there stood the Mr.! Well, I declare! I was as glad to see him as though I had known him for forty years. Poor old dear! His rheumatism was no better, so of course he was unable to get aboard an elephant, and since he could not possibly walk he had to sit disconsolate at the bottom of the hill and view the great picture of departed glories from a distance, while Mrs. and sister rode up in triumph to inspect it in detail.

I cannot attempt to describe Amber. It is a labyrinth of dreams in bejeweled marbles and mirrored interiors. It is a fantasy, a fiction, a setting for Arabian Nights' entertainments. But it cannot be described. It is badly kept, but is better kept than most monuments of its kind in Indian India, and my old professor told me many strange stories about it.

After passing through a wide outer court at the top of the tremendous incline by which the approach to the palace is made, the visitor reaches a magnificent flight of white marble steps, just off the first landing of which there is a famous ancient shrine of Kali, before which every morning a goat is sacrificed. The sacrifice had just been completed when I arrived; the worshipers were still present, grouped here and there in various attitudes of adoration; and as I passed them, with a glance at the terrible image with its long red tongue and ornaments of skulls, I had to step warily to avoid a great pool of blood on the beautiful marble pavement.

When I began to write I intended, in the course of this article, to get all the way down to Benares, which is the headquarters of the gods and the heart and center of Hindu culture; but it seems that there is nothing to be said for me except that I am unconscionably garrulous and that I seldom allow myself leeway to reach within reasonable limits any point originally decided upon as a near-enough stopping place.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

# A New Light on an Old Friend

When you greet yourself in the morning, do you see that *other* you peering and scowling, or does he beam on you with a sparkling eye and a cheerful face that says: "Here's a bright start to a brand new day"?

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"I'm not in the habit of dropping in at strangers' studios," she reminded him. Yet some floating aroma of adventure quickened her pulse.

"Of course you're not," he agreed. "But I was wondering if we couldn't make it a sort of business meeting, say for some off Sunday. I'd give an arm to get that gardenia tone down against the right background."

The gardenia slowly deepened to a pale rose. There was something unmistakably arresting about this eccentric artist with the slightly abashed eyes. And the aroma of romance thickened about Miss Fifty-Seven.

"Sunday's my only free day," she finally acknowledged.

The abashed eyes blinked meditatively behind the thick glasses.

"I was going down to Long Island for the week-end. But I can cut that. Couldn't I phone my married sister to run in from Morristown on Sunday, to be a sort of floorwalker while we're finishing up our crumpets and tea?"

Hazel's thoughtful eyes studied his face. There was an air of honesty about it that she liked. And he could help her, she remembered, in the things where she most needed help.

"I'll leave that to you," she said, unsettled as to which course seemed the more advantageous. But it was a new friendship, and a new friendship meant a new chance.

"Then we'll make it Sunday afternoon at two. My name's Gulick, Bob Gulick, and my studio's the third from the corner in Washington Square South. Is that a bargain?"

She nodded, almost shyly, embarrassed at the discovery that he was solemnly shaking hands with her. Her embarrassment increased as he continued to hold her hand, while his intent yet impersonal eyes continued their study of her face. She was still smiling over the further discovery that Mr. Robert Gulick had forgotten both his parcel and his change when she looked up to see Donn Weaver standing close beside her counter.

His eyes were dark with resentment as he stared after the departing figure with the cane crooked over one elbow.

"You seem to be starting well," he said with a note of bitterness which took the smile from the face of Miss Fifty-Seven.

"Not so badly," she said with self-protective levity. Then she added, as she beheld the suspicious-eyed Mr. Moysey bearing down on them, "You'd better buy something quick or I'll end up before I've really got started."

"I'll take that camisole thing," asserted the morose-eyed Donn. "But is it a practice in this store to hold a customer's hand after a purchase?"

Hazel did not answer him. He seemed, of a sudden, very far away from her.

"Are you going to stay in this dump?" he inquired after a glance about the counters of shopworn merchandise. And the pantherlike Mr. Moysey started perceptibly at that opprobrious epithet of "dump."

"Of course not," was her somewhat unexpected reply. "I'm going to stay here only until I can move on to something better."

The morose look in Donn's eye merged into one of hunger.

"Then why not move on to me?" he suggested. "Those Winton Press people have raised me fifty a month and put me at old Witherspoon's desk. That means we could move into one of those Ninety-eighth Street apartments any day now, and put enough by to get a place of our own out in Passaic before the grit and grime of this burg burns our souls up."

Hazel, with her eyes half closed, was remembering the crowded and colorful panorama of Fifth Avenue as one looks up the long slope of Murray Hill. And it did not seem the sort of place to burn one's soul away.

"I think New York is wonderful," she said with a slow shake of her head. "And I think you are wonderful, Donn. But there's something big and untried here that I can't seem to turn away from. It's like going up a hill you've never gone up before, a hill where you could see almost anything from the top. And I'd always feel cheated if I didn't go up that hill—and go up on my own feet."

# MANHANDLED

(Continued from Page 7)

Donn, without looking at it, took the parcel which she handed to him.

"But supposing it doesn't lead to what you're looking for?" he demanded, trying to inclose her hand in his.

"It won't—but I'm on my way," she retorted with one of her self-defensive flippancies.

"Then remember that I'm waiting, when you're tired of the climb," he told her, so quietly that she scarcely suspected the valorous effort it was costing him.

Her eyes thanked him as he turned away. She loved him, she knew, for his loyalty, for his patience, for that dogged devotion which had survived the turbulent quarrels of childhood.

But there was one side of her that Donn could never understand.

She sighed as she refolded three ruffled pieces of lingerie which an angular woman with hennaed hair had inspected and disdainfully thrust aside. Miss Fifty-Seven was scarcely conscious of the feline movement of Mr. Moysey as he turned and stooped over her discarded sales book. It was not until she noticed the pink flesh above the constricting wing collar mysteriously darken to a dull magenta that she realized he was intent on an inspection of a carbon copy of his own caricatured figure.

Slowly he drew himself up to his full height.

"And who is this supposed to be?" he demanded, confronting her with the fatal page.

Miss Fifty-Seven felt the blood mount to her face.

"It's just a drawing," she feebly contended, vaguely disturbed by inarticulate noises coming from Pinkie Doran's averted face.

"You may find it a somewhat expensive one," announced the indignant aisle man as he slowly deleted the obnoxious page from the pad.

"I didn't mean to offend you," murmured the girl, with downcast eyes. "I wouldn't do that for the world."

But humility was a salve too thin for a hurt so deep.

"Kindly bear in mind, Miss Lerner, that our projected evening at the Cameo Theater is now a thing of the past," Mr. Moysey proclaimed with all the dignity at his command.

The bruised violet eyes watched him as he turned away.

"And you may not climb out of this dump," he added as he swung about on her again, "as quickly as some of your friends would like to see you!"

Miss Fifty-Seven watched the controller of her destinies as he passed down between his brightly laden counters. Then she sighed, for the second time in one afternoon. These men who were so willing to hold out a hand to you didn't always help you, after all, as much as they promised.

III

WHEN, the following Sunday, Robert Gulick admitted the rapt-eyed and slightly tremulous Hazel to his Washington Square studio he noticed an unmistakable shade of disappointment creep over her face. He thought, at first, that this was because she had found him alone in his bachelor quarters, and he was unnecessarily explicit in his explanations of why his married sister from Morristown had failed to put in an appearance. But Hazel saw her spirit of high adventure dashed by quite another circumstance. For one quick and eager glance about the room persuaded her she was not to be confronted by the splendor which she had vaguely expected in such a place. It impressed her, in fact, as a chamber of rather crowded shabbiness, harboring things that looked disheartenningly old—old bronzes and old tapestries and old furniture. And the studio itself, with its stained easels and worn dummies and littered drafting tables, took on the general air of a workroom none too carefully kept.

She sat chilled and quiet as Gulick made tea in a somewhat battered samovar, which, he explained, he had picked up somewhere in the Ukraine. She betrayed the honest appetite of youth before his buttered crumpets and cinnamon toast, but she remained oddly self-immured until he ventured to show her a few of the things, the little things, as he phrased it, which he had been working on.

Her instinctive feeling for art told her there were both power and beauty in those paintings of his. And before the accumulating knowledge of his skill her coolness slowly fell away from her. Her earlier vague sense of having been cheated out of something vanished as he confronted her with the canvas of a dreamy-eyed peasant girl leaning on a shepherd's crook.

"That's beautiful," she acknowledged, with an involuntary catch of the breath. And Gulick's own face lighted up a little at the genuineness of her tribute.

"That's Joan of Arc at Domremy," he explained. "Joan while she was still herding her father's sheep and hearing her first voices. I'm really doing a four-panel series of her. My second one is to be Joan at Orléans. I want to show her, in that, with the light of conquest on her face. She feels that she's been called to save France, but something foretells her success will not bring her happiness."

"That ought to be equally wonderful," ventured the violet-eyed girl at his side, not altogether at home in regions so remote.

"I think I could make it that, with your help," was Gulick's retort.

His words sent a tingle of nerve ends scampering up and down Hazel's body. She had been wondering if it was true that success, after all, did not bring one happiness.

"How could I help you?" she asked, smiling at the intent look with which he was studying her face.

"By being very uncomfortable for a few hours," was his answer. "By putting on a coat of mail and a ten-pound steel helmet and sitting very still. I mean, by being exactly what you are at this very moment."

"But what am I?" she asked, coloring a little.

He shrugged his shoulders in a sign of helplessness.

"I don't think I could say it, in words. It's a sort of mixture of being ardent and determined and innately pure, of being young and untried and at the same time able to follow some steel-cold line of wisdom. It's that and something more I can't quite put into words. The only way I could express it, I imagine, would be on canvas."

"But how do you know I'd do?" she asked, her elation sobered with a touch of disappointment at an interest in her that seemed more professional than personal.

"Let's try," he suggested as he produced a heavy coat of burnished chain metal and a steel helmet surmounted by three feathered plumes slightly darkened with dust.

He waited while she took off her hat and coat. Then he helped her fit the coat of mail over her slender young body. It was much heavier and clumsier than she had expected, but he was able, in the end, to adjust the armor to the shoulders that were too narrow for it. His eyes remained impersonal as he lifted the metal helmet to her head, which he turned to one side as he tucked an escaping tress of hair in under the cascading steel rim. His face was very close to hers. But his thoughts, she saw, were very far away.

"Now sit here," he said as he put a gilded curtain pole in her hand. "Sit on this taboret as though you were sitting on a horse. That's a standard you're holding in your hand and you're looking out at the English army, the army you've got to meet and defeat. You're thinking that you may die as you do it, but that you've got to save France."

He fussed for a moment or two with the skylight curtains. Then he turned, studying her with narrowed eyes as he backed away to where his easel stood.

"That's wonderful!" he said in a sort of gasp. "If I could only get that down before our light goes! Could you hold it, exactly as you are?"

"I'll try," Hazel told him, infected by his excitement, for the first time, as he fell to blocking out his canvas.

Yet he became oddly calm as he worked. He came to her side once to tilt up the chin, weighed down by the heavy metal helmet. When she announced that she was tired he flung aside his palette and laughed foolishly and told her to rest. Then he brought her a glass of rather sour-tasting wine and pulled the chain armor tight across her shoulder and laughed again, after which

(Continued on Page 62)

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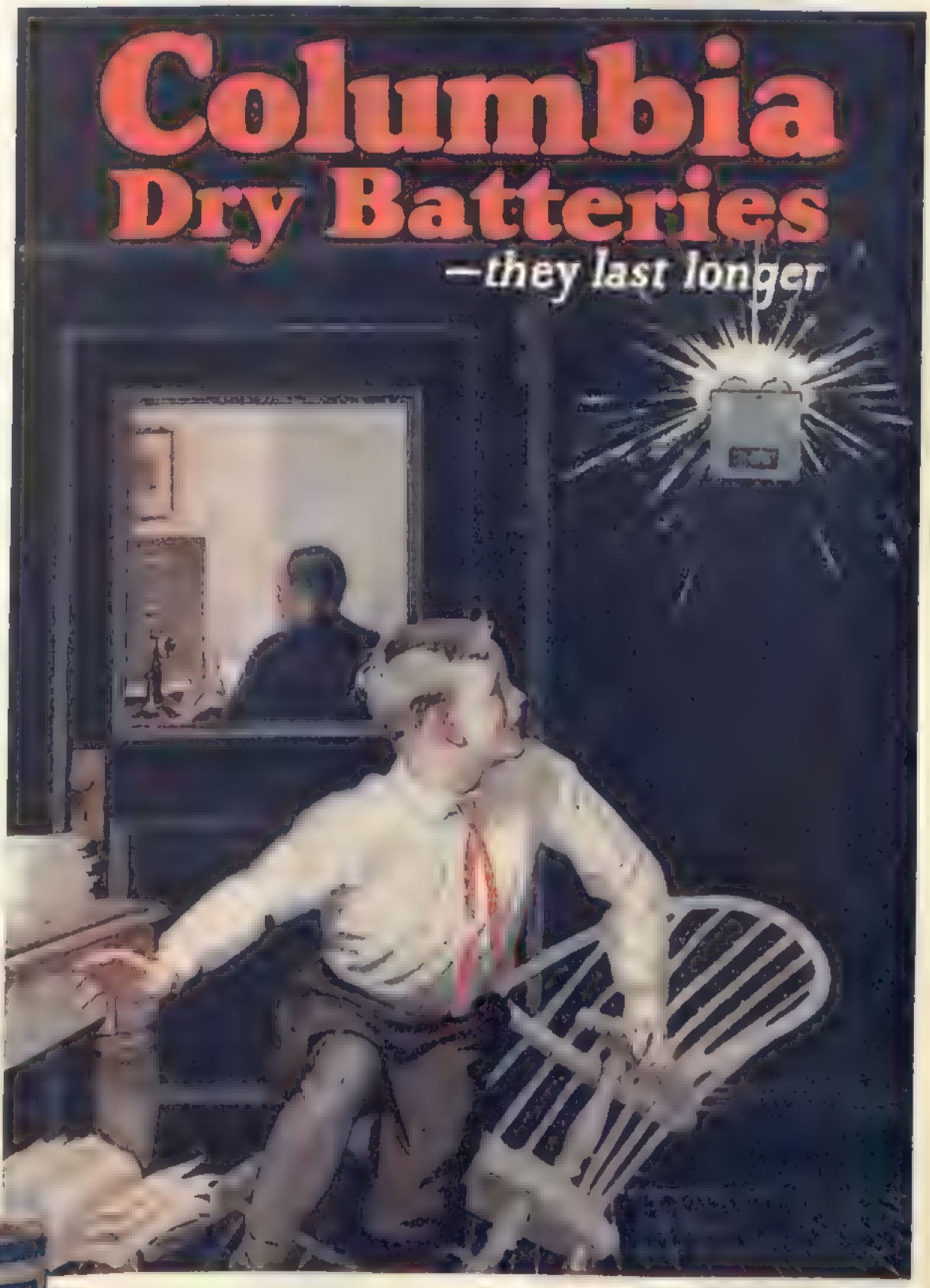

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(Continued from Page 60)

he absorbedly inspected his paint-smeared canvas and fell to pacing a cleared spot along the studio floor.

"My dear, you're a God-sent angel," he solemnly asserted as he came to a stop before where she sat with her shoulders slightly drooping under their weight of metal. "You're giving me something I can never pay you back for."

"But you can pay me back," she reminded him as he returned to his easel and studied the unfinished picture.

"How?" he asked as he stepped towards her again.

"Perhaps we could make it an exchange of services," she suggested, her smile more provocative than she had intended it to be.

He stopped short at that, with an odd darkening of the eyes behind the big lenses.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, almost combatively. And she was able to smile again at the note of hostility in his voice.

"I mean that I want to know a little more about art, about drawing and modeling. And if I can help you by posing, perhaps you could help me by criticism."

This seemed to puzzle him.

"But where'd we get a chance for that if you're engaged with other work?"

"My evenings are free," she explained. "At least some of them," she amended. "And if you have to do your painting by daylight I could give you my Sundays."

He stood looking down at her without moving. It was very quiet in the studio, where the diffused light glinted on the polished metal that incased her.

"That would be wonderful," he said with a short intake of the breath. "But it might also be dangerous."

"Why dangerous?" she innocently inquired.

He put a hand on the chain armor that inclosed her like a shell.

"Because, my dear, you have that mysterious something which was probably at the root of the Trojan War, if you get what I mean."

"I don't," she protested, permitting her gaze to lock with his.

"No, you wouldn't," he meditatively acknowledged. He moved back a step or two, with a gesture that seemed almost defensive. Then he stared frowningly about at the thinning light.

"Let's work," he said almost brusquely as he returned to his easel.

And she smiled faintly as she once more took up the pose he had asked for. She had forged a new link in her chain of friendships. He would be like the others when the time for it was ripe. He would make love to her, as the others had done. And through the mysterious something he had spoken of she would hold and claim his friendship.

Yet it piqued her a trifle, when she stole a glance at his preoccupied face, to find Gulick so immured in his brushwork. To him, at the moment, she was merely a series of tones and planes which the diminishing light was slowly taking away from his repeated assessing scrutiny. He was still working against time, in fact, when his door was flung open and a man in a raglan strode unceremoniously into the room.

"You moiling ant!" he loudly proclaimed as his eye fell on the man at the easel. Then his eye traveled on to Hazel, a little pale with fatigue on the model throne. "Who's the pippin in armor plate?" he demanded with the same regal offhandedness.

Hazel could see Gulick's frown of resentment as he put down his brushes. She did not catch the word or two that passed between the men. But the newcomer's manner was still depressingly casual as he nodded to her and inquired of his host just what there was about the place to drink.

It was not until Gulick had produced a bottle which he described as barbera straight from the Taormina that this newcomer announced to her that he was Gibbie Thornhill and that there was little hope for Gulick if his taste in art was no better than his taste in hooch. Hazel, studying him as he drank, tried not to dislike him. His face was lean and sun-browned and athletic looking, and at the back of his audacious eyes always seemed to burn a faint glimmer of amusement.

But he was not yet conscious of her existence. And that was a disappointment to her. She had to snatch at acquaintances, she knew, as a brook trout snatches at food. She still had to take what the currents of chance brought to her. She was detached and alone in that city of strangers, with no connections and no claim to a background. She had to web into that fabric, careful thread by thread, where each new friend meant a newer sense of security.

So she was not guiltless of a deliberate effort to stir the lethargic Gibbie Thornhill out of his indifference. She let her eyes meet his openly as she declined his proffered cigarette. She turned the soft artillery of her smile on him as he sat smoking in Gulick's black-oak armchair. And when she found the room growing close and tugged the chain armor away from her warm neck she noticed his wavering eyes finally focus and fix on the gardenia white of her throat.

"Are you a model?" he asked as he picked up her fallen handkerchief and restored it to her hand. He half laughingly clamped her fingers about the clustered cambric, as though intimating that it should not again be dropped.

"No, she's not," Gulick promptly answered for her.

"And you don't want to go on the stage," pursued Thornhill, ignoring the other man, "or have a fling at the movies?"

"Why should I?" she countered, not unconscious of the derisive note in his voice.

"It's what ardent youth usually pants for," he lightly proclaimed.

"I pride myself on being rather practical minded."

He stopped short, with the bottle of barbera in his hand, and studied her.

"I believe you are," he finally admitted. "And you'd need to be, in this burg!" He waited, with his watch in his hand, frowning a little at the flush that came and went from her face. "What are we doing tonight?" he asked, carelessly enough, but with a gesture, Hazel noticed, which unmistakably included her.

The ensuing silence was not without its significance. And Gulick made no effort to bridge the chasm.

"I never dreamed it was so late," ventured Hazel, with a glance at the faded old banjo clock above the cast-strewn mantel. She and Donn, she guiltily remembered, were to have a frugal dinner together at an Italian table d'hôte, and go to a Carnegie Hall concert, where for Donn's sake she would listen to symphonic noises she could never quite understand.

It was Gibbie Thornhill, she noticed with a second small wave of triumph, who was to help her off with her coat of mail, protesting as he did so that it was more difficult than taking potted chicken out of its tin.

And when she explained that she would have to be uptown within half an hour Thornhill wearily announced that he had his car at the door and would run her up if she wanted a lift.

Gulick's frown of displeasure did not escape her as she accepted that offer. Her spirits rose perceptibly, however, as she shook hands with her host and let Thornhill pilot her down the dark hallways and seat her in a coffee-colored speed roadster, long and low and oddly duplicating the debonair aspect of its owner.

"How about a rickey?" he companionably inquired as they sped up the twilight avenue, shoulder to shoulder in the low seats.

Hazel shook her head. It was the first time, she remembered, that she had ever traversed New York in a private motor car. And the moment was not without its glamour.

"Where are you going?" he asked as they arrowed northward under the blinking colored lights.

"You'd better drop me at the Astor," she suggested. She was ashamed to have him draw up in front of her Forty-fifth Street rooming house of dingy red brick, so near Ninth Avenue. She could go through from one street to the other, at the Astor, and slip home on foot. "But haven't you passed Forty-fourth Street?"

"I'm going by a little private way of my own," he lightly explained. "Now, tell me about yourself," he said as they swung into the park.

"I'd much rather hear about you," she countered, feeling the weight of his arm against her breast as they swerved about a sharper turn of the driveway.

"The only important thing about me," he said with his careless laugh, "is that I'm aching to run you down to Pierre's for dinner."

"It couldn't be done," she replied, also laughing. It was as he leaned closer to her that she added a qualifying "Not tonight." (Continued on Page 64)

# Old Time Essex Performance With Hudson Smoothness

$170 LESS THAN THE COACH EVER SOLD FOR

The new Essex Six, built by Hudson under Hudson patents, duplicates former Essex performance from one to fifty miles an hour. The price is $975 for the coach—$850 for five passenger open car. Tax and freight extra.

It has Hudson smoothness and reliability. It possesses the qualities for which 135,000 owners of the Essex four are so enthusiastic. Hudson type clutch, transmission and axles are used in the new Essex.

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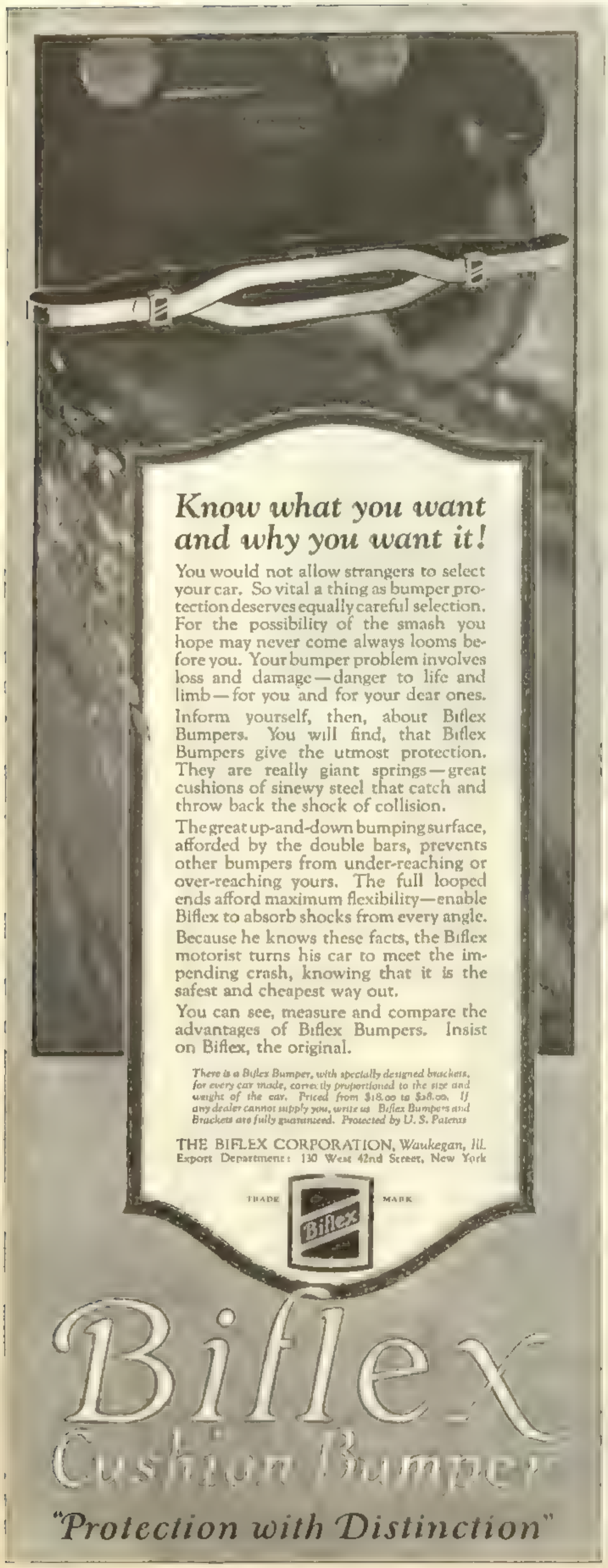
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(Continued from Page 62)

"That leaves me something to live for," he amended as they turned south again. "Where'll I be able to find you?"

She decided to try him out with the truth.

"I run a bargain counter in the basement of the Haydon Store," she informed him. And she was surprised to find that he merely laughed again.

"Why waste your sweetness on that desert air?" he lightly inquired.

"Why shouldn't I?" was her counter inquiry.

"Because you're altogether too adorable," he proclaimed, lifting one hand from the wheel.

He had been indifferent to her at first, but she knew now, even before his next movement, that he was going to kiss her. It was an aerial and oblique and unsatisfactory kiss, snatched on the wing, but it prompted him to pat her knee with fraternal approval. Her eye, resting on the dashboard stippled with burnished metal, harvested from that prospect an impression of richness, of richness touched with power. And she found it hard to reprove him.

"You must never do that again," she said as she lifted her eyes and studied his face. He merely laughed at her solemnity.

"All right," he agreed. "You've got to believe in me if we're going to play around together"

"I'd have to," she quietly asserted. And that sobered him. But only for a minute or two.

"Some night soon," he proclaimed, "we're going to take this old bus and run out to Westbury. I know a quiet little place out there where we can have a grouse dinner and dance and motor in by moonlight. No, don't put on that startled-gazelle look! It's a perfectly respectable place, patronized by perfectly respectable people. You'll be sitting next to some of the best-known names in this sedate old city of ours. And you'll love it"

He did not wait for an answer as he swerved into the carriage entrance of the Astor. He didn't even seem to expect one.

"So long," he said with his habitual lounging carelessness. "I'm going to drop in at Haydon's, remember, in a day or two."

Hazel did not answer him, for as they drew up at the curb she caught sight of Donn Weaver's disconsolate figure walking slowly eastward toward the Broadway corner. And Donn's startled eyes were on her as she stepped down from the running board of the rakish-looking roadster. She ran after him, with a perfunctory backward wave of the hand to the man at the wheel. She even smiled contritely as she detected a faint note of hostility on the younger man's face.

"Oh, Donn, I'm late," she admitted with a childlike clutch at his coat sleeve.

"Only fifty-five minutes!" was Donn's grim rejoinder. His face was equally grim as he stared after the departing roadster. "Who's that?" he demanded.

"That's Gibbie Thornhill, who was kind enough to give me a lift up from Washington Square."

"What were you doing in Washington Square?"

That, Hazel remembered, was the trouble in trying to have more friends than one. There was an unreasoning and appropriative sort of selfishness about men, a selfishness that left one friendship always threatening to neutralize the other. And Hazel's first impulse, displeased as she stood at the proprietary note in Donn's voice, was to confront him with the disturbingly bald truth. Instead of that, however, she caught him by the arm and swung him half patiently and half imperiously about.

"Look at me," she commanded, with an achieved tenderness in her eyes. "Are you still angry with me?"

"What were you doing in Washington Square?" he repeated, his tone less granite-like, nevertheless, as he gazed down into the pools of stippled violet.

"I was taking an art lesson," she explained, doing her best to keep her little tumult of excitement under cover. "And I'm going to have more of them, every Sunday!"

His face hardened again.

"That means we can't take in those Y lectures," he morosely reminded her.

"But don't you see, Donn, how much more this will mean to me?" she asked as her narrowed eyes studied his face. "It may give me a chance to do something with my drawing."

"I wish your drawing was at the bottom of the Hudson," he said as he moved on again in response to her tug. "And what's more, I can't see you getting much good out of that Greenwich Village truck!"

She studied him for the second time.

"Donn, you need a haircut," she said with a restorative sort of irrelevance.

But it wasn't until she had relinked her arm through his and pressed closer to his side in the Broadway traffic that she detected any softening of his eyes.

IV

HAZEL during the ensuing weeks found an odd tide of excitement rising and eddying about her, crowding her day with movement and sending her bone-tired to bed in Mrs. Binner's sulphur-colored third-floor front. She also found herself immersed in an equally odd shifting of values. She felt as she grew less timid in her contact with others and more sophisticated in all matters of apparel that she was slowly becoming attired. She watched and recorded and frugally extended her little urbanized treasury of wisdom. She became more penurious and at the same time more prodigal, taking discreet advantage of the department store's 20 per cent discount to its clerks and curbing her appetite for food to indulge a new-found appetite for clothes. Even her earlier distaste for the tarnished magnificence which she doled out to the casual bargain seeker seemed to pass away, and she became less intolerant of the intimacies of the ever-talkative Pinkie, who had astutely remarked Donn Weaver's hovering about the doorway at closing time, one day, and Carl Garretson's explorative visit to the Haydon basement the next day.

"Keep 'em danglin', dearie," was Pinkie's prompt advice. "You've gotta let 'em pet you a little, I'd also add, or you don't get a look in. Watch your step, but don't go slow. For times is changed, birdie, since grandmaw swooned when grandpaw kissed her on the lace mitten. They've got things speeded up since them stagecoach days, and if you want to step with the procession you've gotta acquire a twin-six gait. And you're dead right, dearie, about not wastin' time on the pikers. Go after the big game, and when you make your killin' you've got something to carry you through to the next open season in spenders."

"I could never be nice to a man," asserted Hazel, "if I didn't really care for him. And even if I cared for him I'd see that he treated me with respect."

"You'll stow that hay-tosser stuff when you get to be a little more of a real New Yawker," contended the cynical Pinkie. "You're young yet, dearie, and you ain't wise to the ways of this big city. What we all want is a man, tied up and ready to take home. But men are so gun-shy in this vamp-ridden burg that you've sure gotta chloroform 'em with something that's stronger'n flattery before you can get the cuffs on 'em."

"But it's not men I want," protested the ruminative-eyed Miss Fifty-Seven. "What I want is to get out of a bargain-counter basement."

"Well, it's men who'll get you out," averred Pinkie. "They're the steppin'-stones, darn 'em, by which we rise to higher things. And you were the wise baby to eat crow with Mista Moysey this morning. You've got him weakenin'. But as I know Sammy, it'll take a long season o' remorse to make up for givin' that rim cut to his dignity. And you played the right card, kid, when you pulled your timid-doe stuff on old man Haydon yesterday. You're the only skirt in this cellar who's ever got ten minutes out o' the boss' busy day. And we sure lose nothin' by havin' a night line or two set out for a haul!"

Hazel resented that overfrank exposition of her aims.

"I'm not asking for favors," she contended. "I want to play fair, if they'll only let me."

"But what're you goin' to give 'em, for value received?" inquired the cool-eyed Pinkie.

"What do other girls give men who are nice to them?" demanded Miss Fifty-Seven.

"Here's a sugar baby who looks as though he knew something about that," remarked Pinkie, with a glance down the aisle. "Ask him."

Hazel looked up, to see Gibbie Thornhill bearing urbanely down on her.

(Continued on Page 66)

# What are "Values", in Hotels?

A very good reason why some hotels are busy and others are not, is that some hotels give *better values* than others.

Better values, in hotels, are matters of better service, or better "merchandise" (rooms, equipment, location, etc.), or better policies, or some combination of those things.

The Statler-operated hotels are busy hotels simply and solely because they give better values in *ALL* those regards.

## The Values You Get in These Hotels:

### *Better Equipment*

Every—*every*—room in these hotels has a private bath, circulating ice-water, full-length mirror, completely-equipped writing desk, reading-lamp on bedhead or portable reading-lamp or both, pincushion (with threaded needles, buttons, etc.), besides the more usual conveniences.

A morning paper is delivered free to every guest room.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

Each hotel maintains a large and well-selected library; you may withdraw books and keep them as long as you remain in the hotel, without charge.

In *all* matters of construction and equipment these hotels are as good as we know how to build them. They are well-located; they are of course as nearly fireproof as buildings can be.

Hallways are heavily carpeted, which makes for silence. Between connecting rooms are double doors, practically sound-proof. Transoms are opaque, to shut out hall lights. Keyholes are above knobs, where they can be seen, and not below, in shadow. Those things are mentioned as *typical* merely of the forethought for your comfort which is *built into* the hotels

### *Better Policies*

These hotels are operated on policies of fairness and liberality which assume that the guest is always right, and that everyone who comes here is entitled to full and honest value, and to courtesy, interest and *helpfulness* on the part of those who serve him.

Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street or street-store prices. You pay no more here than elsewhere.

The rate of every room is shown by a printed, framed card, permanently attached to the wall of that room. You know that you pay no more, no less, for that room than do other guests.

### *And the Rates?*

Though *every* room has *private bath and running ice-water*, Statler rates are no higher than those of other first-class hotels—which means that they give you *extra values, whatever the rate.* These hotels are well-balanced, too; more than 82% of all rooms in Hotels Statler are $5 or less, as are also more than 55% of all those in Hotel Pennsylvania.

### *Better Service—Guaranteed*

Though humanly-rendered service is the most difficult thing to control in the operation of a hotel, or perhaps of any business, these hotels *guarantee your satisfaction* in these terms:

"We *guarantee* that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior

"From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write *to me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

"My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Company, Inc., Buffalo."

E. M. Statler

**HOTELS STATLER**

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington
BOSTON: *Now preparing to* build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

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Regular sizes $1.00 FORD size 75¢

# PLUGS


(Continued from Page 64)

"Brigand!" he muttered as Miss Fifty-Seven suggested the expediency of a purchase. But she liked the look in his eyes.

"How about running up to the Clairmont for dinner tonight?" he asked after buying a mass of hand-embroidered French underwear in which he betrayed scant interest.

"I'd love to," said Hazel, oblivious of Pinkie's reproving eye.

Yet during that drive up to the Clairmont and during that dinner she was conscious of a disturbing new element in the situation. It was something that left her thoughtful at the touch of his fingers against her flesh, at the half-humorous look of hunger in his eyes.

"Let's drop in and look over my apartment," he suggested after the run down Riverside Drive. And she knew then that the vague menace was disclosing itself.

"Thank you," she coolly retorted, "but this isn't that kind of a party."

He laughed, apparently without resentment. "Little igloo!" he murmured, disturbing her more than ever by the lightness with which he had taken her rebuff. "Then where do you want to go?"

"I want to go home," she proclaimed, puzzled by the heaviness about her heart.

And Thornhill took her home, with a tenderness quite new to him, finding her more desirable because she had been denied him. He even showed small concern over the shabbiness of the district into which she had so valorously piloted him.

"We're going to be friends, good friends," he proclaimed with unexpected solemnity as he shook hands with her. "And to do that we've got to believe in each other."

Yet it was of Bob Gulick she thought most as another Sunday drew near. He was companionable and he was without that tingling sense of peril which could give deeper meanings to casual words and movements. She could console herself, too, with the thought that she was giving Gulick something in return for his friendship. And her color was high as she once more arrayed herself in his coat of mail and helmet and mounted the model throne.

"Gibbie Thornhill tells me," said Gulick as he worked, "that you've been dining with him. How do you like him?"

"He seems very nice," was Hazel's noncommittal reply.

"Yes, that's the dangerous part of it," asserted Gulick, still bent over his palette. "You understand, of course, that he's a married man?"

Hazel's heart tightened. It even took an effort to hide the sudden sense of betrayal that possessed her. Life, after all, had so many roads that led nowhere.

"He never mentioned his wife," said the stricken-eyed girl on the model throne.

"He wouldn't," was Gulick's rather grim retort.

"You don't like him," proclaimed Hazel, on the defensive.

"It's more that I don't want you to," asserted the man at the easel. "As I've told you before, you're a trifle different from the rest."

"How am I different?" she asked.

"You've got judgment," he disappointed her by saying.

"Then you'd advise me not to motor out to Westbury with Gibbie Thornhill?" she asked in a spirit of retaliation.

"That's for you to decide," was all he would admit. Then he remained silent for a minute or two. "By the way, what do they pay you at Haydon's?"

"Eighteen dollars a week," admitted Hazel. "Why?"

"Can you get along on that?" he impersonally inquired.

"Why?" repeated the girl.

"Because I can nail down a jobber's order for hand-painted place cards at six dollars a dozen. They'd have to be humorous and original in design, of course, though they could be duplicated in every series of fifty. I thought, from what I saw of your line work, you'd possibly like to tackle a thing like that. Would you?"

"I'd love to!" she cried. And the weight was already gone from her heart.

"A girl needs clothes and things," said Gulick with a vague gesture. "You could almost double your store money if you really worked. Is the room where you live big enough for that sort of thing?"

Hazel shook her head.

"It's a cubby-hole of a third-floor bedroom," she dolorously admitted.

"Then I could spare you a corner of this workroom of mine," he casually announced. "I'll dig out some water colors and let you have that table there. And I suppose I'd better have another pass key cut, for there'll be plenty of evenings when I'm not around."

"Then it wouldn't be so nice," she promptly and significantly asserted.

"Save that for Gibbie Thornhill," was his brusque retort. "This is a business arrangement and if you're going to enter into it you've got to do it in a business way."

Her color deepened. "I'll try not to disappoint you," she said in a voice so constrained that he looked sharply up at her.

"Don't imagine I'm not human," he broke out. He was pacing the floor by this time. "I'm no better than the rest of them. Only I'm a little more cowardly."

She liked him for that speech, and she let him know it.

"I'd trust you anywhere," she said with her sober young eyes on his. And it was his turn to color a little.

"Would you now?" he said, half in mockery. He flung down his brushes. "Then let's go up to the Byzantium Roof and have dinner and dance. I'm tired of trying to get Joan to look exalted today."

Hazel enjoyed her evening on the Byzantium Roof. She enjoyed the dinner which Gulick so adroitly ordered. She enjoyed the music and the thought of being in the midst of people who looked important. But most of all she enjoyed the dancing. Gulick saw, from the first, that she danced for the sheer love of dancing, lightly and indefatigably, with little personal thought of her partner as she floated through measure after measure. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened with excitement. She was eager to know the name of the pearl-draped actress who came in late. She was equally interested in the claret-cheeked elderly gentleman accompanying the tired-eyed star, who looked young only at a distance.

"That's Luther Swett, the Wall Street banker," explained Gulick in answer to her question. "He'd give ten millions, I suppose, to be ten years younger."

"He's bowing to you," Hazel murmured in a voice that made Gulick laugh.

"The old beggar's doing more," muttered her companion. "He's coming over here. So you've got to decide mighty quick whether you're going to dance with him or not."

"Why shouldn't I?" she asked, remembering the casual reference to millions.

"Well, you've been warned," murmured Gulick, who turned to shake hands with the newcomer.

That newcomer reminded Hazel of a rubicund and blithe-mannered old robin, with a small shrewd eye in a massive face not without power. He impressed her, as he led her triumphantly out to the dancing floor, as urbane and fatherly and just a little ridiculous in his pretenses toward a youth so regretfully lost. Yet he danced amazingly well for a man of his girth, and his partner was not unconscious of the eyes bent upon her as they fox-trotted up and down the polished floor. This was different, she remembered, from refolding shopworn crêpe de chine on a basement counter. And it was catching at the glamour of life to have a Wall Street millionaire tell you that you danced like a wave of the sea, whatever that might mean.

"We all deserve a bit of sparkling burgundy after that," proclaimed her mellow-eyed partner. "Come on, Verlyna and Gulick; we're going to wet our whistles."

The burgundy, served in coffee cups, gave Hazel odd tingles in her finger tips. But it was even more intoxicating to find herself sitting across the table from Verlyna Charette, whose name flowered nightly over Broadway in framed electric bulbs. When Gulick explained that Miss Lerner was a bit of an artist he borrowed a pencil from the waiter and had her do a thumb-nail sketch of the star, which Luther Swett inspected with pursed-up lips and passed smilingly on to Miss Charette, who insisted on keeping it and proclaiming its maker a wonder. It was not until Hazel had danced the third time with Luther Swett that Gulick announced he was tired and that it was time to trot along.

"This is something that ought to happen quite often," averred Swett, with his autumnal smile directed toward the wide-eyed Hazel. "And how about a highball in my digs before Jansen runs you all home in the car?"

But Gulick shook his head.

"I've got to shepherd this youngster back to the nursery," explained the artist.

(Continued on Page 68)

# *The Six Sedan for Seven*

**No single Nash model has done more to crystallize the conviction that Nash body craftsmanship is as rare and fine a thing as the best the Old World has to offer than this Sedan for seven.**

**The pure and classic symmetry of its long, low design saves its largeness from the slightest hint of bulkiness.**

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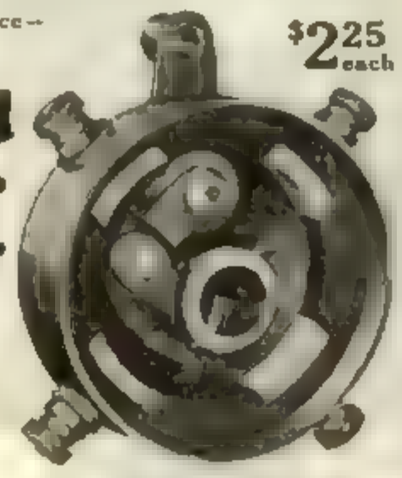

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(Continued from Page 66)

lightly enough. But Hazel could see that his eyes were solemn.

"Then give me a ring, either of you, when you're bored," said the blithe-spirited old robin as he held Hazel's hand unnecessarily close.

"He's rather a dear, isn't he?" protested the happy-eyed girl as Gulick followed her out to the clean coolness of the open street.

"He's a devastating old satyr," Gulick retorted with unexpected savagery. "And I'm sorry it happened."

"Sorry what happened?" she asked as she slipped a hand through his arm.

"That that old scalp hunter should be interested in you."

Hazel walked silent beside him for several minutes.

"Don't you think I'm able to take care of myself?" she finally demanded.

Gulick apparently found that question no easy one to answer.

"It all depends on what you mean by taking care of yourself," he explained. "Some girls seem to take care of themselves too carefully, if you get what I'm driving at. They want protection, but they have to pay so much for it, sometimes, that there's nothing much left to protect. They want splendid settings for their pinched little drama of pleasure, and to get that they lose the only splendid thing life's given them."

She walked on, slightly chilled by that pronouncement.

"And do you think I'm that small and selfish?" she found the courage to ask.

"I think you're young and impressionable," he countered; "and I'd hate to see this city soil your freshness."

"Isn't that something that goes anyway?" she said with a self-defensive little laugh.

"Well, it doesn't help any to have it too freely handled. It's like those things you sell down in Haydon's basement. It gets soiled and shoddy and secondhand."

She withdrew her hand from his arm.

"But is that any worse," she demanded, "than staying on the shelf?"

"You never will," he evaded. He was able to laugh a little at the note of fierceness in her voice.

"Why do you say that?" she asked, with the glamour gone from her day.

"Because you're so darned adorable," was his altogether satisfactory reply. And her heart lightened a little as he recaptured her hand and thrust it in under his elbow.

They walked on in a companionable silence for several minutes

"It's hard to know, isn't it, what really helps us in this muddle called life?" Gulick meditated aloud

"Why do you say that?" asked Hazel as a small shiver of weariness went through her body.

Her day, she remembered, had been a long and busy one.

"Well, take you and those Joan of Arc things of mine," pursued the man at her side. "If it hadn't been for you I'd never have done over my Joan at Domremy. I got you at just the right moment for that. I captured you when you still had that look of brooding wonder in your eyes."

"And do you think I've lost that?" demanded the girl.

"Why shouldn't you?" he countered. "We all do, in the battle of life. But you got something in its place, something more resolute. That's what I tried to get in Joan at Orléans. And now that's off the skids I want to tackle my Joan at Rheims. That'll be Joan the conqueror, standing with her banner beside Charles, when everything seems to be going her way."

"Is that the last one?" asked Hazel.

"No, of course not," was Gulick's answer. "The last one's got to be Joan at Rouen, when she feels that her king and her God have forsaken her. The glory has gone and they are getting ready to burn her at the stake. But I don't see how you're going to help me much with that picture."

"Why not?" she asked, wondering a little at the wintriness of his laugh.

"Because you're too dog-goned triumphant just at present," he said with an effort at flippancy. "For that, my dear, I'd have to get you when somebody's just kicked your apple cart over!"

Her laugh was short but self-defensive.

"I don't intend to have that happen," she announced as she reached for her latchkey.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

# TRAVELING SUSPENSES

(Continued from Page 17)

"What kind of a man is Cap'n Sandifer?" he queried.

"Him? Well, I an' he is awful good frien's, but when it comes to cullud fellers fum New Yawk he's pizen mean."

"How come?"

"He 'lows they is uppity. They ain't nothin' which pleases him better than to 'sterminate one befo' breakfas' ev'y mawnin'. Was I you, I woul'n't go foolin' roun' much where he is at."

Kenneth resolved that he would adopt that particular bit of advice. The portering business appeared to assume new twists with the passing of each moment. Kenneth was already doubtful.

During the half hour immediately prior to their departure from New York, Epic saw to it that Mr. Sprigg was kept continually busy and unrelievedly unhappy. As for himself, he was having a most noble time. All the work which was to be done Kenneth was doing, and when that gave out Epic invented new tasks. Nor did Kenneth contemplate balking; Mr. Peters was a most impressive personage and Kenneth was afraid to incur his wrath. And finally the air was given its final test, the A-a-a-all aboard! was called, and the big train pulled out. For want of something else, Epic set Mr. Sprigg to work cleaning up the vestibule, and then busied him with the task of polishing the nickelware in the smoking room. Through it all Epic hovered near by, maintaining a running fire of comment on the rigors of a porter's life and Kenneth's inefficiency.

At Manhattan Transfer they dropped the huge electric engine which hauled them from New York and took on the mogul which was to carry them on to Washington. They roared through Newark and settled to the run. Epic and Kenneth seated themselves in the gleaming smoking room.

"Well," announced Hop Sure, "we has started."

Kenneth sighed. "Golly! I shuah am tired."

"Tired? Boy! You ain't stahted to git tired yet. Time you gits to Bumminham you is gwine to be mos' daid."

Mr Sprigg shivered. He believed Epic.

"Well," he inquired at length—"what next?"

"Nothin'—that is, nothin' 'cept keepin' watch."

"Says which?"

"Keepin' watch. You looks out fo' the passengers while I sleeps."

It was on the tip of Mr. Sprigg's tongue to protest, but he permitted the words to die unspoken. Perhaps, after all, he would be better off with his inquisitor asleep; at least Epic asleep could not invent further tortures. And so he sat bolt upright in his seat while Hop Sure quite deliberately made himself comfortable for the night.

At North Philadelphia and West Philadelphia the train paused briefly, and then at Wilmington and Baltimore. Between stations, however, Mr. Peters snored with vast enthusiasm while the student porter stared uncertainly into the night.

Mr. Sprigg felt as though he had embarked upon an enterprise which was fraught with danger and uncertainty. His sensations were not dissimilar to those of the housefly which finds itself enmeshed in the silky strands of a spider's home. All in all, Mr. Sprigg was obsessed by two keen regrets: The first was that he had ever allowed ambition to snare him into the portering profession; the second, that he had attempted to discomfit Mr. Peters on that gala night some two months since, when the porter, sans uniform, had strayed into a certain dusky cabaret on One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street.

The cold gray finger of dawn punctured the horizon beyond the eastern shore of Maryland as they left Baltimore and roared into the home stretch of their Washington journey. Mr. Sprigg ached in every joint and he yearned for their arrival at the nation's capital, that he might quaff long and steaming drafts of coffee. For two hours he had contemplated that coffee, until the very word had become a shibboleth to him. But when they did reach Washington he found that he had figured without his host.

The car was switched into the yards; passengers, taking advantage of a four-hour layover, streamed from the car and disappeared into the vast recesses of the Union Station. Hop Sure summoned Mr. Sprigg into the car and directed that he make up the berths.

"B-but, Mistuh Peters," protested the student porter, "I ain't had no breakfast."

"Breakfast?" Epic arched his eyebrows in cleverly simulated surprise. "Why shuah! If you aims to 'commodate yo'se'f to the porterin' business you has got to learn quick how to git along 'thout no breakfas', an' also lunch an' dinner. Sometimes you makes a whole thutty-six-hour run 'thout ever gittin' no eatments a-tall!"

He moved off. Kenneth gazed sadly after him.

"Where you goin', Mistuh Peters?"

"Me?" answered the veteran porter. "Ise gwine into the lunch room an' eat me fo' eggs, a big ham steak, some hot cakes an' country sausage, a half a orange an' about th'ee cups of coffee. An' when I comes back I aims to inspec' yo' work. Now git busy—an' don't forget all I has told you."

Kenneth groaned as he groped his way into the car. That ham steak had been the final touch; he felt weak and depressed and unutterably hungry. He moved mournfully into the car and stared in horror at the disheveled interior—berths in various stages of disarray, open suitcases, scraps of paper magazines, orange peelings, bits of candy boxes. The twins were filling the car with amazingly strident outcries, and at the parent's request Kenneth tended one of them while the young mother looked after the other.

And scarcely had he rid himself of the nursing job and turned his attention to the nearest berth when Captain Sandifer came through. He frowned with dark disapproval upon the disorder.

"What's the matter here, Sprigg? Why isn't this car made up?"

Kenneth was frightened. "Dunno, sir. I ain't hahdly gotten to it yet."

Sandifer snorted.

"Haven't gotten to it? Hop Sure would have finished before this."

"Y-yassuh, but I was ——"

"Never mind excuses. Get busy."

Kenneth got. He labored as he had never labored before, but with the ache for coffee and ham steak still the paramount sensation of his body, his fingers were all thumbs and they loaned themselves with ill grace to the unaccustomed tasks; nor did the student porter dare makeshift methods; he was well aware that the inspection of the well-fed Epic Peters would be rigid and merciless; wherefore each separate berth was given scrupulous attention, and when all but two had been finished Mr. Peters strolled into the car and stood in the aisle critically surveying the clumsy but earnest work of the light-complexioned young person who had so confounded him one night a few months back.

The work became increasingly difficult under the severe eye of the veteran porter. Nor did Epic's low-toned soliloquy put Kenneth any more at ease. Mr. Peters stood in the aisle, arms akimbo, and spoke to no one in particular.

"Dunno what's happenin' to me a-tall. Useter be that bacon an' eggs fo' breakfas' was the fondest thing I was of, but seems like lately that cook has been broilin' the ham steaks so good I cain't hahdly git the bacon habit no mo'. Reckon that ain't unnachel, though; a big slice of sizzlin' ham steak with lots of gravy is kind of appetizin', 'specially does you git the eggs an' the ham steak bofe. An' them biscuits an' coffee—mm-mmm! An' hot cakes an' country sausage don't never hurt no breakfas' none neither. Looks heah, boy! What you starin' at me fo'? Git you about yo' job."

Kenneth at length completed his berth work and shuffled sadly into the smoking room, where he recoiled from the disorder which greeted his tired eyes—water on the floor, towels, bits of soap, newspapers, cigars and cigarettes—more than slightly used; discarded razor blades. It was with

(Continued on Page 71)

**PLOUGH MONDAY**

when farmer lads made merry

**COLLOP MONDAY**

the school-boys' festival to Bacchus

**MACE MONDAY**

when families feasted on bacon and beans

**BLUE MONDAY**

the housewife's carnival of drudgery

# MONDAY

## ...famous once in the calendar

## *Now just a day in the week*

TURN back the calendar a century or so and you'd find yourself in an era of famous Mondays.

For instance, in England, there was Plough Monday, when farmer lads held festival; Collop Monday, when school-boys penned verses to Bacchus; Mace Monday, with its feasts of bacon and beans; Black Monday, Fat Monday, Bloody Monday, and many more.

Finally, here in America, there was "Blue Monday," observed by women every week—not with feasts and merrymaking, but with fatiguing toil, with tiring rubbing and scrubbing and lifting. For "Blue Monday" was washday.

But today—who remembers all these famous Mondays? Plough Monday, Mace Monday and the rest are scarcely mentioned outside of books on antiquities. And the "Blue Monday" that was washday has become—well, just a day of the week.

For the modern laundry has brought to millions of women both relief from the worst of household drudgery and, too, the advantage of five washdays. Now hundreds of thousands of women send their bundles to the laundry on Thursday and Friday; other hundreds of thousands on Tuesday and Wednesday; while some still prefer the old-fashioned Monday.

Naturally, every woman who uses the laundry has benefited. Prompt, dependable delivery, better work, lower prices—all these are results of the five-washday practice.

This has also enabled laundries to offer a far wider variety of services. If you desire it, there is a complete all-ironed service. If you prefer to do some of the ironing yourself, there are a number of semi-finished services. And if you would rather do all the ironing at home, with just the washing cared for by the laundry, such a service is available.

Right in your own town, laundries are offering the service that exactly fits your needs and purse. Phone one of them today—they will send a representative for your bundle.

### PRIM-PREST

A finer laundry service. Everything is carefully washed in many changes of soft water and pure soap, every thing beautifully ready to use or put away, a dainty service complete in every detail.

### HO-MESTIC

A most acceptable medium priced service Everything is tastefully ironed and folded. Because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

### ROUGH DRY

Everything washed Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home

### [illegible]

A low priced ironed service Everything washed Flat work ironed Wearing apparel ironed [illegible] per cent finished Articles like [illegible] house dresses will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home

### [illegible] SERVICE

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed and carefully folded. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching

### WET WASH

Everything washed in mild suds and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of rainsoft water [illegible] removed and the bundle returned [illegible] sweet and clean, ready to iron or starch and hang up to dry.

Above are six modern laundry services to choose from. Some laundries offer all; all laundries offer some, or equivalent services under other names.

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Also refiners of Texaco Gasoline, "the volatile gas," and a complete line of high-grade Petroleum Products
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(Continued from Page 66)

difficulty that Mr. Sprigg conscripted sufficient energy to undertake the colossal task of putting the room to rights.

But at length he was finished. Praying now that he would be permitted to forage for food, he staggered into the body of the car, and there an additional horror smote him hip and thigh. At the far end of the car stood the lean and lanky figure of Epic Peters and between him and Mr. Sprigg was stern and silent reproof in the form of a half dozen sections, recently made up by Kenneth, which had been flung open by the inspecting porter.

Epic swung down the car and informed Mr. Sprigg what he thought of him. "Why, dawg-gone yo' hide, cullud boy, you ain't even got the beginnin's of the learnin' of how to make up a car! Lookit them berths the way you done 'em; just look! They ain't ary single one of 'em right. Now fix 'em up as they should ought to be fixed."

"But, Mistuh Peters ——"

"Don't but me. Git busy." And then, as an afterthought, "Ain't you cravin' to learn the porterin' business?"

Weary in body and well-nigh broken in spirit, Mr. Kenneth Sprigg bent to his task, and as he worked he marveled again over the night on One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street when he had made merry at the expense of Mr. Epic Peters. It was inconceivable in the light of the present situation. Mr. Sprigg could not believe that the awkward, embarrassed visitor to The Twinkling Star was the same man who now was master of all he surveyed all, at the moment, being Mr. Kenneth Sprigg.

At 9:30 Hop Sure conducted his final inspection and pronounced the work adequate. "Of course it's rotten," he amended, "but I reckon it's about all I could espect fum you."

Mr. Sprigg then went in search of food. He found it, and partook without stint. As the second cup of coffee steamed from the outside world into Mr. Sprigg's interior the cosmos brightened and Mr. Sprigg began to believe that, after all, life wasn't so very terrible. When all was said and done he had wrought havoc with Epic's dignity that night in the cabaret; and, too, the portering profession was worth a struggle. He fairly swaggered back to the Pullman, almost convinced once again that he with his New York upbringing was infinitely superior to any Birmingham negro.

Epic saw him coming and Epic knew the signs. The eyes of the star porter narrowed slightly and Mr. Peters grimly determined that his job would be better done before the day reached its end.

"Nawth of Washin'ton," reflected Hop Sure, "is where Kenneth Sprigg belongs at. But ten minutes after us leaves this town we gits to Virginia an' Virginia is South." A sardonic grin played briefly about the lips of Mr. Peters. The South was his home; it knew him and he knew it. And memory of his first meeting with Mr. Sprigg still rankled.

Precisely at eleven o'clock they pulled out of the Washington Union Station, rolled smoothly along the banks of the Potomac and then crossed into Alexandria. In that brief seventeen minutes of time the entire aspect of the country had altered; perhaps the most abrupt scenery change in all the United States. Seventeen minutes before, they had been in the heart of a bustling, bustling Northern city; now they were in a town which was of the Old South—red-brick residences built flush with the sidewalks, quiet streets, gently swaying trees, and then the rolling Virginia countryside, as different from the fields of Maryland as wine is different from water.

The twins demanded attention and Kenneth was pressed into service. He helped unwillingly and when the job was ended Hop Sure took him to task.

"That was rotten," anathematized Epic. "Don't you even know what tact is?"

Kenneth shook his head uncertainly. "Nossuh, Mistuh Peters—what is it?"

"Tact," explained Epic, "is something that when you ain't got it, ev'ybody knows you ain't; an' when you has got it, nobody notices."

Mr. Sprigg nodded. "Y-yassuh," he agreed. "I reckon I must ain't."

The big train settled down for its run through the Virginia valley. The cars clanked and rattled as they sped along; the passengers reconciled themselves to a long and tedious day. Mr. Peters and Mr. Sprigg seated themselves side by side in Section Nine, which was temporarily vacant. Mr. Peters was not at all satisfied; he had hazed Mr. Sprigg with every device known to the profession; work had been done and redone by the student porter; all tips collected had gone into the capacious pockets of Epic's pants; Mr. Sprigg had been caused to suffer agony of spirit and emptiness of tummy; but Kenneth was still entirely too unbroken to suit the delicate fancy of Hop Sure.

Epic Peters possessed other enemies. In Mr. Peters they found a worthy and generous opponent. But whether they had triumphed over Hop Sure or whether his standard had been borne to victory over them, no one of them had ever robbed him of his priceless dignity. It was that unforgivable sin which Kenneth Sprigg had committed; done it without rime or reason, actuated by unadulterated cussedness.

Wherefore Mr. Peters operated with malice prepense; it was his purpose so to crush and break the spirit of Mr. Sprigg as to render that gentleman's tongue entirely *hors de combat* before reaching Birmingham, lest the story of The Twinkling Star should leak out and make Epic ridiculous in the eyes of the Eighteenth Street élite.

Thus far Epic had not been signally successful. He had seen Kenneth suffer and squirm, but he well knew that the active flame of enmity still smoldered, awaiting its opportunity to flare openly. Hop Sure's lips compressed into a straight line; the battle with Mr. Sprigg had not been of his own seeking, but since Kenneth had started something, Mr. Peters was quite determined to see that something through to a conclusive finish.

He racked his brain to devise new methods of torture. Kenneth bore each insult and indignity with a placid fortitude which enraged Epic. And finally he bethought himself of the handsome black leather suitcase which Captain Sandifer had intrusted to him; the suitcase which was to be taken to Mrs. Sandifer as an anniversary present.

At half past two in the afternoon the train rolled out from under the long train shed at Charlottesville, Virginia. Epic, his plan matured, dispatched Kenneth to the dining car for a packet of cigarettes. And immediately after Mr. Sprigg disappeared Epic got busy. He hurried to the linen closet and took therefrom Captain Sandifer's black suitcase. This he carried to Section Seven. Under one of the seats of that section was a suitcase, and Epic placed Captain Sandifer's under the other. When Kenneth returned to the car with the cigarettes Epic was lolling back comfortably, gazing innocently from the window, and from his expression of contentment Mr. Sprigg gathered no hint of the misery in store.

It was a trifle more than a half hour later, as they were hurtling disdainfully by Rockfish, that Epic turned casually toward the man at his side.

"Well," he asked, "how does the porterin' business like you?"

Kenneth was willing to be agreeable. "Pretty good."

"Ain't findin' it hahder than you espected?"

"Nossuh. I reckon nothin' wuth while don't come easy."

Epic was visibly annoyed. So Kenneth had expected all this, had he?

"This ain't such a hahd trip anyway," volunteered the eight-year service man. "Sometimes it's awful. But us has got a mean conductor along this time. Honest, I'd ruther have a job nursing a dozen pythoons in a circus than runnin' with Cap'n Sandifer, once he gits peeved."

"Yassuh—reckon so. But he ain't seemed so awful peeved."

"Not yet! But if'n he ever did git —— Oh, sweet sufferin' tripe! An' if there's one thing which is don't-liked by that man, it's a cullud boy fum the Nawth. He's so mean when he gits goin' with Nawthern cullud boys that if he happened to have enough appetite he'd eat one each mawnin' fo' breakfas' 'thout salt n'r neither pepper. Yassuh, Mistuh Sprigg, was I you I suttinly would go out of my way to keep Cap'n Sandifer fum gittin' peeved at me. That is, less'n you craves to cash in on yo' life benefrits."

Kenneth was ill at ease. He knew instinctively that he was not popular with the Pullman conductor, and Epic's assurances did not cheer him overmuch.

"I ain't doin' nothin' to git him mad, is I?"

"Nothin' 'cept bein' wuthless." Epic paused, and then, in a matter-of-fart voice, "You is keepin' yo' eye on that suitcase of hisn, ain't you?"

"Which suitcase?"

"Which suitcase? Well, will you listen at that? I reckon you has plumb forgot the suitcase he brung with him to the train las' night an' said was for his weddin's anniversary present. I reckon you is so dumb you don't remember that, huh?"

Kenneth nodded slowly.

"Yeah—I does kind of recall. But I has been so busy. It's in the linen chist all right."

"Yeh? Is you shuah?"

"Suttinly. How could it git to be elsewhere?"

"Is you askin' me somethin'? How does anything come to git to be elsewheres? Pussonally I ain't got no int'rust in that suitcase. But I does say this—las' time I sent you to the linen closet you forgot to lock it; an' I ain't promisin' nothin' to nobody 'bout nothin' which was there."

Kenneth was not at all worried, but he decided to make assurance trebly sure. Wherefore he rose and sauntered down the aisle of the car, bearing in his hand the bunch of keys which Epic loaned him. Mr. Peters pretended to gaze from the window, but from the corner of his eye he closely watched the tableau.

It was worth watching. Mr. Sprigg blithely opened the door of the tiny compartment. Then he became rigid, his eyes seemed about to pop from his head and his jaw dropped slowly. With a visible effort he pulled himself together and extended a probing hand. Then his head followed, and all that was visible to Mr. Peters' sardonic stare was the nethermost portion of his anatomy.

A few seconds later Mr. Sprigg's physiognomy reappeared. His face was the color of ashes, and his lip was quivering. He locked the door, braced himself against the partition and staggered in the general direction of Mr. Peters.

Limply Kenneth flopped into the seat beside Epic. The keys clanked onto the seat from nerveless fingers. Mr. Sprigg was breathing audibly. Epic distinguished the horrified words "Oh! Laway!"

He turned a mildly inquiring head. "Says which?"

Silence, broken only by the drumming of the cars and a triple blast from the brazen throat of the locomotive as the train rounded a curve. Mr. Peters gazed calmly upon the locomotive, regarding with approval the manner in which the steam feathered from the whistle. Then came the voice of Mr. Sprigg, freighted with terror.

"It's gone!"

"Huh?"

"It has."

"Which has what?"

"The suitcase."

Epic frowned. "You says words, Kenneth, but they don't mean nothin'. Splain yo'se'f, boy."

"'Tain't my fault," moaned Kenneth.

Epic favored him with a disapproving stare.

"It is," he insisted. "Ev'ything which happens on this trip is yo' fault."

Mr Sprigg laid his hand on Epic's arm as though seeking protection.

"I put it right in the linen closet an' I don't know how come it ain't there, but ——"

Epic turned. His eyes opened wide.

"Words what you utters! Is you sayin' that you has went an' lost Cap'n Sandifer's suitcase?"

"N-n-not exactly, Mistuh Peters. It went an' lost itself."

"Great swimmin' gol'fish! Boy! I would suttinly hate to be as close to the grave as what you is."

"Me?"

"Yeh—you. All you lacks is one lily. You don't even need no disease. Cap'n Sandifer is a gun-totin', trigger-itchin' fool, an' stujent porters don't mean nothin' mo' to him than pa'tridges. He shoots 'em on the wing, tha's what he does."

"You is foolin'."

"Oh! I is, is I? Well, just you wait an' see is it so. Minute he learns you has los' his anniversary wife's present he gits out his six-shooter an' oils it up fo' six-shootin' you fum heah to where the Angel Gabriel toots his trumpet. Golly Moses! Mistuh Sprigg—if you just nachelly had to git careless, why did you pick on Cap'n Sandifer?"

Mr. Peters had sought the utter moral rout of his *bête noire*, and now glorious success blessed his efforts. Mr. Sprigg had degenerated into a wide-eyed quivering mass of apprehension.

"Woul'n't really shoot me, would he?"

"He woul'n't do nothin' else."

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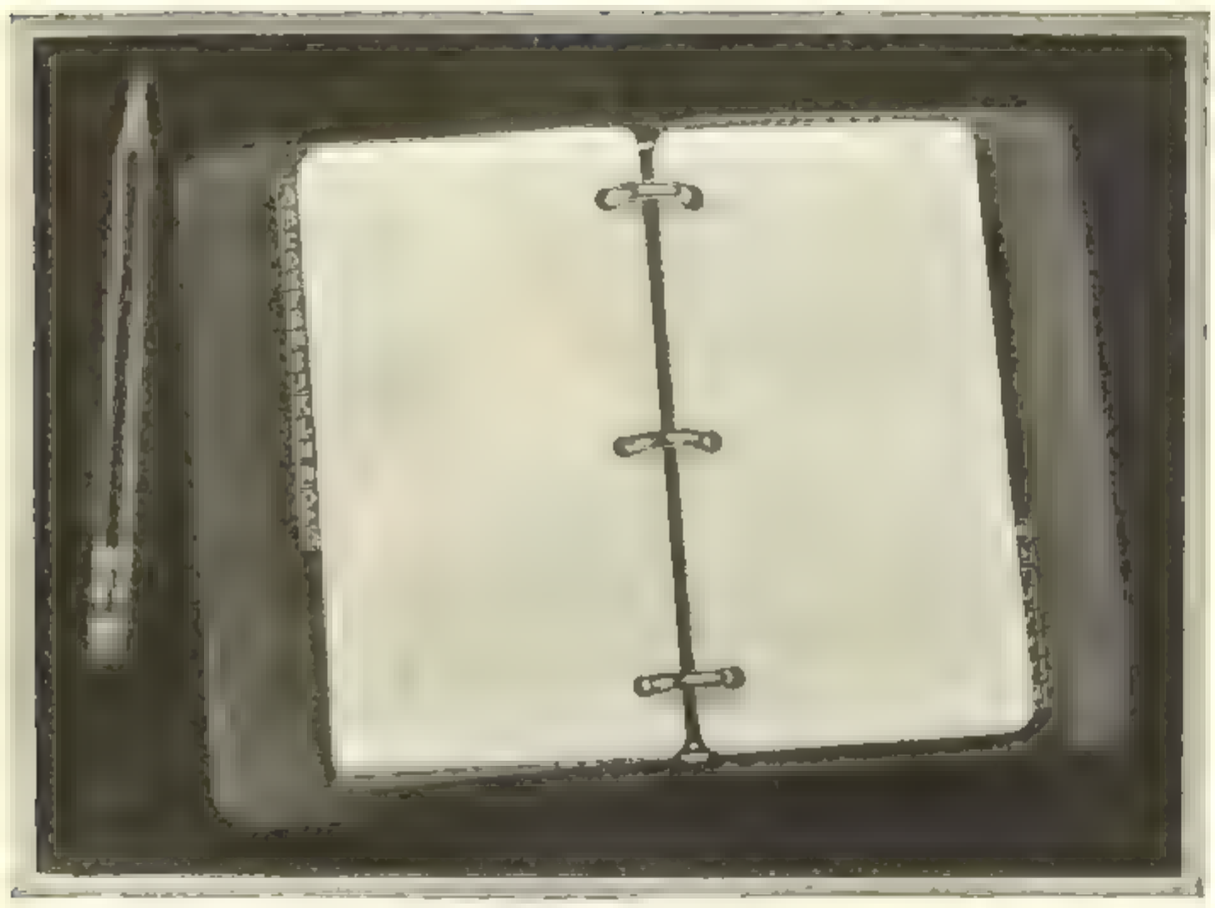

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# This book—
## *or a sheaf of tattered papers?*

SOMETHING to be done—or remembered. No longer is it necessary to jot it down on the back of an envelope—or an odd piece of paper.

This is the low-priced high-quality loose leaf ring book you have needed.

The new Emerald *is* low-priced. A dollar for a loose leaf ring book cover, size 5½ x 3, is big value—such big value that everybody will want one.

Larger sizes are correspondingly low in price.

Emerald's quality is usually found in ring books costing twice as much.

Seven sizes—from pocket to desk drawer, made in two capacities to hold 100 and 200 sheets. Ask for Series No. 4500. Stationers carry the Emerald and low-priced National filler sheets with leather tab index to complete the outfit. If your stationer can't supply you, write us for descriptive folder.

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NATIONAL BLANK BOOK CO., 123 Riverside, Holyoke, Mass.
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# National Blank Book Co.
LOOSE LEAF AND BOUND BOOKS


"But folks don't shoot one another nowadays, Mistuh Peters."

"Tha's what you says. Trouble with you, Useless, is that you ain't never lived in the South. Up Nawth it's diff'ent, which is how come you di'n't die real sudden that night in the cabaret. Does somethin' happen to a gemmun in the South, all he does is to telephone the undertaker fo' latest prices on caskets an' pay up his back dues in the buryin' sassiety. Tha's all. After that he ain't got nothin' to do but wait. Pretty soon he furnishes a home fo' some wanderin' bullet."

Kenneth Sprigg gave thought to the horrible fate in store for him. He was convinced that the portering business was no profession for him, and he knew also that despite certain obvious disadvantages, New York was the city in which he most desired to live. But he was far from New York—and getting farther every minute. In fact, his situation was even more than embarrassing; here he was, imprisoned on a swiftly moving train with the death-dealing conductor and a merciless porter. Cold beads of perspiration stood out on the yellow forehead and Mr. Sprigg was quite certain that the thumping of his heart was drowning out the roar of the wheels.

How long he sat there he never knew; he had settled into a state of horrified coma, from which he was aroused by the voice of Epic Peters.

"Ain't no use of yo' dyin' yet, Mistuh Sprigg. Us is just arrivin' at Monroe an' they is sev'al folks gittin' off heah. Go he'p 'em with their baggage."

Kenneth Sprigg staggered to his feet. Mechanically he consulted his list. The young mother and the twins were getting off at Monroe, and so was the traveling man in Section One and the gentleman in Section Seven. Kenneth swayed down the aisle of the car and collected the baggage of the departing passengers.

Nor did he notice that among the suitcases which he gathered was the handsome new one belonging to Captain Sandifer which Epic had hidden under one of the seats in Section Seven.

Fortunately, too, for Mr. Peters' peace of mind, that personage had forgotten that the man in Section Seven was alighting at Monroe; and he did not bother to inspect the bags which were piled in the vestibule.

At five minutes after four o'clock the train stopped at Monroe; the three adult passengers and the twins departed. Epic remained in the car, letting Kenneth Sprigg attend to the platform duties. On the platform also was Captain Sandifer, and once, as Epic glanced through a car window he saw Kenneth regarding the Pullman conductor with anxious eyes.

At 4:10 the All aboard! was shouted: the bell rang, steam hissed and the big train swung slowly ahead. Epic glanced casually from the window—and saw something.

That something which he saw caused a cold hand of fear to tighten about his heart, for there was the handsome suitcase of Captain Sandifer perched on the station platform in solitary grandeur. And the train was moving.

Hop Sure emitted a howl. This was carrying a joke entirely too far. It was all very well to terrify Kenneth Sprigg with the belief that Sandifer's anniversary present was lost; but actually to lose it was a gray horse of another color.

Epic leaped down the aisle like a wild man, wherefore he missed another little incident which had a very important bearing on the situation. This incident had to do with Captain Sandifer. For a half minute before starting time Sandifer had been eying that suspiciously new suitcase which departing passengers had left behind. It seemed very familiar, and when eventually the train started to move and the suitcase had not been claimed, Captain Sandifer knew that the thing was his.

A great and abiding indignation welled up in his conductorial bosom. From the hour of their departure from New York he had been cognizant of the hazing to which Kenneth Sprigg was being subjected, and thus far he had not interfered; that was a matter for the two porters to settle between themselves. But when that hazing attained the point where he—Captain Sandifer himself—was the unwitting victim, it was entirely too much.

Sandifer thought quickly. He knew porters, and was instantly and grimly determined to punish Hop Sure for his laxness in permitting such a condition as this to arise. Sandifer seized the suitcase and swung aboard the train with it. Kenneth Sprigg saw him and dodged into his car. Epic Peters was, at the moment, leaping down the aisle in the vain hope of rescuing the grip and catching the train again. Meanwhile Sandifer dropped the suitcase in the adjoining vestibule and when Epic appeared, wild-eyed, on the platform, the Pullman conductor blocked his passage.

Sandifer was smiling genially, but there was great anger in his heart. His eye transfixed the frightened Mr. Peters and he voiced a question.

"What's your hurry, Hop Sure? Where are you going?"

Epic cast one glance at the flitting scenery and knew he was too late. He shrugged hopelessly.

"Ain't in no hurry, cap'n, 'cause I ain't goin' nowhere."

Sadly he turned away. This indeed was more than he had contemplated. No longer was Kenneth Sprigg the solitary victim. He, Epic Peters, had committed an act which boomeranged, and he knew well enough that Sandifer would hold him to a strict accountability. And so, quite reasonably, his rancor turned against the student porter. Logically it was all Kenneth's fault; if he had not ambitioned to become a Pullman porter the incident would not have occurred. Besides, it was Kenneth himself who had put the suitcase from the train.

Epic found Mr. Sprigg seated in the car and plumped down beside him.

"Good-by," he said grimly.

"Huh?" Kenneth was surprised. "Where you goin'?"

"I ain't goin' nowheres. But you is."

"Where?"

"That depen's," retorted Hop Sure, "on what kin' of a life you has led."

The grim nuance of Mr. Peters' voice informed Kenneth Sprigg that this was no light and airy persiflage. He inquired for information—and received it.

"An' so," finished Epic, "I has got a hunch that the minute Cap'n Sandifer learns how you went an' lost his anniversary wife's present you is suddenly gwine to become ain't."

Mr. Sprigg's eyes were distended, his slender frame was trembling like a leaf. Too late he remembered the new and shiny suitcase he had put from the train and which, at last glimpse, was unclaimed by departing passengers. He shook his head dazedly.

"B-b-but how come that thing to git under the seat in Section Seven?"

"I dunno. Reckon it must of growed legs an' walked there. On'y thing I do know is that you put it off the train with yo' own hands; an' Cap'n Sandifer ain't killed no cullud folks this afternoon yet."

Epic gazed upon his handiwork. Kenneth was a quivering mass of apprehension. But Epic's triumph was tinged with bitterness. The involvement was entirely too thorough to suit him. Captain Sandifer was his friend, but there was no questioning the fact that Sandifer would be stern and relentless when the loss of the suitcase should be discovered.

And just at that moment the Pullman conductor appeared at the lower end of the car. He glimpsed the two porters sitting together, and beckoned to Hop Sure. Mr. Peters struggled to Sandifer's vicinity.

"About that suitcase I bought my wife for a wedding present," said Sandifer; "I suppose you're taking good care of it."

His gray eyes never wavered from Hop Sure's terrified orbs. Mr. Peters used diplomacy, deferring to the ultimate moment an inevitable show-down.

"Yassuh—I sholy ain't doin' nothin' else." Then, laying the predicate for a future shifting of blame—"I an' Kenneth Sprigg bofe."

"That's good. I certainly would hate to have it lost. It would just about ruin me."

"Ruin you? Aw, cap'n—you is foolin'."

"Fooling?" The conductor's eyes snapped; he was deriving some measure of satisfaction from the torture to which he was subjecting Mr. Peters. "I was never more serious in my life. Why, Hop Sure, what do you suppose is in that suitcase?"

"N-nossuh," replied the porter. "What is it?"

The conductor lowered his voice to a whisper. "Jewels!"

"Jools?"

"Yes. Three thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and sapphires."

"Th'ee thousan' —— Oh my goshness' Cap'n, you ain't meanin' that!"

"I do. I bought them for my wife's anniversary present. We've been married ten years. And if that thing ever got lost ——"

(Continued on Page 74)

# FRANKLIN

When the conversation turns to easy handling one of the first cars mentioned is the Franklin

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

like new again!

JUST one shine—one shine with *Dyanshine*.

It brings back all their beauty.

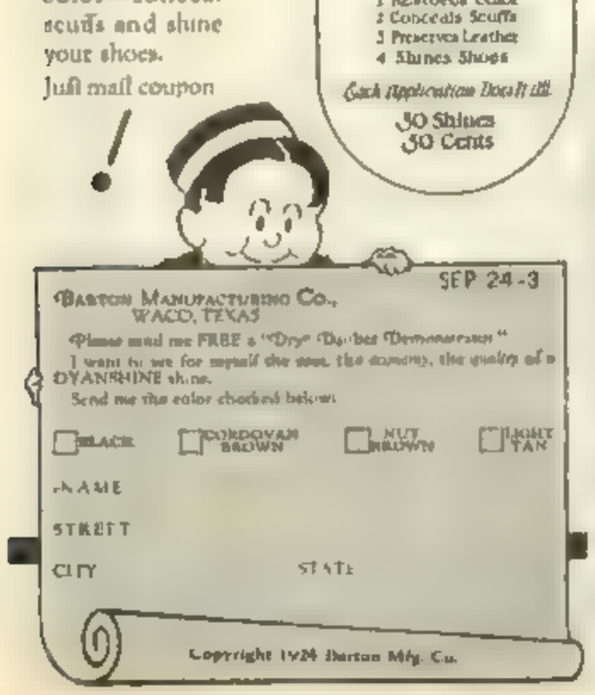
Restores bright, clean color—conceals the scuffs—and works these wonders as you shine the shoes.

*Available in popular colors, also for white canvas, kid and a wide variety of colors in liquid suede dressing. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from factory.*

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Free!

We will gladly send you a unique and surprising demonstrator. It will restore color—conceal scuffs and shine your shoes. Just mail coupon



BARTON MANUFACTURING CO., SEP 24-3
WACO, TEXAS

Please send me FREE a "Dry" Dauber Demonstrator. I want to see for myself the ease, the economy, the quality of a DYANSHINE shine.

Send me the color checked below:

☐ BLACK ☐ CORDOVAN BROWN ☐ NUT BROWN ☐ LIGHT TAN

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

Copyright 1924 Barton Mfg. Co.

(Continued from Page 72)

He turned away. Alone again, he gave vent to a prolonged chuckle. His work had been well done, and Epic had absorbed his fiction about the jewelry without question. As for Mr. Peters, that gentleman kerflumped alongside Mr. Sprigg and groaned.

"Now look what you went an' done, Mistuh Sprigg. Just look!"

"What?" gloomed the frightened porter.

"You not on'y has lost Cap'n Sandifer's anniversary weddin' suitcase but also you has lost th'ee thousan' di'monds which he had in there. He's ruint." He paused a moment. "But he ain't near so ruint as the man is gwine be which put that suitcase offen the train."

At first Kenneth did not believe, fancying that this was a figment of Epic's imagination, an added touch to make his misery more embracing. But Epic spoke too feelingly for Kenneth to entertain his doubts very long. Epic knew that the suitcase was gone; he knew that it contained three thousand dollars' worth of gems—and he made Kenneth believe.

"Wh-what you reckon Cap'n Sandifer is gwine do?" quavered Mr. Sprigg.

"Well—they's two or th'ee ways which he prefers to extinct cullud boys which come fum New Yawk an' lose things fo' him. One of them is by carvin', and one is by th'owin' 'em offen the train while us is crossin' a high bridge, but the way he's fondest of is just plain shootin'. 'Tain't so awful messy does he plop you right in the heart."

They formed a happy pair as they sat gazing out upon the colorful Virginia landscape. Epic suffered mental agony and Kenneth wallowed in the depths of dank despair. The call buzzer sounded, and Kenneth started to rise, but Epic held him back.

"I'll go," he announced. "Mos' likely you'd th'ow some mo' jools offen the train an' git us bofe kilt instead of just you."

Epic answered the call. Kenneth stared after him, but Kenneth was entirely too frightened to retain any of his active hatred for the veteran porter. Mr. Peters' own fear of Captain Sandifer was so genuine that it had been communicated to Kenneth Sprigg; but whereas Epic knew precisely what form the conductor's anger would assume, Kenneth, in his unhappy ignorance, accepted Epic's postulation of a sudden and complete demise.

Nor was Kenneth anxious to die. He thought enviously of New York and of his many friends; already he had decided unanimously that he was agin the South, despite the fact that Birmingham was his birthplace. Too, he was disgusted with the portering business; it was all very well for adventurous persons who relished the spice of continual danger, but for a peaceful, law-abiding, jazz-loving colored boy it was no kind of a profession. The train flashed by a station bearing the name of Winesap. Consultation of the yellow Southern Railway folder informed Mr. Sprigg that they were very close to Lynchburg. He shuddered at the ominous name. Why couldn't it have been Pleasantville or Happy Valley?

Meanwhile Mr. Peters had completed the errand demanded by the passenger who summoned him. He passed into the car and by the drawing-room. The shade of the corridor window was up, affording a clear view of the interior. There he glimpsed Captain Sandifer at work upon his reports.

The captain was seated before a little table on which his official bag rested. Papers were spread before him and he was busily engaged entering figures on a report sheet. All of that Epic saw; and he saw something else. He had seen that something many times before; but now, despite the fact that he had been tormenting Kenneth Sprigg, the vision brought no surge of happiness. For there, right beside the Pullman conductor, lay a large and shiny revolver. It was the most prominent thing on the table. Epic closed his eyes and shuddered. Of course Captain Sandifer would never commit homicide, but Epic didn't like the looks of that gun. He knew that the conductor always carried it in his bag—all conductors did—but just at the moment his conscience attributed to all revolvers a nauseating significance.

He lurched down the aisle of the car. Kenneth Sprigg, craving human companionship, joined him. They paused in the vestibule, and just at that moment the buzzer sounded again. Hop Sure poked his head through the door. The arrow below the drawing-room letter had turned.

A summons from Captain Sandifer. A summons into the presence of that revolver. Without hesitation Epic addressed the student porter.

"Mistuh Sprigg," he said earnestly, "that call is fum the drawin'-room, an' it's fo' you!"

Kenneth dragged leaden feet toward the drawing-room. He sounded the door buzzer and entered. But he did not see Captain Sandifer; he did not see the report sheets. His eye lighted upon the revolver, the gaping muzzle. And Mr. Kenneth Sprigg did not hesitate. With a polite, "Howdy, cap'n!" he turned, made his exit, and closed the door quite thoroughly. Only one thing did Mr. Sprigg know, and that was that he wasn't going to remain in any room with Captain Sandifer and a revolver.

"Mistuh Peters," he announced firmly, "that call was fo' you!"

Five minutes later Epic returned. "Cap'n Sandifer wanted to know was you crazy, an' I told him yes."

"Well," answered the other man, "you didn't tell so much of a lie, at that."

"He's lookin' for you," continued Epic. "I think he wants to find out somethin' 'bout his suitcase."

Kenneth ducked. He gazed from the window and saw that they were swinging through the outskirts of Lynchburg. He wasn't particularly impressed, but he did know that anything was preferable to a train which contained Captain Sandifer and his artillery.

Kenneth Sprigg disappeared. He vanished through the vestibule, headed in the general direction of the day coaches. A hopeful grin decorated Epic's features. The train was slowing down; Epic piled in the vestibule the suitcases of two men due to alight at Lynchburg. They rolled toward the Kemper Street Station, and then, at a crossing, the train paused briefly.

And in that instant Epic Peters was rewarded by a spectacle which filled his heart with thanksgiving. A white-coated figure leaped from the train. It belonged to Mr. Kenneth Sprigg, late Pullman porter, and it was traveling at top speed. Straight toward the open country moved Mr. Sprigg, cleaving the afternoon at a ten-second gait. Epic stared, open-mouthed.

"Golly Moses! Ain't he the runnin'est man!"

Until the train rounded a curve Epic viewed the flight of his late enemy. It was speedy and purposeful; an obvious effort to place a maximum of space between himself and Captain Sandifer in an irreducible minimum of time. And when the train finally did halt at Kemper Street, Mr. Peters was smiling. True, he yet faced the wrath of Captain Sandifer, but that was nothing when weighed against the perfection of his vengeance. Three thousand dollars—that was a mere bagatelle as against this heart balm. Epic even whistled as he trod the platform; he was grinning as he swung aboard the train, and only the faintest tremor of fear smote him as he was again summoned to the drawing-room by the buzzer.

Captain Sandifer was closing up his little grip. Even as Hop Sure entered the room he saw the revolver disappear, the cover come down and the catches snap together. And then Captain Sandifer did something very impressive. Holding Epic's eye with his own he reached under the seat. He produced the missing suitcase—the suitcase which Epic had last seen on the station platform at Monroe.

Sandifer's eyes never left Epic's face. And that face was a study.

Hop Sure's jaw dropped slowly, his eyes popped, his knees sagged. His long narrow head craned forward on a skinny neck, the shoulders hunched and the body bent at the waist. Epic gazed upon the lost treasure as one who has been mesmerized. Amazement, wonder and delirious joy struggled for supremacy.

But Epic was not a person to probe too deeply for causes; physical facts were sufficient for him. His arm shot forward and long slender fingers wrapped around the handle of the suitcase in an affectionate grip.

"Hot dawg!" he breathed fervently. "Just look what I has found!"

Sandifer's face went blank. This was not at all as he had planned.

"Found?" he echoed.

"Yassuh." Epic was laughing aloud. He was intoxicated with relief. "I has found yo' suitcase!"

"What do you mean—found it?"

"'Tain't nothin' else, bossman. Of course"—lightly—"you di'n't know it was lost, but I did. Y'see, it was thisaway." Epic, still holding the suitcase, seated himself on the lounge. "I turned this neah thing over to that wuthless, good-fo'-nothin' stujent porter, Kenneth Sprigg, an' he went an' lost it. Fust off, he lost it at Monroe, an' I hopped right offen the train an' mos' killed myse'f gittin' it back. Then he went an' lost it again. On'y fo' me, Cap'n Sandifer, you woul'n't have no suitcase to take to yo' anniversary wife a-tall."

The Pullman conductor was staring in amazement. Then the sheer humor of the situation struck him and he grinned. Epic's explanation was irresistibly amusing.

"So you've been taking care of this, eh?"

"Yassuh, I ain't been doin' nothin' else. An' believe me, it was some job! That Kenneth Sprigg is the losin'est man. Gosh! He's the wust I ever did see. He went an' lost yo' suitcase twice, an' the last I seen of him he was busy losin' hisse'f."

"What do you mean losing himself?"

"Cap'n, I means this: Kenneth Sprigg has gone, went an' depahted. Lemme show you somethin'."

Together they walked the length of the car. Epic unlocked the door of the linen closet and threw it open. He pointed to a coat and a hat hanging disconsolately on a hook.

"See that coat an' hat, cap'n?"

"Yes."

"Them belongs to Kenneth Sprigg," explained Mr. Epic Peters. "They is his resignation."

PHOTO. BY ALEXANDER, LAKE WALES, FLORIDA

*One of the Thousand Lakes in Polk County, Near Lake Wales, Florida*

# Rickenbacker

A · CAR · ITS · NAME

Aristocratic in appearance—although exceedingly democratic in price

ton, $1595 Sport Roadster, $1645 4-Pass. Coupe, $2035 5-Pass. Sedan, $2135 f. o. b. Detroit, plus war tax

# LANE
## CEDAR CHEST

*The safest place to store your* WINTER WEAR

TRYING days are ahead for your furs, coats, woolens—and blankets too—unless they be safely stored in a LANE Red Cedar Chest. Here is sure protection from moths, dust and dampness—the absolute and convenient security that only such a well-made, full-cedar chest can possibly provide.

In addition, the LANE is a chest of glowing beauty, made in such a wide range of styles and sizes that you can select just the one which will best harmonize with the setting of your room. Some are finished in mahogany or walnut to match particular furniture schemes. But, remember that every LANE, in either plain or period design, is a *real* cedar chest, built to protect for years and years.

*Prices are unusually moderate for such remarkable chests. If your furniture or department store cannot supply you with the genuine, write us for name of LANE dealer who can.*

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc.
Altavista, Virginia

*LANE corners are doubly interlocked*

Because no other cedar chest has so many distinctive features, see that the name LANE is burned inside the lid of the one you buy


# THE OSTRICH EGG

(Continued from Page 19)

There was something about the fellow that always stirred an absurd discontent in him, made him think uncomfortably of the days when landing that dinky Mellish account had been something to celebrate. "I'll go up and see Mr. Gibson with this stuff. Might as well get it settled today."

As he drove up the long hill his humor lightened; the car took the grade beautifully, overtaking two groaning trolleys. He hadn't made any mistake in buying it; even Mr. Gibson had complimented him on its looks, and it saved enough time to pay for itself, just on these trips out to the Gibson plant. He remembered how slow the trolley had seemed, that day when he was bringing home the Gibson contract, how he'd jumped off and walked, when he couldn't stand that snail pace another minute, and then spent an hour or more buying new clothes!

He walked confidently past the sentry at Andrew Gibson's guarded gate; there had been a time when he'd been afraid of that iron-jawed lady to whom he could nod so carelessly now. She stopped him.

"Mr. Gibson's engaged just now. I think he'll be at liberty in a few moments, if you'll wait."

Norton dropped into a chair, the big envelope on his knees. The door of the inner office was closed, but its mahogany panels were not quite sound-proof; he could hear two voices—angry, arguing voices—Gibson's heavy throat tones lifted almost to a shout, and another, not so loud but no less aggressive, interrupting each crescendo roar.

Norton caught a familiar quality in this irreverent voice; it was Sam Tarrant in there, actually arguing with Andrew P. Gibson! Norton was almost sorry for the fellow; he hadn't found out enough about his prospect to know that the mildest kind of contradiction simply poisoned Gibson.

The door burst open as if the explosion of dispute had broken the latch; the uproar streamed out.

"I've been studying advertising for thirty-four years," declaimed Gibson's deepest bull note.

"And you haven't even learned that you don't know it all!" Sam Tarrant's retort snapped like a whiplash. "I'm in a hurry right now, and I can't stop to thrash it out with you, but I'm at the Seneca House overnight and you can phone me there if you aren't afraid to listen to straight talk."

"Afraid! Afra ——" Gibson's face purpled above the neat gray whisker.

"That's what I said. If you can't talk to anybody but a graceful yesser don't waste my time. I deal in facts, and if you're not in the market for that line of merchandise, send for a salve peddler. You'll find plenty."

He passed Norton with a nod and slammed the outer door with emphasis. Norton shook his head as he went into the inner office. It was a moment, he saw, for soothing unguents.

"Too bad," he said. "Always hate to see a man lose his head like that. Tarrant's probably worried half to death or he'd never have done it."

"Impudent young puppy! Whippersnapper!" Gibson stepped to the doorway. "Don't let him in here again, Miss Foster."

He resumed his chair behind the big table; in this position he was more impressive; on his feet, Norton reflected, his five-feet-two weakened the effect a little.

"We've worked up some tentative outlines for the peach campaign," Norton said briskly, feeling that an abrupt departure from the topic of Tarrant was, as Gibson would have said, indicated. "I think we've managed to catch the spirit of your suggestions fairly well."

He slid the uppermost sketch across the table. Gibson adjusted his glasses, his face a little soothed; he read Bert Henderson's neat typing swiftly, glanced at Lud Blitz's bold outlines and reached for the next layout without comment.

"We feel that you've given us the basis of a very effective appeal," said Norton. "This idea, especially. I think we've carried it out pretty well."

Gibson nodded absently. He went over the other advertisements in rapid succession, the aggrieved and outraged expression gradually reappearing.

"That young upstart had the effrontery to tell me I didn't know what I was talking about," he said. "Tried to tell me this whole notion was worn threadbare."

"Tarrant hasn't had much chance to deal with successful and experienced advertisers," said Norton neatly. "He doesn't realize, of course, that there's nobody else in the country with a fraction of your acquaintance with this branch of merchandising, that any agent can learn more about it from you than he can possibly teach."

He had learned to be deft with these interjections. Gibson's half-impatient gesture didn't deceive him. He tapped the layouts.

"If you think we've caught your ideas well enough I'd better get back to the office and hurry the job along. There isn't any too much time ——"

Gibson shook his head. "Wait. What do you think about them yourself? Do you see anything wrong with this idea of ——"

"Certainly not!" Norton laughed gently. "I'd O. K. every one of them just as they stand, subject, of course, to your approval. I'm not brash enough to think I know more than you do about your business."

"Of course you don't!" Gibson spoke sharply. "That wasn't the question. Advertising's your business, and this is an advertising problem."

"I'd hate to try to prove that advertising isn't your business too," laughed Norton. "I'd rather have your opinion on this campaign, as advertising, I mean, than that of any advertising expert I know."

Gibson scowled. "I didn't ask you what you thought about me—I asked you what was wrong with this scheme."

"Nothing!" Norton spoke with assurance.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" Gibson made an impatient rasping noise in his throat. "The perfect advertisement hasn't been written yet. Nothing's beyond criticism in this line or any other."

"Yes, of course. I meant—well, humanly speaking."

Gibson repeated the rasping sound. "Well, I'm not going to be stampeded into a snap judgment. I'll keep this stuff and go over it tonight."

"I was hoping you'd suggest that." Norton took the opening instantly. "I hated to ask you ——"

Gibson pounced on the speech. "Huh! So they're not a hundred per cent perfect, after all?"

"Say ninety-nine plus," laughed Norton, "but I wouldn't put it past you to improve the figure a bit. I'd be glad to gamble a day on the chance, anyway."

"Well, all right." Gibson glanced at his watch. "I'll phone you in the morning."

"I'll come up," said Norton. "I ——"

"I said I'd phone you. Send for you when I want you."

"Thanks." Norton's tone manifestly interpreted the rebuff as a favor.

He reached the outer office with a grateful sense of escape. Tarrant had stirred Gibson to a frame of mind in which he was bound to quarrel if it was humanly possible. Norton felt that he'd scored a diplomatic triumph in evading that obvious desire.

Driving down the long grade, he was reminded, by a slight constraint about the lower reaches of his waistcoat, of an intention to have Garfunkle make a new suit or two. He stopped at the shop before going back to the office and submitted to remeasurement at the hands of the proprietor himself, a concession and compliment in these days of Garfunkle's prosperity.

"A rek'ler figure you got it, Mr. Norton." Garfunkle inspected the tape with approval. "A business man who ain't anyways thirty-six inches in the waist you couldn't call it a success, not? Make it thirty-seven, Sidney, and a *bischen* full."

Norton dismissed certain misgivings at the convex profile revealed by the triple mirror. Garfunkle was right about it; a little solidity wasn't a bad thing. Sam Tarrant, for instance, with that lathy lankness, suggested failure. "A lean and hungry look" wasn't good advertising. He stepped down from the block and resuming his coat decided that the amidships bulge, tempered by Mr. Garfunkle's art, conveyed only a pleasing effect of substance.

The agreeable sense of self-approval deepened a little as he took his wonted chair at the big table at the Seneca, reserved unobtrusively for the same group of successful business men who lunched here instead of at the club. He was one of them now, on his merits, the object of something like deference on the part of two or three of the later arrivals. Not much like the old days in the back room at Louie Schmidt's; he thought tolerantly of Adolph Hogboom, lunching there today with Bert Henderson probably.

As if the thought had guided his glance, he saw Bert, across the room, with Lud Blitz and another man whose back, even at the distance, was unmistakably not that of old Adolph. He frowned; there was something not altogether suitable in their presence here; they took the edge from his own conviction of being where he belonged. He was uneasily curious about their companion too. Of course it was some prospective client or they wouldn't have brought him here; but they ought to have telephoned to Norton instead of trying to handle it themselves. He distrusted their judgment about new business; several times Bert had almost committed the agency to a new account that would have stirred up serious trouble with Mr. Gibson. They couldn't seem to realize that the firm couldn't afford to touch anything remotely competitive with any of Gibson's multitudinous lines. He'd better stroll over, he decided, and take a hand before things went too far.

He was startled and relieved to find himself shaking hands with J. Homer Dalton, of Dalton-Gray. There was a moment of embarrassed constraint, and then Dalton laughed.

"Caught with the goods," he said. "Might as well own up. Been trying to steal a couple of your men."

There was no affectation in Norton's answering chuckle. The thought of Dalton-Gray, who bragged everlastingly about that fifty-thousand-dollar copy man, trying to hire Bert Henderson and Lud Blitz was delightfully comic. Even in the first moment of surprise he saw what had happened; Dalton had confused cause and effect; because Bert and Lud were associated with the Gibson advertising he jumped at the inference that they were responsible for it. A generous impulse woke in Norton; it would be a bother to break in new men, of course, but Bert and Lud might as well get the benefit of this chance to draw down big salaries—till Dalton woke up.

"Don't apologize," he said genially. "I don't blame you a bit." He glanced at Bert. "Don't forget that this fellow pays fifty-thousand-dollar salaries, Bert. Make him bid his limit. You, too, Lud."

He saw their eyes meet soberly and restrained another chuckle. They were fooled too; they took themselves at Dalton's valuation. He slapped their shoulders and went back to his seat, vaguely displeased. They were tempted, that was plain enough; they were ready to desert him for bigger money after all he'd done for them. Of course he wanted them to profit by the stroke of luck, but they might at least have pretended to wait for his consent. They really owed him that much.

He was still harboring the grievance when he came back to the office. George Dresser stopped him in the corridor and reported that Adolph Hogboom had gone off in a huff.

"Said there were plenty of agencies where his business was big enough for the boss," said Dresser. "Couldn't you take a run out there this afternoon and smooth him down? He ——"

"I could, but I won't," snapped Norton. "I can't be bothered by these piffling little jobs. There's next to no profit on Hogboom's business anyway. Let him find somebody small enough to jolly him along, if that's what he wants."

He scowled at his clean blotter. Dresser would leave, too, if somebody was fool enough to offer him better pay. Even Nancy Farr would, probably. She'd been acting queer lately. He eyed her sullenly as she brought him his letters, and felt a funny lump in his throat. He might have expected those others to go back on him after he'd dragged them up into the limelight, but—he realized suddenly that it would hurt if Nancy didn't stand fast, that there was a personal quality here underneath the careful formality that had become her attitude as well as his.

He studied her covertly as she waited beside the desk; it was funny that he'd never noticed before that she wasn't pretty, not

(Continued on Page 78)

# The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

## *The Final Touch of Comfort*

In these days no home can be considered strictly modern without a Humphrey Radiantfire. In every section of the nation—in hundreds of thousands of families—this wonderful gas burning device has established itself as a real necessity. Wherever warmth and good cheer are welcome, there you will find the Radiantfire.

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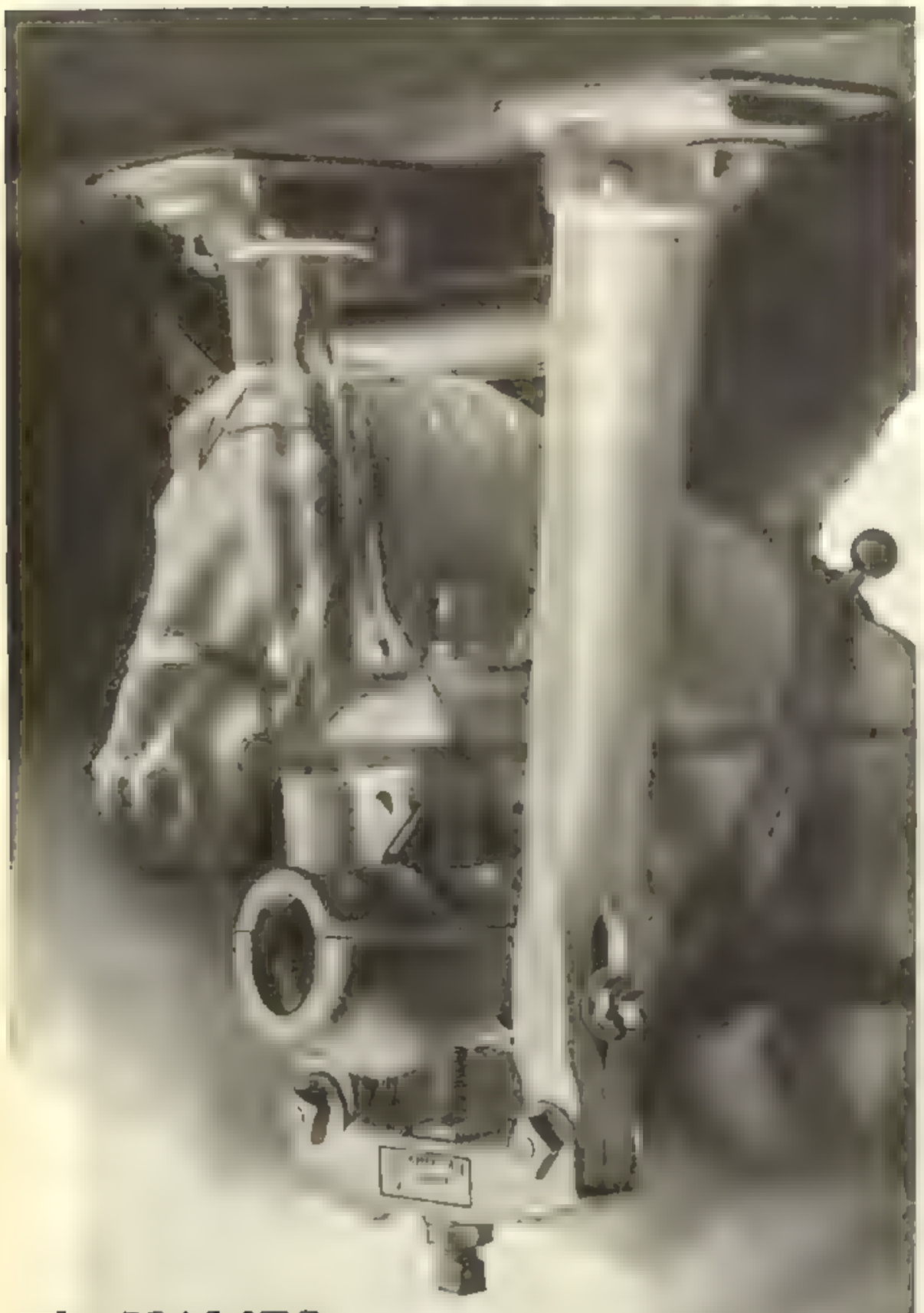

*The* HAMES
*of* HORSEPOWER

WHAT hames are to harness, the shaft hanger is to mechanical power transmission.

The hames connect the pull of the horse at the collar, through the traces, to the load.

The shaft hanger holds the turning shaft that transmits power through pulley and belt to the machines.

In both, there must be strength and rigidity and the ability to withstand the shocks of service.

That American Pressed Steel Hangers have all the requirements of sound engineering principles, goes without saying. But to these fundamentals of utility and service, they have the additional attributes of graceful lines, of smooth surfaces without dust pockets and of a complete adjustability that makes accurate alignment, simple and easy.

American Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers are described with greater detail in a special folder, sent promptly upon request.

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AMERICAN
PRESSED STEEL
HANGERS
PATENTS PENDING

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exactly, anyway, but something at once less than that, and more. His mind groped for an adjective that seemed to elude him with mischievous intention, a word which, he was strangely certain, would precisely express her. He was aware, too, of the barrier that had shut off the old pleasant confidential quality of their relation; he resented it all the more because he had been at pains to build it. Andrew Gibson had very strong views about men who made friends of their stenographers. Queer how that word kept itself out of sight, like a child playing at hide-and-seek. Something prompted him to tell her the joke on Dalton, although, for some reason, it no longer seemed altogether funny.

"I'll miss them," she said quietly, but without surprise.

"You think they'll go, eh?" He was sure of it himself, and yet her assumption displeased him

"I suppose so; they ought to. Dalton-Gray can give them a bigger chance." She hesitated. "Room to keep on growing, I mean. They'd have to consider that, anyway."

"Growing!" He laughed shortly. "You think them too big for this outfit?"

She met his eyes evenly. "Not yet, perhaps, but ——" She stopped. "You said something about it, the day you got the Gibson account—said we'd all have to grow up to a bigger job. I've read somewhere that if a man's given a job that's bigger than he is he'll either grow or swell. Lud and Bert haven't swelled."

She went out. Ralph Norton stared at the closing door. Mechanically his hand moved to his belt. About time he ordered those new suits; an active man couldn't help taking on weight when he was tied down to office work, but it was funny that Bert and Lud were as thin as ever. And Nancy Farr—he resumed his pursuit of that evasive adjective. An everyday word, homely and simple and strong—why couldn't he think of it?

III

THE typed words yapped up from the letter like little spiteful dogs; the illusion that he heard them spoken, in Andrew Gibson's voice, was so convincing that Ralph Norton found himself lifting fingers to his ears, as if to shut out the hateful sound. His mind was numb under the shock, his thoughts scattered, scampering frantically and uselessly, like a disturbed nest of red ants:

You are hereby notified that beginning with October insertions our advertising will be placed by S. B. Tarrant, Inc. Kindly deliver to their order all plates, illustrations, contracts and other matter which you hold for our account and, at your earliest convenience, submit your statement of pending items for final settlement.

Slowly, as he stared at the emphatic signature with which Andrew P. Gibson authenticated the announcement, Norton's brain cleared to coherency. He could calculate the extent of the damage methodically, as if it were somebody else whose business had tumbled down on his head without an instant's warning. There wouldn't be enough left of the agency to pay the rent of the new offices; he'd never realized how many of his little accounts had drifted away, unregretted, while he dedicated himself singly to Andrew Gibson's interest; how little new business had been brought in. His thought clicked back to yesterday's argument with Nancy Farr—a yesterday that was incredibly remote. He'd laughed about the metaphorical ostrich egg that filled his basket; laughed!

He found himself in the corridor, holding his thumb against the call button, his teeth set. He'd get that business back or—there wasn't any "or" about it. He'd get it back, that was all. He'd straighten it out in five minutes' talk with Gibson.

Miss Foster was formidable again. He wondered, as he battered at her serene defenses, how he had ever managed to fool himself into thinking that she was insignificant. He persuaded her, at last, to take his name in to Gibson, and heard the verdict through the slowly closing door:

"I told you what to tell him. . . . Well, keep on telling him till he gets it through his head. . . . Had enough yessing"

Yessing! Tarrant's word! Norton went out with the accusing hiss of it in his ears. A yesser, a—what was the other thing he'd overheard? A salve peddler. His teeth snapped shut.

Norton stood by his desk as the three came into his office. He felt a need to be on his feet during this final interview.

He read their faces easily enough. Bert's and Lud's, anyway, they'd made up their minds to go with Dalton, but they were sorry about it, a little ashamed.

"I wanted to see you three together," he said briskly. "I suppose you boys have decided about Dalton."

Bert Henderson looked straight at him. "We're bound to think it over, Ral. It'll hurt to break away from here, but ——"

"Here's something that ought to make it easier."

Norton handed him Gibson's letter. Nancy Farr and Blitz read it with him. They lifted faces in which Ralph Norton saw distress, sympathy, but no surprise. There was a little silence.

"I did feel sort of sore yesterday when I found you dickering with Dalton," said Norton at last, "but now I'm darned glad he came along just when he did. It'll be a long time before I'll be able to afford a couple of men in your class. I didn't realize how you've been growing right along, instead of just swelling, like me!"

The two men rejected the suggestion loyally, but Ralph Norton read assent in Nancy Farr's straight gaze. Somehow it didn't hurt, either. He could even like it.

"I'm glad I didn't bob my hair," she said.

He lifted a startled glance to the smooth shining mass of it, a dim sense of sacrilege crying out upon the thought. Her mouth softened to a slow curve.

"I'd have hated it, but I was going to after what you said yesterday. I felt as I'd have to, or lose my self-respect. It sounds crazy, but ——"

"I see!" Norton nodded vigorously. "You'd have felt like a—a yesser if you didn't! I know! You're right. I've got my eyes open, Nancy."

He turned to Henderson, chuckling at the bewilderment in the friendly face. "That's what Gibson called me—a yesser! Had my number too. That's what I've been swelling into! A salve peddler!"

"Oh, come," protested Bert. "You ——"

"Fact. But I'm on my way back, right now." He laughed. "Funny thing—I feel fine. I don't even envy you fellows your fat jobs with Dalton. I wouldn't swap with you—honestly. I'm going to have the time of my young life getting this agency back where it belongs." He grinned at Nancy Farr. "Next time I do any business in ostrich eggs I'll get 'em in dozen lots, and they'll hatch too!"

He saw Henderson and Blitz exchange a consulting glance. Blitz nodded, and Henderson spoke quickly:

"We'll stick if you want us. We never wanted to get out, but we felt ——"

"I know. You don't have to rub it in. And it's white of you to offer to stand by the ship when it's about four inches away from the rocks. Wish I could take you up on it, but it's going to be pretty lean picking for a while."

"That's all right. Lud and I've saved some money. We'll"—again Norton saw the consulting exchange of glances—"we'll finance ourselves and take our pay in stock, if you're on. Guess we can even put up some cash, too, if you want it."

Norton saw that they meant it, understood that it wasn't just a gesture of loyalty, but a genuine and honest desire. He leaned to the telephone on his desk and called for a number.

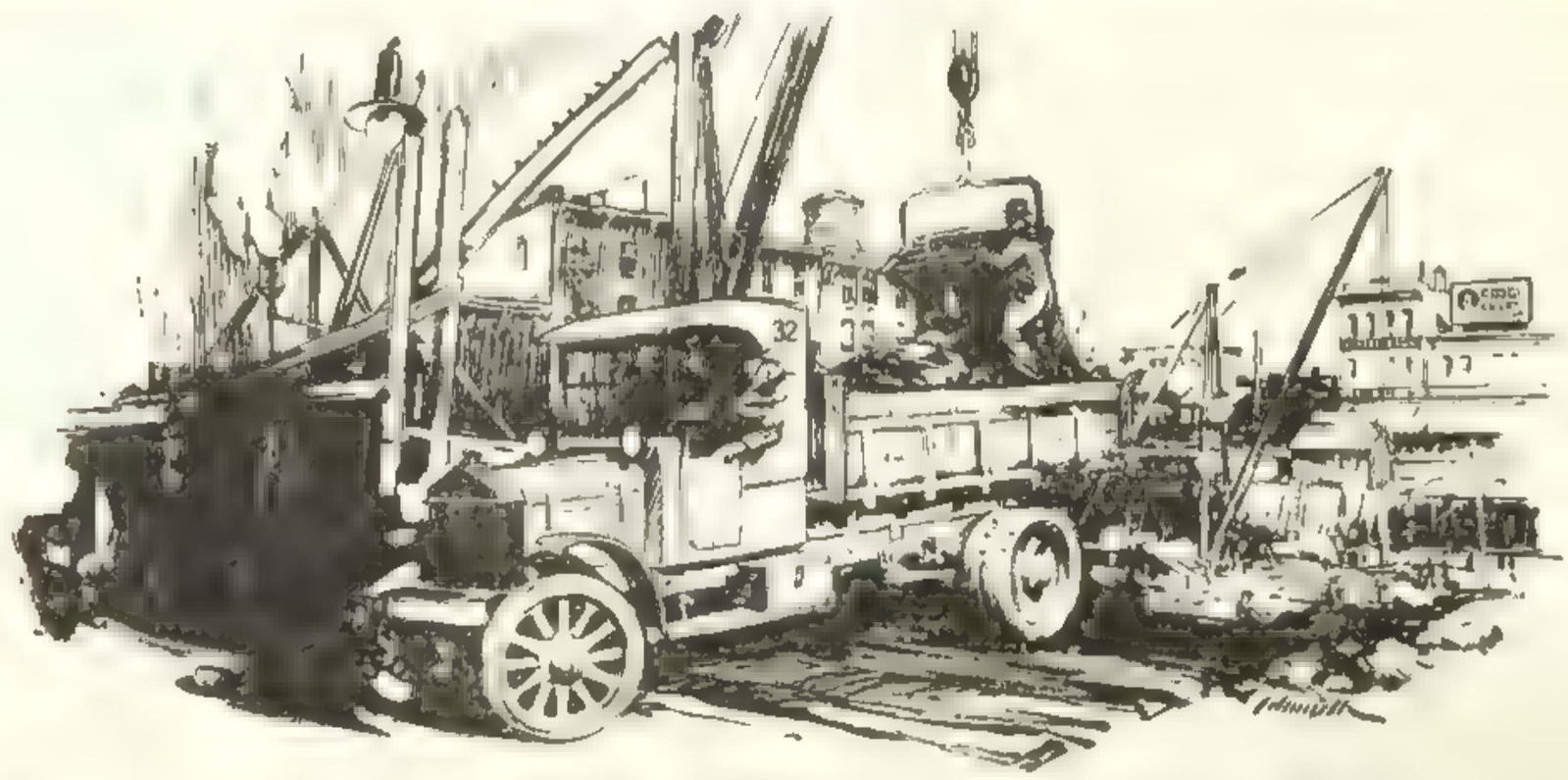
"Garfunkle? . . . This is Norton. Cancel that order I gave you yesterday. . . . What? . . . No, I've got half a dozen suits that are all right. . . . What's that? . . . Oh, yes, they'll fit me again. . . . Yes, exercise—lots of it, Garfunkle!"

He rang off and reached for the stiff hat he'd left on the desk.

"We'll fix up this deal after hours," he said. "Right now I'm on my way out to see Adolph Hogboom." He chuckled. "On foot."

Nancy Farr moved quickly to the cubby-hole where he kept his raincoat. His old battered soft hat lay on the shelf, and she held it toward him, her eyes laughing. He took it and went out, restraining an impulse to run.

His mind reverted, as he hurried through the Seventh Street traffic, to that groping search for the right adjective for Nancy. Suddenly he found it, with the little glow of satisfaction that always responded to the exact word in a bit of copy. Why, of course! Dear!



# These nine Pierce-Arrow trucks do the work of *twenty-seven*

USING only nine trucks, Michael J. Torpey, New York City contractor, is removing an average of *1,400 cubic yards a day* from the excavation for the New York Telephone Company's new $11,000,000 skyscraper.

To do it, Mr. Torpey works his trucks—all Pierce-Arrows—*twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.*

This triple duty imposes a test which few trucks have ever been required to meet, not only because of the continuous day-and-night grind, but because the loads are heavy and the grades steep.

Yet the first truck on the job, which started on the preliminary work in April, 1923, kept at its 24-hour grind without being under cover until December. It was then given a thorough inspection, but the only attention it needed was the removal of carbon, and minor adjustments.

"As money-makers, I have never operated any trucks equal to my nine Pierce-Arrows," writes Mr. Torpey, "and I had had wide experience with trucks before I bought my first Pierces five years ago."

What the modern Pierce-Arrow Truck, with its silent, powerful Dual-Valve engine, has done for others, it will do for you. Would you like to know what others, in your line of business, have learned about these dependable, long-lived trucks? Ask your nearest Pierce-Arrow distributor.

*Do you know that you can buy Pierce-Arrow Trucks on the most liberal terms?*

Pierce-Arrow trucks, tractors and motor busses may be purchased, if desired, under liberal financing arrangements. Write us, or ask your nearest distributor for details.

*Chassis Sizes:*
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*Chassis prices range from $3300 to $5400*
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*f. o. b. Buffalo*
*Prices in Canada upon application*

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*Buffalo, N. Y.*

*When in Buffalo visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Capable guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow Trucks are built.*

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**Price—$650.00 and upward. Freight added.**

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If you are a prospective purchaser of a piano or player-piano, we will gladly send you a beautiful brochure—*FREE. Story & Clark Piano Company, Dept. S. P. M., 315-317 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:* Please send me the brochure showing the various styles of your instruments, and the name of your nearest dealer, because I am interested in buying a grand ☐ an upright ☐ a player piano ☐ the Repro-Phraso ☐

*Name* *City* *State*

# FULL OUT

(Continued from Page 34)

with their eyes open and unseeing, while they concentrated all their senses into that of hearing—each man listening intently to the commanding voice of the engine for which he was responsible. Then, as motors stopped, pilots and mechanics exchanged a glance and a nod. In their lives the roar of a motor is so much more than a noise.

Eyes shifted nervously toward the road which led from the bowl. The big fight had started.

Minutes passed. Fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, twenty-five. Allan, already belted in his seat, leather case open to receive the negatives which were to be developed west of Chicago that night, studied the indicators on his instrument board and let his mind shoot ahead over the route which he was to cover. The world was limited to that narrow strip of earth which would presently be slipping beneath him, limited so utterly that it never occurred to him to wonder, with the rest of the world, who would win the fight. That was unimportant.

Rising above all other noises, mounting from a hum to an imperative, insistent scream, came the steady warning cry of an automobile siren; then a car lunged up the road, preceded and followed by motorcycles. Mechanics and pilots flung themselves into action; engines took up their thunderous, deep-throated chorus. The car stopped, disgorged three men, who bolted toward the Canda planes; one of the motorcycles crashed down upon its side and scraped along the ground as its rider hopped off and headed for the Umpty-seven.

With the first batch of pictures stowed in his leather case, Allan glanced at his watch. Three minutes to wait for the second motorcycle. One of the Candas swept ahead and up, became a vanishing spot in the west. The Zor took off and swung southward; then one of the A. F.'s.

Allan shook his head, pulled down his goggles and waved to have the blocks yanked from beneath the wheels. Time was up. Bill Ryan, at last stirred out of his placidity, let out a yelp and pointed down the road.

With his hand itching at the throttle, Allan waited. The second Canda left the ground just as the motorcycle cleared the forerunner of that growing congestion of cars. The motorcycle slewed, trying to avoid some obstacle, went into the ditch, catapulting the rider over his handlebars. He seemed to land upon his feet—feet that were running before they touched the ground. Those boys got one hundred dollars and damages, and this one was earning it. His hands were outstretched, holding the small bundle of negatives; his face was smeared with blood where the ground had rasped it.

With precious seconds ticking off, and the last Canda disappearing into the sun, Allan sat motionless. Then in one sweep of his left arm he snatched the bundle, dropped it beside him, and drew open the throttle. The Umpty-seven sprinted forward and took to the air.

In level flight at last, with the compass dial showing its "W" squarely, he took a long breath of fresh, cool wind. It was as though he had been stifled by heavy, vitiated air for hours. The Canda ahead of him had ceased to be a vanishing fleck of silver; now, by almost imperceptible degrees, it was growing larger. It continued to grow until, east of Wilkes-Barre, it disappeared suddenly in the mist which lay over the earth.

As the mist grew heavier Allan debated whether he should go up and lose time in climbing to clearer air, verge off to the southward and pick up landmarks to guide him, or take a chance and plow through, depending upon his compass. Williamsport—or at least the spot where Williamsport should have been—was an unbroken fog.

His compass still showed that implacable "W," and the Gorse 350 horse-power engine was singing like a full symphony orchestra. He decided to trust his engine against the hazards of a forced landing, and edged slightly to the northward. That would lead him to the rim of Lake Erie, and into Cleveland.

Dawson, the Cleveland agent of Globe-wide, reached Janeth Brent by telephone at her hotel.

"I've just had a call from Tierny in Jersey City," he said, "and your brother sends word that he doesn't want you to go to the field."

"Why not?" demanded Janeth.

"They are afraid there may be some trouble," answered the man. His voice was mildly reproachful, as though even the thought of trouble was to him, by nature, abhorrent.

"What sort of trouble?"

"Several times before," continued Dawson, "the Easterling people have tried to block Mr. Tierny's plans by—ah—methods of violence, you understand. I think they are needlessly worked up by the—ah—tension of the present ——"

"Do you mean to say," interrupted Janeth savagely, "that they might try to crack up our plane?"

"Um—yes," admitted the man reluctantly. "At least, Mr. Tierny feels that there may be trouble, and your brother merely wishes to take this precaution in your behalf. Personally ——"

"Thanks," said Janeth, slamming up the receiver. "Fool!" she exclaimed, snatching up her hat and coat. As the taxi-cab headed toward the field a huge crowd gathered before a bulletin board let out a roar. It was the knock-out!

Janeth Brent's small hand clenched and her jaw set. "Go it, Allan!" she muttered.

At the gate to the field she was stopped by a guard.

"You can't go in there," he said.

"Why can't I? I've got a plane on that field."

The guard shook his head. "That don't make no difference. My orders are to keep everybody out!"

"Then I want to send a message to my mechanic," she insisted.

The guard's head shook once more.

Janeth glared at him belligerently. "I will go in!"

"No you won't! Now listen to me!" His attitude became paternal. "You better be a good little girl an' mind your own business. You just better run right along!"

In answer she attempted to duck under his arm which barred the entrance, but he snatched at her and held her.

A policeman sauntered over from a lunch room across the street, and to him she told her troubles.

"Sure, I know all about it!" answered the policeman. "Your mechanic's name is O'Hara. He was arrested about a half an hour ago." He, too, became paternal. "I don't want to pull you in, too, young lady—and so you better dust right along and stay out of trouble."

A cruising taxi heaved into sight. The patrolman signaled it. "Here's a cab for you, young lady."

Janeth, speechless from anger and so filled with apprehension that her first instinct was to be alone so that she could gather her wits, allowed herself to be escorted to the cab. Already Allan was in flight, headed toward this! O'Hara arrested! And she was barred from the field!

"The nearest police station!" she ordered the driver.

At the station house she was told that O'Hara was not held there. The sergeant knew nothing about his arrest and was not disposed to find out anything about it. From a drug store she tried to reach Dawson by telephone, but no one answered. Then she telephoned to the field and asked to speak with the manager.

"Who wants to talk with him?"

"Miss Brent."

There was a pause. "He ain't here."

"Then let me talk with someone who can give me permission to come on the field. I have a plane there."

"Can't be done. You better call up later. Maybe the manager'll come back."

It was dusk when she gave up the effort to find assistance and determined to get into the field if she had to scale the high board fence which surrounded it.

O'Hara, after Janeth had left the field, had given the old Umpty-five oil, gas and water, changed a spark plug and taxied the plane close to one of the hangars where it would be out of the way. Then, taking the precaution to use an outside telephone, he had called the office of the gasoline company which was to provide him with a drum of high-test fuel and oil, and told them that he would come for his supplies within an hour. His plan was to ride back

(Continued on Page 82)

©U S. Rubber Co., 1924

*Scene at Palm Beach painted by John Newton Howitt*

IT is only a matter of months since such a tire as the Usco Cord was more than any man expected

There wasn't a tire value anywhere that forecast the possibility of the Usco Cord.

Today Usco Cord is turning in such a consistent dollar value for dollar invested that it changes the tire user's whole scale of reckoning.

If it hadn't been for the new methods developed in the manufacture of U. S. Royal Cords, Usco Cords would not be here now to set a new standard for low-priced tire equipment.

Usco Cords are made in 30 x 3 inch and 30 x 3½ inch clincher for light cars, and in straightside in all standard passenger car sizes from 30 x 3½ inch up.

**United States Rubber Company**

Trade Mark

# USCO CORD

(Continued from Page 80)

upon the truck and stand guard over the gasoline until the Umpty-seven came into the field.

Nothing had happened to excite his suspicions. The manager of the field had greeted him cordially, told him to yell for anything he wanted, and offered the services of his own mechanics. He had even invited O'Hara to come with him to his own house and hear the report of the fight over his radio set, but O'Hara declined.

After telephoning he went into a restaurant, ate a belated lunch and ordered a package of sandwiches to take with him. Then he went out, found a taxi waiting conveniently at the curb, and ordered the driver to take him to the yards of the gasoline company.

The cab had gone one block, when it slowed down; two men hopped aboard, one on either running board, swung the doors open. One of them slugged him as he leaned forward. The other grabbed him, muffled his yell; then both of them forced him down until he was sprawling on the floor.

"You're under arrest!" announced the one who had hit him, exposing a shield.

The cab turned up an alley, and stopped. O'Hara was dragged out, shot through a door and into a freight elevator.

Dazed, groggy from the blow, O'Hara commenced to fight, but his good sense, the product of more than one battle, told him that was useless. Worse than useless, because he was using up his strength. He allowed himself to be led into a room, a bedroom. This was a hotel then, he said to himself.

"I can handle him, Jim," muttered the one with the shield. "Give me a buzz when the show's over."

"Aw-right. Better frisk him first." They went through his pockets and found nothing more dangerous than a knife, which they took.

"Better take it easy," advised the man. "You've got about four hours to wait."

O'Hara looked him over without speaking, noticed the automatic which he laid upon the table, and turned towards the bed. For a half hour he nursed his head.

"So I'm pinched, am I?"

"Looks that way."

"Better trot me off to a sergeant, hadn't you?"

"Don't be in a hurry."

"What's the charge?"

For the first time the man's expression changed; he grinned. "Resisting arrest!" he replied.

"Let me see that badge, will you?"

"Don't bother about the badge. This is badge enough for you!" He patted the automatic.

"Phony cop, eh?" asked O'Hara. He yawned and stretched. "Gosh, us girls leads a hard life!" he commented listlessly.

Then his face became sober. He had rolled over upon a hard object, and his thoughts streaked back to the moment when, after changing the spark plug on the Umpty-five, he had slipped an S-wrench into the side pocket of his coat. There was a hole in this pocket, and the wrench had slipped through, down to the edge of his coat. Once more he yawned and stretched, rolling over slightly to make sure that he had not been wrong in his first surmise. He wasn't wrong; it was the S-wrench all right enough. Not much of a weapon against a .38-caliber automatic, but something that a person would feel if it were applied swiftly and with force to his skull.

"Whew! But you gave me a beaut of a headache!" he exclaimed. "Were you using knuckles?" It was flattery.

"Naw!" His guard displayed a heavy fist.

It took a long time of deft maneuvering to get that wrench back through the hole in his pocket; then O'Hara was ready for action.

"Guess I'll put a wet towel on this bean of mine," he said, and went to the washstand, where he dipped a bath towel in water. He fixed it turbanwise, and sat down upon the bed. Then the pain became so intense that he began to walk about the room, hands pressing his temples, and continued walking until his captor's eyes grew tired of following him.

"Getting dark, ain't it?" said O'Hara, going close to the window. There was a fire escape outside. "How long 're you going to keep me?"

"Till I get a buzz to let you go."

"What's the game?"

The other shrugged. "I dunno. None of my business."

O'Hara's hands were up at his head again, where the wrench lay wrapped in the folds of the bath towel. "What time is it?" he asked.

"Seven-twenty."

"Gosh, I thought it was midnight!" O'Hara exclaimed.

As a matter of fact he had had no idea that it was growing so late. There wasn't another minute to lose.

"Damn towel drips down my neck like a shower bath," he complained petulantly, loosening it.

The man yawned, and in that second the wrench, wrapped in one thin fold of toweling, came down upon his head like a blackjack.

"Think that over, you big stiff!" muttered O'Hara. He slipped the automatic into his pocket, recovered his wrench and his knife, and made for the fire escape.

At Galveston the supercargo of the freighter Bengal unloaded his responsibilities upon the western agent of the company he represented, signed his name, Willard Towar, to various papers, collected his pay and went immediately to the railroad station. There, after buying his ticket to New York, he sent a telegram to the Brent Aviation Company, in Sound Brook, which read:

Continue rejoicing and reach grand climax Sunday. SEADOG.

In the day coach he counted his dollars and the hours which lay ahead of him, and figured that he would have enough money left, allowing for moderate nourishment, to send his grace an annoying cablegram from Sound Brook—and enough time to think up a good one. The idea heartened him momentarily; then he abandoned it flatly. Why waste money that would buy gas for the old Umpty-five?

Bill Seadog fell into a thoughtful mood as the train pounded towards Chicago. It was as though he had paused, for the first time in many years, to consider Willard Weston Clively Towar soberly. And, for the first time since he had been a boy, the game of annoying his grace lost its flavor. There was a better game ahead of him, he felt—a game that was real, intense.

"We'll make something of this aviation business!" he said to himself, and his mind went back to his grandfather, who had taken an active part in the laying out of the great railway systems of Canada. Much of the Towar fortune was in railway securities, built up by the faith and work of that older Duke of Tallbout.

With a railway map of the United States open upon his lap, Bill Seadog fell to studying the long distances, thinking of them in terms of aëroplane miles per hour. The more he thought of it the more vivid became that picture of passengers and freight being carried by air; until, at last, his return to Sound Brook, which he had

"Sure, I Know All About It!" Answered the Policeman. "Your Mechanic's Name Is O'Hara"

been planning as a jubilant celebration, presented itself to his imagination in more serious terms. Above everything else, he wanted to see Janeth. The map faded before his eyes as he thought of it. Then he and Allan—Janeth, too, of course—would get their heads together and talk aviation.

He could hear himself saying to them earnestly, "It's our one big chance of doing something creditable! Flying is the only thing we know! Let's make the most of it! We three will go into it heart and soul. Let his grace go chase himself. We don't need him. We've got the big idea!"

It was a vastly different Bill Seadog who changed trains at Chicago, and he looked back upon that long voyage as supercargo as a period in which he had sloughed off insensibly an accumulation of futility. After all, he said to himself, such things as hunting lions were nothing better than futile unless one took them as an incidental sport. Much better to throw strength and enthusiasm into a game that might mean something to humanity. The factories and mills sliding by the car windows weren't just dirty smudges; they had for him suddenly a reality which he had never before sensed.

He opened the newspaper which he carried under his arm absently and allowed his eyes to drift over the front page. There were columns about the fight. In another frame of mind he probably would have bought all the papers and read every word of sport dope, speculating to himself as to the winner, laying bets with himself, figuring odds on the rounds.

"Spectacular Race With Pictures—Aëroplanes to Wing Way Westward." The headline shot a thrill through him, and he became absorbed in the story.

The most gigantic and spectacular attempt to cover the entire country with news pictures will commence at the moment when Referee Higgins pronounces the fateful word, "Ten!" Automobiles, motorcycles, trains and aëroplanes will jump into action, bearing undeveloped negatives. Before midnight citizens of Chicago will have the complete photographic story of the fight.

Seadog's eyes traveled over the story until they hit the word, "Brent."

Another pilot, Allan Brent, flying the powerful three hundred and fifty horse power M. P. T.-Seven plane, will carry negatives which are to be developed on the mail trains leaving Chicago tonight. Within a little more than three hours after the knock-out he will swoop down upon Cleveland, where a special crew will give his plane gas; then up again and into the night, thundering towards Chicago. By eleven o'clock, if all goes well with this heroic attempt, he will be here, and an automobile, under command of a police sergeant, will race to the train. If you hear the siren of that car, see it flash past you, say "Hello" and "Good-by," in the same breath, for those are two-miles-a-minute pictures.

Seadog was out of his seat, cornering a brakeman.

"When do we reach Cleveland?"

"Half past six."

"Where's the flying field there?"

"Search me, mister." He grinned. "Why? This train too slow for you?"

"You're damn right it's too slow for me!"

Back in his place once again, Seadog sat as though he were putting spurs to a dray horse, trying to make him take a fence.

In Cleveland, the money which might have paid for a cablegram to his grace or bought gas for the old Umpty was cleaned off by a taximeter. He dismissed the cab before the entrance to the field, just as a small and bitterly determined man waved the guard away at the point of an automatic.

"I'm-Brent's-mechanic-get-the-hell-out-of-my-way," said the little man, as though it were a password.

Seadog's shoulder caught the guard, bowled him over, and he followed the one with the automatic into the darkness which lay over the field. He wondered if his eyes could be deceiving him, for he would have sworn that the landing lights of the field had been on the moment before.

Allan Brent had breathed easily once more when the silvery expanse of Lake Erie slowly resolved itself out of the mist, and he edged off to the left, where Cleveland lay, marked by the spotted glow of lights. Then the field, with a flood light illuminating the "T" which gave him his landing direction, and the shielded arcs illuminating the ground.

He closed the throttle and put the Umpty-seven's nose down. A minute later the tail skid was biting into the earth, dragging the plane to a stop, and he taxied forward towards a man who slowly waved his arms as a signal.

Another man ran out of the darkness, waving a yellow slip of paper. He motioned to Allan to shut off his motor.

"I'm Dawson," he said. "Cleveland man for Globewide. Telegram from Taylor. I'm to take the negatives and put them aboard the train. Fog between here and Chicago. Turn 'em over quick! No time to lose! Car's waiting!"

He attempted to climb up and get his hands upon the leather case. Allan gave him a push, took the telegram, opened the throttle and taxied closer to the lights. The man came running alongside, fighting against the propeller blast.

"Where's my mech?" demanded Allan. "Where's O'Hara?"

"Hurry up with them pictures!" ordered the man.

"O'Hara!" yelled Allan. More figures loomed out of the darkness on every side of him, but O'Hara was not among them. "O'Hara!" he yelled again.

One of the men said, "He'll be here in a minute."

"Say, this train ain't waiting for us! Fork out them pictures." He made another reach for the leather case.

"Get your hands out of here, or I'll plaster you!" announced Allan. He turned the telegram so that he could read the words: "Deliver negatives to Dawson for transportation by train. Taylor." It was scrawled, and upon a "Send" blank.

"They telephoned it out," explained the man. "Say, you got to hand those over or we'll miss connections. Come on! Quick! For Gawd's sake, man, what's the matter with you?"

Allan's glance took in the men surrounding him, and under cover of the darkness of

(Continued on Page 87)

# Better motor lubrication

"During my six years servicing Packard cars, I have used many different motor oils; but none to equal Sunoco. I believe thoroughly that by eliminating the use of cylinder stocks you have made the greatest improvement in motor lubrication in the history of the industry.

"I wouldn't think of letting a car I have repaired leave my shop with anything but fresh Sunoco. Many of my customers drive out of their way to get it."

*(You may have the writer's name if you want it.)*

YOU can't see lubrication. The better it is, the less it attracts your attention. You know it's at fault only when trouble occurs.

You get better lubrication when you use Sunoco. It gives your motor more power, smoother action, longer life; and it's a good preventive of repairs and needless expenses.

Sunoco Motor Oil is wholly distilled in every type; absolutely pure. Cylinder stock is used in some other motor oils to give them "body." But cylinder stock which is a residue (i. e. it is not distilled) from certain crude oils is not a good motor lubricant.

It is the principal cause of carbon deposits, pitted valves, and dirty spark plugs.

Sunoco Motor Oil hasn't a drop of cylinder stock in it.

We make Sunoco by a special refining process, exclusively our own.

Sunoco *is* different. Its difference is important for your pocketbook; and adds to your satisfaction with your car. Better use it regularly.

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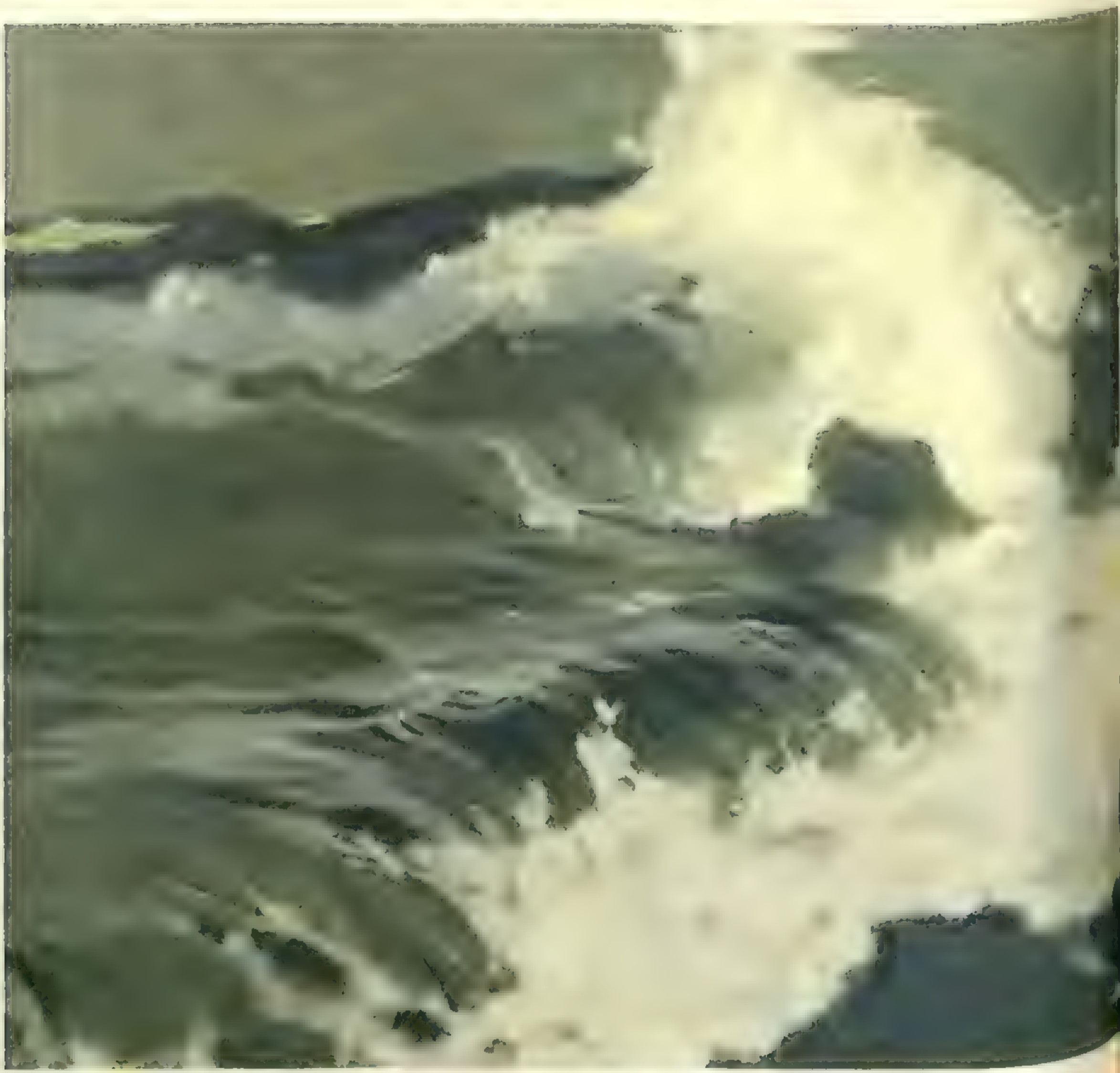

# Oceans of Power!

Surging, irresistible power lives in the bigger new Overland engine. Power that sweeps you up the stiffest hills. Power that fascinates you! Action and energy that give you confidence wherever you drive.

Overland leaps to life at a touch—quick as a panther. Gets you there smartly when you want to save time. Idles along smoothly when you want to kill time. Holds steadily to any pace you set on long runs. Seems sensitive to your every mood. It's a pleasure to sit at the wheel!

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Suggested by Frederick J. Waugh

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*Style satisfaction.* Vici kid is the leather selected by the shoe craftsman to give added distinction to his choicest designs.

*Color satisfaction.* Smooth texture and perfect finish contribute in large measure to the richness and beauty of coloring for which Vici kid is noted.

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No other leather combines *all* the advantages of Vici kid. Ask your dealer to show you the new offerings in shoes of Vici kid.

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THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID --- THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER

(Continued from Page 82)

the cockpit his hand reached for the automatic which Tierny had given him.

"You can't get through the fog!" urged one of them. "Thicker'n 'ell all the way from Toledo on."

"Where's O'Hara?" persisted Allan. "You trot O'Hara out before you get these pictures!"

"Say, listen, fella," pleaded the man who had given him the telegram, "if you don't hand over them pictures you're responsible for gummin' the works—not me! See? I done the best I can! You better use your dome an' snap out of it!"

Allan's wits were jumping. Tierny had told him that he was to run the show himself, that Allan Brent was the one who was responsible. And yet, if he tried to blunder through a fog the pictures might never get there. His right hand upon the automatic and his left upon the straps of the leather case worked nervously. Where in the devil was O'Hara?

Janeth's voice, screaming "Allan! Allan!" made them jump. She flashed into range of the flood lights and toward him.

"They've arrested O'Hara!" she yelled. "They're trying to stop us!"

Someone said, "Choke her off!" Then, someone else, "Watch out—he's gotta gun!"

The man snatched at the case, and the butt of the automatic came down upon the fingers which clutched the side of the cockpit. He jumped back, cursing and nursing his fingers. Janeth was given clear passageway.

"Jan, this man says he's Dawson, and he wants the pictures to send by train! He says there's a fog!"

"I want them pictures," he roared, still clinging to his fingers, "an', by Gawd, I'll get 'em!"

His voice, in contrast to the liquid tones of the real Dawson as she had heard the man over the telephone, made Janeth fling out "That isn't Dawson!"

Allan stood up in his seat. "I'll plug the first man that moves in this direction!" he said, and the automatic flashed in full view of the white faces about them.

Then the Umpty-seven's engine, which had been idling peacefully, coughed, sputtered and stopped. Without a flicker of warning the lights of the field were extinguished. They were in a pit of darkness.

"Janeth," he whispered, "duck out of this!"

"I won't!" she answered.

There was utter silence and utter darkness about them as they stood there straining eyes and ears for some indication of what might happen next.

Nearly a minute passed before he said, "I guess we're cooked! They've done something to the engine!"

"Oh-h!" breathed Janeth furiously. Instinctively she put her hand upon his arm.

He jumped and demanded, "Is that your hand?"

"Yes. The old bus is on the field," she whispered. "O'Hara filled it."

"If I get any sort of chance I'll try to get it warmed up and shove off."

Breaking the silence came the thin distant whine of an aëroplane engine; then there was a shout.

"One of the Candas!" said Allan excitedly. "We'll get some lights now!"

An instant later the arcs sputtered and the field was flooded with lights. Not a person was near them. Several indistinct forms moved in the borderland of light and darkness, casting elongated shadows; then from one corner of the field there came an upheaval—really two upheavals which appeared to merge—and shouts. It was a fist fight. A gun flashed twice, two small jets of red, and the shouts were silenced for an ominous moment.

A small figure sped out of the darkness toward them.

"Hey, Brent!"

"O'Hara!"

All that remained of the fist fight moved into the area of light and seemed to revolve about one tall person.

Then a clear stentorian voice of wrath sounded above the mêlée: "I'll jolly well murder you!"

"Seadog!" yelled Allan.

"Yes!"

Leather case in one hand, gun in the other, Allan hopped to the ground and started on a run, collecting O'Hara as he went. The attackers fell back into the cover of darkness. Overhead the Canda plane's engine became silent as it glided downward for its landing.

"The dirty dogs!" came O'Hara's voice, rising furiously. "They threw dirt into the intake!"

"Use the old bus!" urged Janeth.

O'Hara watched the Canda taxi down the field, and the crowd of mechanics which moved toward it, dragging a gas tank and water. He bolted toward the Umpty-five, with Janeth, Allan and Bill Seadog after him.

"Haven't got gas for the big bus anyhow," panted O'Hara. "I'll play their cutthroat game with 'em. Hop aboard!"

Allan was already in the cockpit. "You go with me, Jan! Take Seadog's coat!"

O'Hara was swinging on the propeller, cranking the engine. "Contact!" he yelled.

"Contact!" answered Allan, flipping the switch.

The old Umpty's motor commenced to crackle, then roar. Allan leaned out and slapped Seadog on the back.

O'Hara was yelling into his ear: "Can you get out o' here in the dark?" Allan nodded. "Take a good squint at the field!" said the mechanic. "I'm going to cut the lights!"

He disappeared into the night. Two minutes passed while the needle of the temperature indicator moved slowly over the dial. Around the Canda the mechanics still were working. They had turned at the sound of the motor, approached a few steps, but they had decided not to come closer. The pilot of the Canda tramped up and down beside his machine, stretching, a grotesque silhouette, with his case of negatives dangling at his hip, the glasses of his goggles upon his forehead reflecting eyes of light as he turned.

A yell went up as the field was plunged into darkness.

"All right!" said Allan. Bill Seadog felt for the blocks before the wheels and jerked them away.

"Clear!" he yelled. "On your way!"

The Umpty-five, spitting red fire from its exhaust, labored down the field and took to the air.

Seadog crouched down, spoke O'Hara's name at intervals until he heard a response, "Here I am." They found each other in the darkness, and held a *sotto-voce* conference. The excited shouting in the vicinity of the Canda was on the increase, and they could hear the field manager shouting orders for gasoline flares.

"I knocked the spots out o' the transformer," announced O'Hara gleefully, to explain the extinguished lights. "Say—I played cutthroat in the racing game before these babies were weaned!"

"I'm full out to wade in and knock the spots out of that mob before they get the lights going," answered Bill Seadog.

"Hey—who in hell are you anyways?" O'Hara asked suddenly. "I never seen you before you crashed the gate with me."

"My name's Towar—Bill Towar."

O'Hara's voice took on an incredulous, puzzled note as he demanded, "Are you that—that English-nobility friend of Allan's?"

"I'm the bird—but stow the bunk! Let's get busy!"

As they moved upon the Canda, its pilot and its mechanics, O'Hara indulged in soliloquy to the extent of muttering, "And ain't I the big damn fool!"

Chicago, with its twinkling, sprawling glow of yellow lights; then the great white beams which marked the landing field and the "T." Cold and weary to the degree that he had to drag himself free from the heavy bonds of apathy, Allan swung the old Umpty-five about and let it sink to earth.

Two minutes later the plaintive whine of a siren, sounding in Allan Brent's ears like a continuation of that warning cry along the Jersey road, told them that the pictures were on their way toward the midnight train for the West. Taylor, president of Globe-wide, came trotting back to where Allan and Janeth stood beside their plane. His deeply wrinkled face was beaming, grotesquely shadowed in the strong field lights. He led them to his own car, which took them to the nearest hotel—and food.

Neither of the Candas had arrived when they left the field; but there was a telephone message at the hotel for Taylor announcing that one of them had just come in. He looked at his watch and said grimly: "They'll make the train, all right. Too bad we couldn't make a clean beat on 'em. Better luck next time. It was a great flight, old boy! Tell me about it!"

(Continued on Page 89)

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

*The Museum of the American Indian, New York*

EVERY building that has Good Hardware has a higher valuation out of all proportion to the slightly higher first cost of Good Hardware.

Why is this true? Because hardware, although often overlooked as a minor detail of construction, cannot be overlooked after the building is occupied.

The lock on a door is the focal point of a door. It is the first thing seen and touched.

Hardware forms the connecting link between the structure and you, who use it. It operates and controls all the moving parts of the building.

Good Hardware enters into your everyday life as a hundred willing servants, unobtrusive, silent, aiding at every turn your goings and comings, your ventilation, your comfort, convenience and security.

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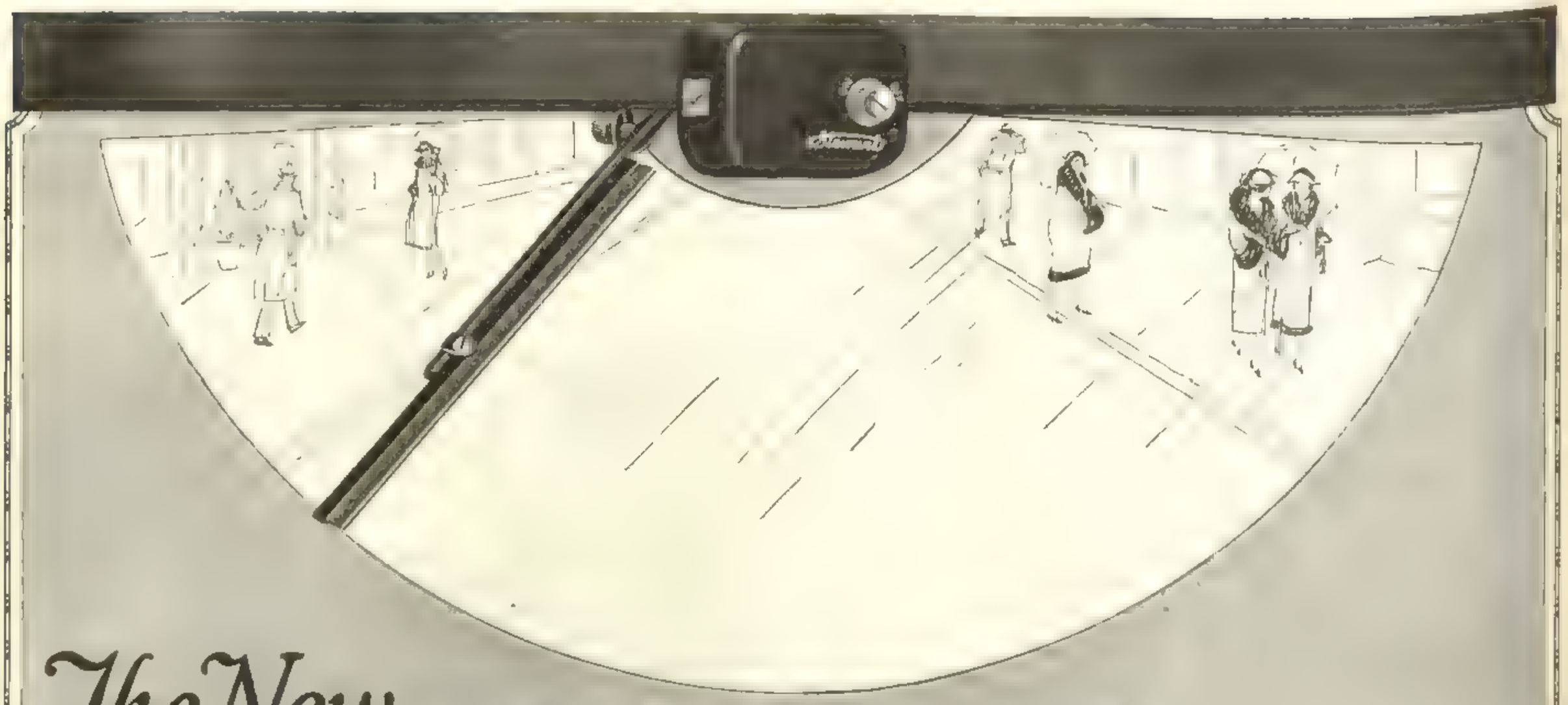

# The New Stewart Windshield Wiper

The "on and off" switch is convenient and easy to turn.

While parking for a short time during a heavy snowstorm the driver can leave the Stewart working to keep the windshield glass clean, with no danger of its being covered with frozen sleet or snow before his return

*Here at last!* An automatic windshield wiper, electrically operated, independent of the engine, so that "stepping on the gas" has no effect on its powerful, steady sweep.

The *Stewart* cleans the glass thoroughly, with a clock-like regularity, *at all times.*

Relieves the driver of the trouble and danger of taking a hand off the wheel to wipe the glass clear, when driving on wet, slippery streets.

For your safety and convenience ask your garage-man or accessory dealer to install the electric *Stewart* Windshield Wiper. It's operation is not a "drag" on the battery and —*you can depend on it.* It is always on the job. *Look* for the name *Stewart*

Sales points for dealers

The wiper arm is substantial and heavy enough to bear an even pressure against the glass so that the entire surface is wiped clean

A small adjusting screw in the wiper arm enables the driver to regulate the amount of pressure against the glass

The arm is secured by a set screw against slipping or falling off

The Stewart Wiper being electrically operated will work whether the car is moving or not. It will keep the windshield clear while car is parked

Speeding up the engine will have no effect on the wiper operation

Price, $7.50

(Western price, $7.75)

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION — CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 87)

His expression, which had become crestfallen at the news of the Canda, changed instantly to a smile, and he passed the check for fifteen hundred dollars across the table.

For the first time Allan and Janeth were able to piece together their own stories, while Taylor—first amazed, then angry, then fighting mad—listened. Allan, as he reached the end of his account, slumped down in his chair.

"Whew! What a day! Me for bed!" Suddenly he was alert again, and he demanded, "Say! Who in the deuce won that prize fight?"

They were on the field before dawn, and the Umpty-five labored into the air once more, headed eastward. Three hours later they swooped down into Cleveland, avoiding the wreck of a Canda plane in the center of the field, and taxied up to the Umpty-seven.

Despite his battered face they could see O'Hara's luminous grin for one hundred yards. O'Hara and Seadog—the latter disheveled and limping, one shoe off—came out to meet them. From the hangars emerged mechanics, who stood their distance, eying the reunion dourly, and yet respectfully.

The high officials of the Brent Aviation Company sat upon the ground and began to make reports.

"Bill, here," said O'Hara, "said he was full out—which I guess is English for hell bent—for wading in, an' so we waded. He takes the left and I take the right of the mob, and we meet in the middle."

"It was a jolly good fight," added Bill Seadog.

His face was cut and bruised, one eye was encircled with blue, one ear was torn, and he nursed his right foot with two battered hands.

"Just as we were getting near enough to bust up the Canda," continued O'Hara, "we heard the second Canda come a-roaring along, trying to find the field. Then someone touched a match to the gasoline they'd been spilling for flares, and with all that light we couldn't reach the bus. It was a grand idea to light gasoline, except that they poured it all over hell's creation —— Pardon me, Janeth ——"

"Don't mind me," said the girl. "Go on with the yarn."

"When they got the flares going about two dozen started to jump us, an' so I held 'em off with the gat, which I had been using as a club. Then the Canda comes down and tries to pull a cross-wind landing, which wasn't the pilot's fault because he couldn't see the 'T,' an' he cracks up his bus. Didn't hurt him, but everybody was so excited that they forgot to switch his pictures to the other bus, which takes off about five seconds after the crack-up. Then, Bill here, and I go back to the Seven, for fear that they might touch a match to her, an' there wasn't any more fighting."

"Poor old Seadog!" said Janeth, putting her hand on his arm. He attempted to smile gratefully, and all of his face which was not already discolored blushed. "What did you do to your foot?"

"Oh, I kicked someone," he replied negligently. "It must have been a mechanic with a bag of tools. Can't get my shoe back on."

"I've cleaned the Seven intake," said O'Hara. "Full of dirt. An' she's got gas an' oil, too—which we don't even say thanks for. We just take what we want. We got 'em buffaloed around here. I'll go fill up the Five."

"Hey—Brent!" yelled a man with a megaphone at the door of the office. "Long distance wants you!"

Alone upon the field Janeth and Bill Seadog eyed each other. "Can't tell you how glad I am to see you again, Janeth," he said. "I'm no end happy. Never wanted to see anyone so much in my life, you know. I—I just can't begin to tell you! I—perhaps we'd better go and help Jim."

It was Taylor on the telephone, talking from Chicago.

"We got a clean beat!" he announced jubilantly. "Chicago and everything west of it is ours by twenty-four hours!"

"What?" yelled Allan.

"Clean beat!" repeated Taylor. "One Canda didn't come, and ——"

"It's wrecked here. Did the other miss the train?"

"They got the train, all right, but the pictures were no good. The negatives were ruined. The pilot says that there was a fight in Cleveland ——"

"You bet there was!"

"The pilot says that somebody kicked him—planted a kick on the case he was carrying the negatives in. He doesn't know what happened, but he's got a tooth out, a black eye, and he says he thinks he remembers getting kicked. Anyhow the pictures were spoiled. Easterling is almost crazy!"

"Kicked!" repeated Allan.

"Yeh—and say, I'm giving you an extra bonus. Five hundred—just for good luck. I'll mail it to you."

As they were about to get aboard the planes the Honorable Willard Weston Clively Towar regarded his swollen foot thoughtfully.

"I say, Janeth," he began, "if I can earn five hundred dollars with one foot, I ought to do fairly well when I begin using my head. Eh?"

Janeth's blue eyes came up to his, she smiled and nodded. "I'll bet on you, Bill Seadog."

"Will you really? I'm deadly serious, you know. Will you bet on Bill Seadog?"

Again she nodded. Her expression changed suddenly. "This extra five hundred," she announced, "just covers everything we owe for the new Umpty!" It was the treasurer of the Brent Aviation Company speaking.

"Oh, Allah!" moaned her brother. "Why not declare a dividend? I haven't had a whole dime to spend on myself in four months!"

Bill Seadog dug into his trousers pocket, and he pulled forth eighty-seven cents, put the coins in Janeth's hand.

"The board of directors," he said, "votes unanimously to give the chief pilot an allowance of one nickel a week in return for his noble flight from Jersey City to Chicago."

The two Umpty's—one black and dirty from long service and the other with its wings glistening in the sunlight—soared up, and headed eastward. Allan, sitting at his ease in the passenger's cockpit, while Bill Seadog piloted, thoughtfully clinked his nickel against the penny which he had borrowed from the treasurer for exactly that purpose. And it occurred to him that he had never felt quite so wealthy, even in the days when the Brent fortune had seemed unlimited.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Parker. The next will appear in an early issue

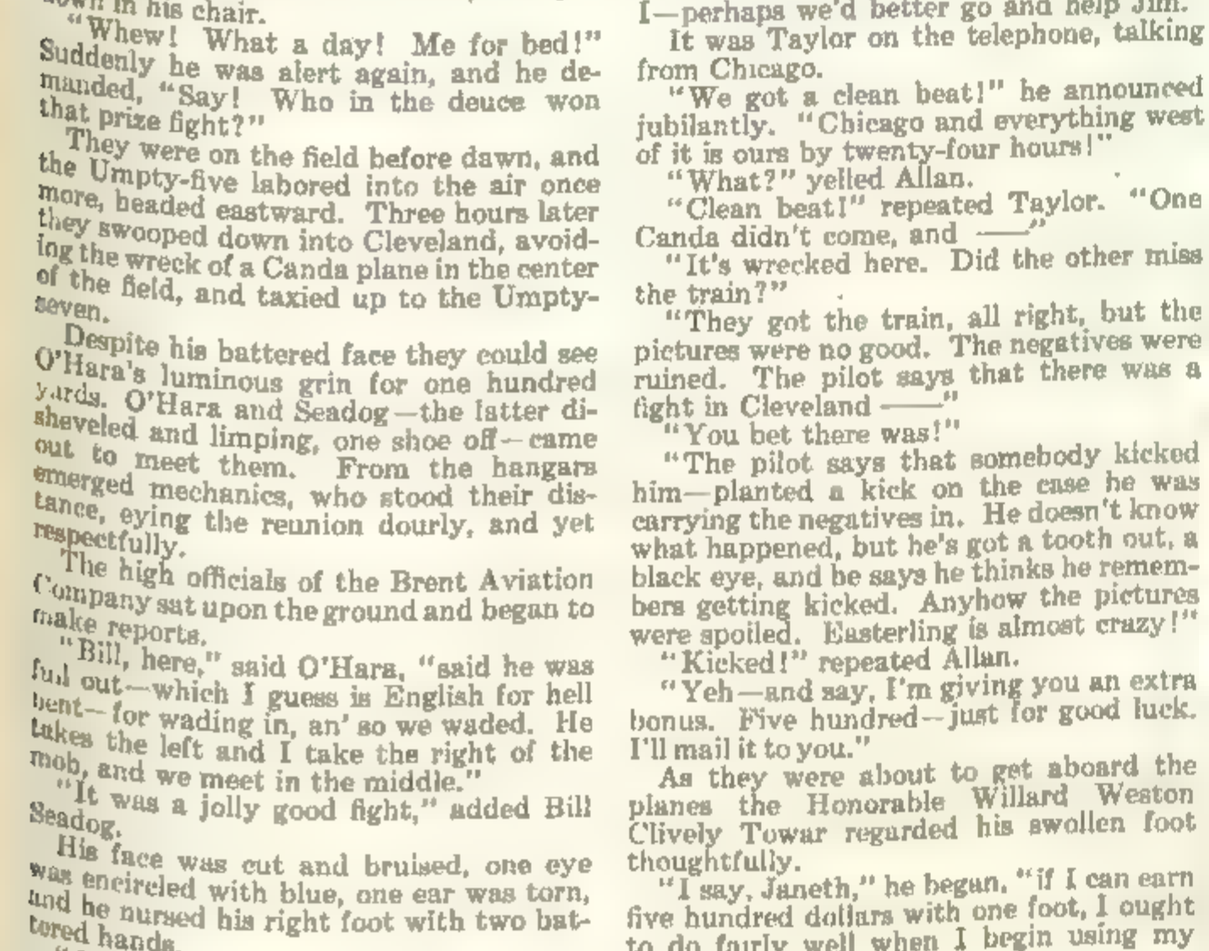

PHOTO. BY W. C. KERST

"Seal Rocks," a Natural Formation in the Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs, Colorado

Neptunite

*Never turns white*

BEAUTIFUL, mirror-like floors! Durable floors! Floors with a clear, hard finish which reveals the full beauty of the natural wood grain and withstands the wear of scuffling feet—a finish that is unaffected by hot or cold water, steam or even acids. The well-informed painter knows that he can best secure such a finish with Neptunite Varnish, for it has a heavy, free-flowing body that sets slowly and evenly, allowing ample time for careful working, yet dries quickly to a smooth, level finish.

There are four Neptunite Varnishes, each one created to do one thing well—for floors Neptunite Floor, for exterior work Neptunite Spar, for woodwork Neptunite Interior, and for a rubbed finish Neptunite Rubbing. They never turn white, won't even scratch white.

Neptunite is carefully made, and just as carefully sold. Only *one* dealer—the Lowe Brothers Dealer—in your community can supply you. From him you can be assured of getting not only high quality paints and varnishes, but also sound advice as to how to use them.

Lowe Brothers High Standard Paint

*For fifty years experienced paint men, painters, decorators, architects and home owners have recognized the high quality of Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint—rich colors that retain their newness for many years — protective ability against wear and weather —capacity for covering so that less paint is required for the job. You will find beauty, protection and real economy in the use of this paint.*

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Lowe Brothers

PAINTS & VARNISHES

# CHARLEY, OR THE CONFESSIONS OF A FIANCÉ

(Continued from Page 11)

English of our best authors, while Charley's were compact of the tags and ends of a degenerate street speech.

ERNEST: Let us open the Gibbon and improve the fleeting moment by a study of his matchless narrative.

CHARLEY: By special request, please play that sonata over again. It doesn't mean anything, but I like to hear it.

ERNEST: We will spend the evening ——

CHARLEY *(interrupting)*: Spend the evening! Yes, I guess that is your limit when it comes to spending. Any time you take a girl to church and let her drop a nickel in the plate you think you are showing her a wham of a time.

ERNEST: If I am unable to scatter money as prodigally as I might wish, it is because of the inroads you make on my capital. I earn the money that you waste.

CHARLEY: Come on down stage where I can hear you, and don't pull hokum that was ruled off the Kerosene Circuit the year after the Big Wind. You wouldn't show a girl a good time if you had all the money in the U. S. Treasury; but I am different. That is why you had better take out your pocketknife, because I am going to scrape some of the gold filling out of the old wallet and slap it in our right-hand pants pocket.

ERNEST: You took fifteen dollars yesterday and twenty-five the day before. How long is this to go on?

CHARLEY: Listen to who's talking! Didn't you buy two morning papers and a ten-cent square of chocolate just last week?

ERNEST: Have you stopped to realize that if Mr. Meller ever hears of the gay life you are leading he will discharge me?

CHARLEY: That old jazbo? Listen! If I know anything about landscape gardening, old Meller is an ex-rounder from Roundersville. If he supposed you had enough gammon to kick over the traces he would fall on your neck and weep tears of joy—the old hellion.

ERNEST: I will not allow you to refer to my employer in such terms.

CHARLEY: All right, senator. Write my lines and I'll speak 'em. Only hurry, because I've got a date.

ERNEST: If we must spend the evening with this frivolous young person who calls herself little Maxie, at least let me beg you to turn it to good account. Correct her faulty grammar. By example, show her the hurtfulness of slang. Turn the conversation into serious channels.

CHARLEY: By special request, please play that sonata over again. It doesn't mean anything, but I like to hear it.

From all this brave talk you may conclude that Charley was quite the gay Lothario; but such, my own dear little girl, was not the case. Though he had tumbled head over heels in love with the charming vaudeville star, as his affection increased hers seemed to diminish.

Never again did she jump up and kiss him spontaneously on the cheek, nor anywhere else; nor did she permit him to take such liberties with her. At the end of a month she was definitely more distant from him than on the night when first they met, and she accepted his presents and attentions with the air of one who confers a favor. And the more stand-offish she became the more desperately devoted grew Charley.

Meanwhile, during the afternoons and Sundays, Ernest continued the struggle, endeavoring to counteract Maxie's influence by interesting himself in young persons of the opposite sex who seemed to look at life seriously. More than once he even considered a friendship with Miss Smathis, but the expression on the face of that severe yet fond spinster always deterred him.

Ernest's attentions for this period may be summed up as follows:

META F.

| | |
|---|---|
| Pamphlets on social and philanthropic subjects | $0.25 |
| Postage—inquiring about lectures on above subjects | 0.02 |
| Lecture—planned attendance, but it was in the evening. Charley broke date | 0.00 |
| Total | $0.27 |

AMY Z.

| | |
|---|---|
| Car fare—church and return twice | $0.48 |
| Collection—ordinary | 0.05 |
| Collection—heathen | 0.10 |
| Church bazaar, one ticket | 0.30 |
| Total | $0.93 |

POLLY O.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fashion and Fancywork Magazine—gift | $0.25 |
| Silk, for embroidery | 0.17 |
| Angel's Dreams | 2.30 |
| Total | $2.72 |

An Angel's Dream is composed of vanilla ice cream, strawberry sherbet, melted fudge, three symmetrically disposed red cherries, chopped nuts, and miscellaneous fruits according to season. I would have preferred a simple lemon phosphate, but she always insisted on my ordering an Angel's Dream for myself as well as one for her. Afterwards she would eat mine. Though Polly O. claimed that her main interest in life was sewing, I observe that since her marriage to an automobile salesman she has spent all her time running about in her husband's car. . . . There was also a ripe olive in this unless I am mistaken.

But the most serious of these affairs is yet to be told. One evening when Maxie had been peculiarly distant and disagreeable, Charley, after leaving her, stopped in at a skating rink with the result as below:

INCOGNITA

| | |
|---|---|
| Refreshments, gifts, and so on—various dates | $65.60 |
| Total | $65.60 |

I call her Incognita from the Latin, meaning "Unknown," because, though she stated she was a grand-opera singer by the name of Babe Darrymore, I subsequently learned that both name and profession were fictitious.

As for Charley's account with Maxie, that is as follows:

MAXIE

| | |
|---|---|
| Dog—I never saw this animal, which, according to Maxie, died immediately after purchase | $ 15.00 |
| To Mame's sick mother in Jacksonville, Florida | 20.00 |
| To Maxie's father, suffering from a broken leg in Los Angeles, California | 25.00 |
| To Maxie's little brother in Chicago as a graduation gift | 10.00 |
| Birthday gift for Maxie herself | 50.00 |
| Al Fresco, various dates | 115.40 |
| Miscellaneous | 122.13 |
| Total | $357.53 |

It was an evening in late July when Maxie remarked, "Mort has just finished thirty weeks of Spitz and Blumenstein booking. He will be here tomorrow night."

For some weeks, my own dear little girl, Charley had been awaiting anxiously the arrival of Maxie's second cousin. This was because he had begun to consider seriously a certain audacious design.

"Good!" said Charley heartily. "Then tomorrow night is exactly when Mort and I are going to talk business."

As Charley walked back to the boarding house, Ernest, from his remote corner of the brain, bombarded him with questions:

"What is the reason, Charley, for this latest freak? What is your idea in playing with the notion of going on the stage? What have you to gain if Maxie's second cousin, the dramatist, writes you a sketch, when you must be aware that should you experiment with this mad project I will immediately lose my position with Meller, Lane & Co.?"

And to all these questions Charley responded with the single word, "Maxie."

III

THE next evening at 8:30 the maid announced to Charley that someone was asking for him. Entering the parlor downstairs, Charley perceived an individual whom he knew by intuition was none other than Mort. The dramatist much resembled Shakspere in being short and bald, and his extremely theatric gestures left no doubt as to his profession.

"Listen!" said Mort, bounding from his chair as Charley appeared in the doorway. "I am going to tell you the absolute truth. When Maxie wrote me that she had you lined up for a sketch I thought you were simply some stage-crazy John. But since I have had this one look at you I have changed my mind. Boy, you have a future. You can be a headliner by just walking on and letting them look at you. And I will say with my hand on my heart that if you decide to go into vaudeville they will book you solid for the next three years.

"Listen!" Mort continued. "I have known a good many people who claimed to hold the altitude record, but you are the only one who has made good. You might be billed as the human bean pole, but I have got a better idea than that. It is a long time now that I have been looking for a partner like you, and especially for somebody who can get that dumb look you have; and since seeing you an idea has come to me that is twenty-second-century vaudeville and will break up any undertakers' convention that ever bought out the front rows.

"Listen! We will call the team Mort and Beans. That is a scream in itself, but it is nothing to what will happen when they turn us loose on the customers. There will be a counter on the stage and behind that some practicable shelves with a lot of plates on them. I will enter while you are dusting the plates.

"'Who was that lady I seen you with yesterday?' you will start.

"'Oh,' I will say very quick, 'that wasn't any lady.'

"'Well,' you will come back, 'I certainly saw you out walking with a lady.'

"'Where?' I will cross-fire—one-two stuff

"'Ramsay Avenue and Moore Park,' you will local back, putting a lot of jazz into it.

"Then quick as a flash I will pull this one: 'Oh, that wasn't any lady—that was my wife.'

"When I say that it wasn't any lady, but only my wife, you will look at me for about ten seconds very dumb the way you do, and then you will pick up a plate and say, 'Oh, you big boob!' and bust it over my head.

"'That is no lady—that is my wife. Oh, you big boob!' Bam!

"Listen! That dumb look and then the laugh line and then the business with the plate and the funny fall I will pull will revolutionize refined vaudeville; and when I make such a statement I know what I am talking about. 'That is no lady—that is my wife.' All confused. 'Oh, you big boob!' Bam! But here is where it really gets good. After you have used up all the plates on the lower shelves you will have to reach them from off the top shelves. And then while I am leaning on the counter pulling comical business to keep the customers laughing, you will dust the plate off very carefully and when you have got the plate all clean you will say, 'Oh, you big boob!' Bam! Listen! We will not even consider any offer under five hundred a week. Now I am going to write up this sketch, and tomorrow night when you come to the Al Fresco you will see it for yourself, word for word, the way it is going to be produced."

There was the proposition, my own dear little girl; and while, from his remote background, Ernest shuddered, Charley received this exposition with delight. The only flaw in the details was that so far at least the sketch had no place for Maxie, and it was a partnership with Maxie that had induced him to consider a vaudeville career. But he knew that vaudeville playlets can be rewritten so as to accommodate all the characters desirable, and he felt the presence of the two second cousins would go far toward making the little group congenial.

Not in any way did Charley regret the hundred dollars he had turned over to Mort as an advance payment for the labors of authorship, and when he went to sleep it was not repeating, "Every day in every way I'm getting better and better," but "That was no lady—that was my wife. Oh, you big boob! Bam!"

I leave you to imagine the sensations of Ernest when he awoke in the morning and reviewed Charley's action. He was desperate. It was not merely that Charley's advance payment of the night before had dealt the last blow to his savings account; but he realized that if Charley went into this harebrained venture he would wreck Ernest's commercial ambitions forever.

Ernest saw that his only escape was to acquire such a compelling interest in his workaday life that Charley would find it impossible to secure a foothold for ridiculous enterprises. It was therefore spurred by the desperation born of necessity that he approached gruff old Mr. Meller with the bold request that he be transferred into the foreign export department.

"Well, well," said Mr. Meller—I expurgate as before. "So you would like to get into the foreign export department, hey? Well, well! I am going to be frank with you. I have watched you for some time, and you work hard, but I don't think I am going to transfer you into the foreign export department or any other department; and if you should ask me for some good advice I would tell you to start out and hunt another job, because you are a young man with an unimpeachable character, but you don't get on with me. Well, well."

Ernest returned to the boarding house the prey of the deepest despondency he had ever known, and after a wretched afternoon came down to dinner with his nerves at loose ends. So much was this the case that when, from the other side of the table, old Mr. Wilton, referring to footsteps in the hall, said, "That is only my wife," Ernest had all he could do to keep his twitching fingers from the meat platter as he murmured under his breath, "So that is only your wife. Oh, you big boob! Bam!"

It was, he realized, the crucial hour of his entire existence. If the appointment that evening was kept, Charley would irrevocably commit himself. Now or never, Charley must be beaten; and already Charley's hour of arrival was at hand. Ernest knew that to break the evening's date was impossible unless aid and support came to him from another—from some well-poised mind capable of giving such aid and support. Yet to whom could he turn for the balking of Charley—Charley, who, like the fabled camel, was intruding himself more and more with each passing moment.

Shaking at every limb, Ernest finished his dessert and left the table.

My own dear little girl, I have just brewed and swallowed a fresh cup of strong coffee and I resume my confessions in spite of the fact that they are becoming more and more embarrassing to relate.

Trembling with apprehension, Ernest had reached the second floor when a glance into the little parlor gave him a sudden thrill of hope. Miss Smathis was sitting there, watchfully waiting as usual, upon her face a smile at once severe but fond.

With a deep breath of relief Ernest turned into the parlor, determined to explain everything to the middle-aged lady and to beg her to save him from himself.

"You seem somewhat worried," began Miss Smathis. "The expression on your face tells me that. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Seating himself on the little davenport, Ernest buried his face between his hands.

"I hope it is nothing too serious," Miss Smathis continued.

Ernest raised his head.

"It is a matter of falling in with bad companions," he admitted frankly, "and not being able to break away from them."

"Why do you not devote your evenings to something that will keep your mind from low company?" suggested Miss Smathis. "Why not, for instance, spend your spare hours in the companionship of good books?"

"I should like to," responded Ernest; "but though I make plenty of good resolutions, my character seems too weak to enable me to carry them out."

"You should have someone near you in your difficult moments; someone who would take a personal interest in your struggles."

My own dear little girl, Ernest knew perfectly well what was coming; but so frantic was he as he saw his old respectable life about to slip from him forever that he wished aid no matter what the cost. Already Charley was clamoring to be heard, and he knew that if, while alone, Charley should take full possession, he must give up hope. Miss Smathis was his last chance.

"I wish I could find some such person," said Charley desperately.

"Do you not know anyone who would be suitable?" asked Miss Smathis, leaning forward.

"Yes, I know one such person."

"Why do you not confide everything to this person? Does this person live in the city?"

"Yes, she not only lives in the city but she lives in this very boarding house. Perhaps she is in this room now."

Miss Smathis closed her eyes. "What do you mean?" she said in a low voice.

Two minutes later—exactly two minutes by the clock over the sham fireplace—Ernest and Miss Smathis were engaged to be married. Miss Smathis now rose.

(Continued on Page 95)

"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"

IN THREE short years radio has become one of the chief forms of entertainment for the American people.

Nightly, while thousands in brilliant metropolitan ballrooms dance to the rhythm of famous orchestras—tens of thousands in their own homes, hundreds of miles away, fox-trot to the same music—by radio.

The air is literally full of fine things you shouldn't miss—and all is practically free to those possessing radio receivers. Radio appeals to all, for through the medium of the loud speaker all may enjoy its benefits. Invalids and shut-ins, children and the aged, all bless this wonder worker—Radio.

Fortunate it is that the broadcasting stations realize the great responsibility that is theirs and spare neither expense nor care to make their programs vitally interesting to their invisible but critical audience. For this, their only applause is your written appreciation.

The broadcasting stations endeavor to please all and therefore present diversified programs that appeal to everyone. Here, a great band is playing a famous march; there, the sonorous notes of a great organ; from North, South, East and West come lectures of educational interest; the lilt of banjo or guitar; a grand opera, news, book reviews, plays, minstrel shows, bedtime stories, church services, and sports results.

You should equip yourself to know and enjoy what is going on in the air. Purchase a radio receiver or make one of standard parts. Be sure that the set or parts are good—made by manufacturers whose reputations are firmly established for the quality and integrity of their products. Then, the full joy of radio is yours.

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# A Wonderfully

*The*
**HEALTH DOCTOR**
*says:*

Lifebuoy is pure—it contains not a trace of free alkali or any other substance which could harm the most delicate skin.

It has a peculiar purifying quality which is exactly what your skin needs to promote that clear underglow of health which is the secret of a radiant complexion.

Lifebuoy removes dangerous germs which constantly get on the skin.

# It agrees with your skin

# Fine Soap —

## A Health Beauty Talk *by the* Health Doctor

I have just received a letter from a Mother which is so like other letters Mothers are writing me that I am going to quote one paragraph—

"*My children use Lifebuoy because I am sure that its antiseptic quality protects them from colds or worse—a skin affection of my little girl cleared up quickly after using it. I have recently been using Lifebuoy myself and my skin seems softer, clearer and* FRESHER *looking than ever before. You have emphasized the protective quality of Lifebuoy. I am sure that Lifebuoy agrees with my skin better than any soap I have ever used.*"

That is a point I want to settle once and for all.

### *Lifebuoy should be used every day*

Health and Health Beauty cannot be secured by thinking about them spasmodically—or worse, waiting until we are sick before we begin to think about health and keeping well.

So naturally a soap which protects health is one which is made to be used many times a day. It should be the mildest, purest soap it is possible to make at any price. Lifebuoy is such a soap. It is even more than a pure soap—it is a *health* soap.

### *It agrees with your skin*

The oils of palm fruit and cocoanut used in Lifebuoy are the purest vegetable oils known for soap making.

Palm oil is red so Lifebuoy is red in color. It would not do to bleach away from the red palm oil any of its peculiarly soothing qualities so particularly desirable in the care of a delicate skin.

The gentle antiseptic in Lifebuoy imparts mildness to the rich, creamy lather and a peculiar *purifying* quality which is exactly what your skin needs to keep pores from clogging and to promote that clear underglow of health which is the secret of a radiant complexion.

### *Avoid skin fatigue*

Another thing—Lifebuoy *rests* the skin. When you are tired and nervously irritable all over, take a Lifebuoy bath. The network of tiny nerves just under the skin will be soothed. Skin fatigue is one of the worst foes of beauty.

Get several cakes. You will soon become fond of the cleanly, quickly vanishing Lifebuoy odor; it gives one such a comfortable feeling of being safely clean. Its habitual use is a very real protection to the whole family. And *it agrees with your skin.*

*The Health Doctor*



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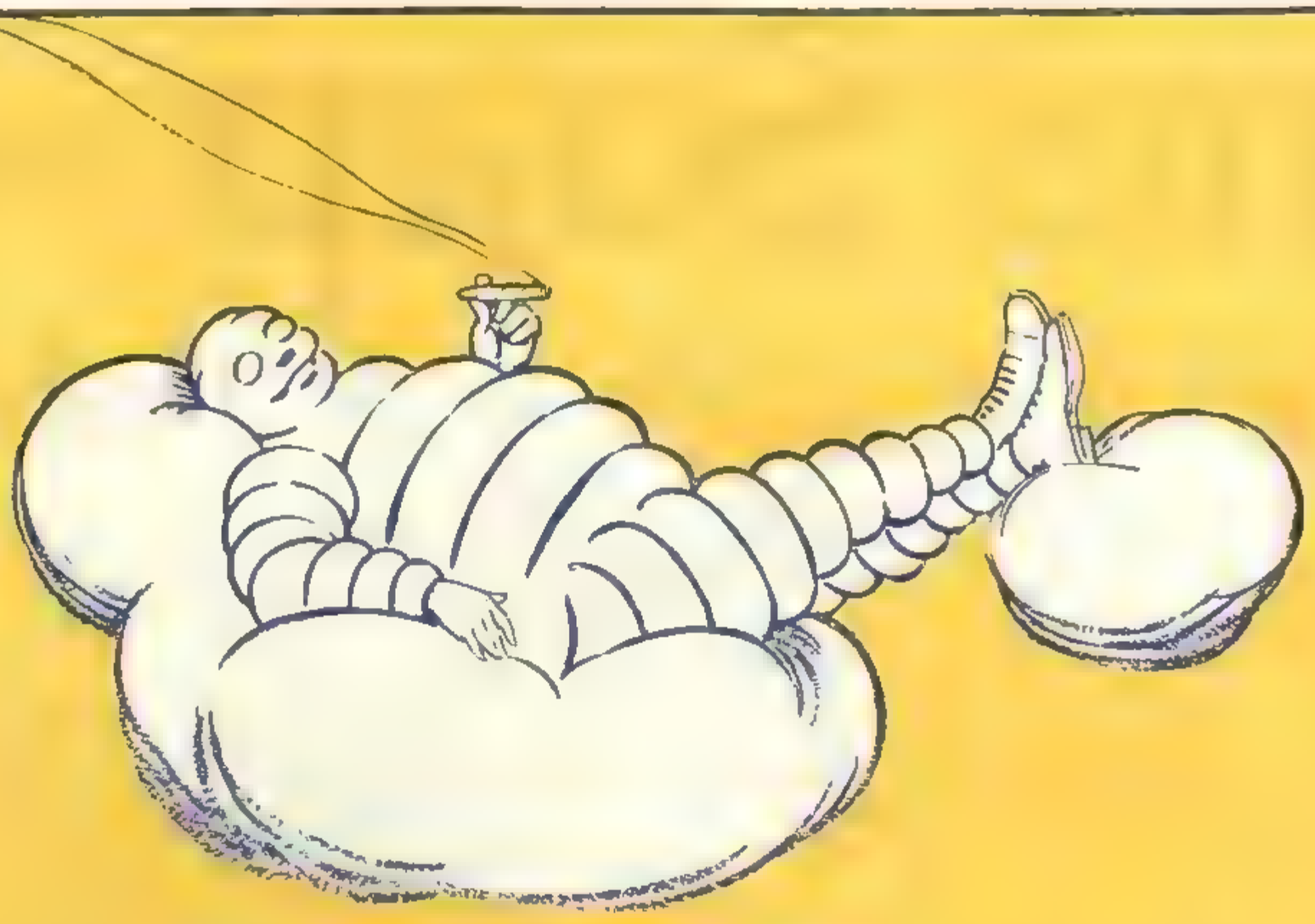

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Michelin Comfort-Cords last longer than ordinary tires; but they cost hardly any more. See your Michelin dealer about them now.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

*They fit present rims*

**MICHELIN**

***Balloon***

**Comfort Cords**

(Continued from Page 90)

"Wait right here," she commanded in a brisk, authoritative voice. "I have in my room a little book on character formation. I shall bring it to you and we will study it together. Sit here until I come back."

She hurried out into the hall, closing the door behind her. But Ernest had made his last effort. The good woman's steps were still echoing on the stairway when Ernest dropped exhausted into the background and Charley took complete possession.

"Oh, you big boob!" he said to Ernest. "You have worked us into a sweet jam I'll say so. You have engaged us to marry a woman twice our age. Well, you are lucky you have met me to get a little pep into those legs of ours, because before she comes back we are going to do a sneak out of this mortuary, change these hick clothes for a regular suit and keep our date with Mort and Maxie."

Five minutes later Charley's gaiters were flashing in the summer night as he sped toward the Al Fresco. Ernest had clutched at a last straw and it had broken under his desperate fingers.

IV

YES, Ernest had lost; and, what was more, he had given up. What was the use, he argued, as Charley hurried him along the streets—what was the use?

"I am finished," said Ernest. "I have worked hard, and yet instead of appreciating my efforts Mr. Meller has not only refused to promote me but has practically told me I am discharged. In addition, I am engaged to Miss Smathis, who is at least twice my age; and if I do not leave her neighborhood she will marry me—I can see it in her eye. I have fought against Charley for the last time, because I see now that Charley is really my better self, or at any rate my common-sense self. I have tried and failed—why not give Charley his chance? Suppose he does go into vaudeville. There is big money in vaudeville. Everybody says so. Besides, he is in love with Maxie and I have begun to think I rather like Maxie myself. Yes, if Charley married Maxie it will be all right with me. I will give Charley a free hand."

It was thus with Ernest's full approval that Charley joined Mort at the entrance to the Al Fresco.

My own dear little girl, I have just brewed and swallowed still another cup of strong coffee; and, thus stimulated, I hope to be able to narrate the events that follow to their bitter end.

Mort was not in good humor. Nor was this irascibility lessened when, after taking Mort's order for some tea, extra strong, the waiter brought Mort just that.

"Isn't the tea good, sir?" inquired the waiter with a bland smile, probably caused by the fact that the person occupying the next table was Mr. Ellison E. Ellison, president of the Society to Enforce the Constitutional Amendments and Suppress Vice, and his wife.

"Yes," Mort answered, "it is good for an old ladies' home in Massachusetts, and maybe it is good for educated goldfish; but it is not good for me. But never mind; if your backbone is made of spaghetti, maybe your children will all be acrobats and that will help a little. Bring us three crab-meat cocktails and three club sandwiches."

"Maxie wants a special club sandwich with sliced tomatoes," now observed the object of Charley's affections in her usual thin but crystalline voice.

"Take what you get and shut up," observed Mort brusquely. He did not look at her as he made this remark, but continued his conversation with Charley as though Maxie were not even at the table.

I will ask you to judge of Charley's surprise at this unusual mode of address between second cousins. But his surprise rose to astonishment when Mort continued as follows:

"Yes, it is funny how you cannot spend a quiet evening, or even talk sense, when you have got a broad in the party. After you have heard them whine as long as I have you will act like me and beat it just as soon as they open their traps. I have never yet met a skirt that could talk three intelligent words unless somebody had learned them to her first. You train them to do something and they do it the same as a monkey does his trick, but they do not know what they are doing and they never will. I wish I had ten cents for every nit-witted dame who thinks she is getting by big because the customers are too sorry for her to give her the razz. I taught Maxie all she knows, and as I have never been a hoofer you can figure for yourself how good she is. Oh, they are alike; but I wouldn't mind that so much if they would only stop whining."

While Charley sat silent, too amazed and indignant to think of any adequate rejoinder, Maxie's only comment, delivered in her usual tinkling accents, was, "Now, Mort, you stop. Maxie doesn't like you to talk that way and you know it."

"Shut up," said Mort somewhat impatiently. "I have finished the sketch," he went on to Charley, "and me and you have got an act that is going to make the seat-slammers bust off their vest buttons fourteen times a week, and that is saying something."

"Where does Maxie come in?" demanded Charley's inamorata.

Without paying the slightest attention to the plaintive query, Mort continued his explanation to Charley:

"When I told you last night that I had an idea for twenty-second-century vaudeville I was right. But listen! That idea is nothing to the big new idea I got today. Here is the real dope: First, you remember my idea was that I would pull the cracks and you would bust the plates over my head. But the real idea is this: I will pull the cracks and afterwards bust the plates myself over your head, at the same time pulling the laugh line, 'Oh, you big boob!' What is more, I will hit you so hard every time that I will lose my balance and do my funny fall just the same as if you had hit me. Listen! The customers will not let us get off the stage. Oh, you big boob! Bam!"

"When does Maxie do her Spanish dance?" was the plaintive interpolation of the idol of Charley's heart.

"Shut up," said Mort meditatively, and continued his explanation. "Yes, there is the real kick. It will also be better, because you are not a trained actor, and this way about all the business you will have to pull will be to stand there looking long and dumb the way you do naturally."

At this point Maxie gave a coquettish tug at Mort's sleeve and in her thin dulcet tones protested, "Maxie wants somebody to say something to her—Maxie does."

With a sudden move Mort brought one hand down on the table, and turning to Maxie spoke as follows:

"Oh, you want somebody to say something to you, do you? All right, I will be the goat, and I hope you will listen to what I have to say. For Pete's sake cut out that silly whine and shut up—shut up—shut up—shut up!"

Without pausing he turned back toward Charley and continued his dissertation as though nothing had happened.

"When we sign a contract we will make them thank us before we put our John Henrys at the bottom. And ——"

My own dear little girl, I am sure you can imagine Charley's feelings. It was not only that he felt a special tenderness for Maxie; but his home training had been such that he could not in silence allow any lady to be so rudely addressed even by a near relative. He cleared his throat and interrupted.

"I cannot tolerate such language," he said concisely.

Mort stopped and opened his eyes, astonished.

"What language do you mean?"

"The language you have just used."

"Didn't you get my idea about the sketch? Have I been working too fast for you?"

"I do not refer to your explanation," Charley replied. "I refer to your other remarks. Even if she is your second cousin, you have no right to say 'Shut up' to a lady."

"What lady?" asked Mort, surprise evident not only in his voice but on his face.

"That lady there," replied Charley, pointing at Maxie.

"That lady there!" repeated Mort in the same dumfounded tone. "Why, that is not any lady—that is my wife!"

Charley stared blankly. He could not believe that the dramatist was speaking the truth.

"Your wife?" he repeated.

"Certainly, my wife. Whose wife did you think she was?"

Charley turned to Maxie, who, squirming in her chair, replied in a faint, wavering voice, "You mustn't scold poor little Maxie. Maxie doesn't want to be scolded. And he is Maxie's fourth cousin—by marriage."

My own dear little girl, simply and clearly I will try to state what followed without seeking extenuating circumstances.

Like a stricken animal, Charley turned his gaze from Maxie to Mort and from Mort to the table. The muscles of his throat contracted and he could feel his eyes glazing. Mechanically he picked up the nearest club-sandwich platter, hefted it between his fingers, and then—with the words "So she is not a lady, but only your wife. Oh, you big boob! Bam!"—he brought the platter down upon Mort's bald head.

Maxie screamed, and seizing a crab-meat cocktail threw it at Charley's head. The cocktail missed its target, but landed in the electric fan, whence it was distributed to many of the clientele of the Al Fresco.

But Charley paid no attention to this counter-attack. He was engaged rescuing the club sandwiches. Such was his agility in the matter that when the dramatist rose, shrouded in the tablecloth, in rapid succession Charley busted the two remaining platters over Mort's head, hissing each time between clenched teeth, "So she is not a lady, but only your wife! Oh, you big boob! Bam!"

My own dear little girl, I have no memory of any happening subsequent to the third platter, but from the reports of reliable and disinterested witnesses I am forced to conclude that for at least three minutes Charley now fought the combined force of the Al Fresco waiters, plus the manager, the assistant manager, two firemen, one policeman and assorted guests. Yes, in spite of the determined opposition, for three long minutes Charley raged through the summer garden. At the end of that time, lifting the half of a huge watermelon, he raised it over the head of Ellison E. Ellison, president of the Society to Enforce the Constitutional Amendments and Suppress Vice.

"So she is not a lady, but only your wife! Oh, you big boob! Bam!"

The rest is silence.

Twelve hours later, when Ernest came to himself in the police station, his head still ached where the policeman had hit him. He had barely started to arrange Charley's gay but disheveled maroon suit when the guard introduced into the cell gruff old Mr. Meller. At first it was Ernest's impression that Mr. Meller had come to taunt him, but after an initial storm of invective the latter spoke substantially as follows—I expurgate:

"Well, well! Nobody can say that old Meller ever turned his back on a fellow human being in distress, though this is the first time I ever had the pleasure of finding out that you were a regular human being. In sizing you up I made the mistake of my life. Well, well, old man Meller will admit it when he is wrong, and right here and now I am going to show that my heart is in the right place by putting you on the outside of these iron bars. Monday morning you will go into the foreign export department, where I can keep my eyes on you. Well, well, I like live wires, but not so live that they shock the innocent bystanders. I want you to cut out all this wild stuff, marry some nice girl and save your pep for the business. It is lucky my brother-in-law saw you bust Ellison E. Ellison and it is a pity you didn't use a club."

I will not detail the ingenious way in which Mr. Meller placated everyone except Miss Smathis; or the departure of Mort and Maxie for the metropolis, where they are now winning universal encomiums with their sketch entitled Fun in a Crockery Store.

And I told you last night how gruff old Mr. Meller has shortened my first name to Ernie and how on the announcement of our engagement he promoted me to the position of assistant manager of the F. E. D.

I will merely call your attention to the fact that, if you compare the sum total of amounts expended by me on other girls with the amount expended by me on you during the past six weeks alone, you will agree that, though Charley was driven out of existence by the policeman's club, the admirable side of his character is now incorporated in Ernest.

My own dear little girl, I have just read over what I have written. It is the truth, but I fear it is not the wise truth. My own dear little girl, I am sure it will spare much useless discussion and be best for us both if I simply stick to the three outrageous statements I made to you last night. So that is why, just as soon as I can slip the present sheet from the typewriter, I am going to tear these confessions up into little pieces and throw them all into the waste-paper basket.

"You're going to have sauerkraut for dinner tonight!"

"HELLO—Tom? Oh, Tom, I just want to tell you—that booklet just came—the one we sent for—about sauerkraut, you know—and it's wonderful!"

• • • • •

"Yes, I've just finished reading it—all the things the food scientists have found out about it. Such men as Dr. Wiley and Dr. Kellogg—you know."

• • • • •

"Why, there's no mystery about it. It's rich in lactic acid, and lactic acid is a natural cleanser and disinfectant. It has a tendency to keep the body free from the germs that so often cause all kinds of illness."

• • • • •

"Oh, yes, all kinds of recipes, and they sound just delicious. There are lots of different kinds of salads and meat and vegetable dishes."

• • • • •

"No, I never did either. But there are so many ways. I haven't decided yet which I'm going to try first."

• • • • •

"Well you're going to have sauerkraut for dinner tonight! I just called up Morgan's and ordered it. So get ready for a real old-fashioned treat."

• • • • •

"I will. Are you awfully busy, dear? I'm sorry I bothered you, but I just had to tell you about the booklet. Goodbye."

If you are interested in foods that make for health and economy, for new and delicious dishes, mail the coupon now for the free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It tells in detail the remarkable facts which science now has found out about this simple vegetable food, for centuries a favorite with millions.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at groceries, meat markets and delicatessen stores.)

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Address

City and State

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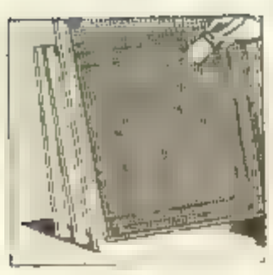

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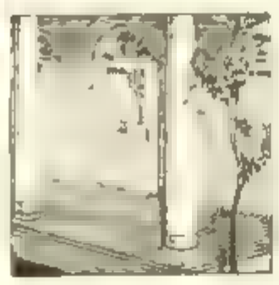

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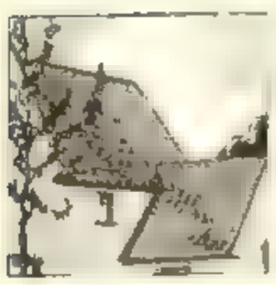

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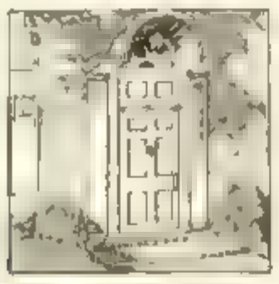
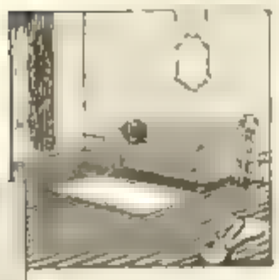
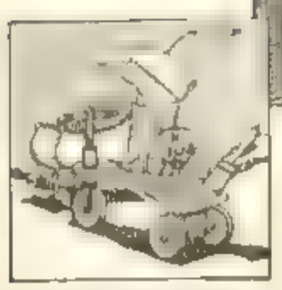


To protect its beauty



To enrich hard wood



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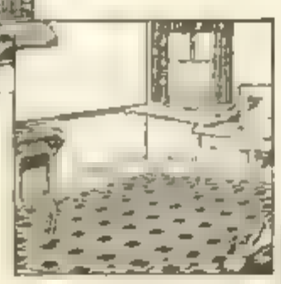

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For better-looking radiators

To withstand the weather

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CONDENSED

# HOUSEHOLD GUIDE

## For Painting, Varnishing, Staining and Enameling

*IMPORTANT: Each of the products specified below bears our name and trade mark*

COVER THE EARTH TRADE MARK

| | TO PAINT *Use product named below* | TO VARNISH *Use product named below* | TO STAIN *Use product named below* | TO ENAMEL *Use product named below* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| AUTOMOBILES | *S-W Auto Enamel:* for the man who paints his own car | *S-W Auto Enamel Clear:* a colorless varnish | | *S-W Auto Enamel:* assorted colors |
| AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS | *S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing* | | | |
| BRICK | *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss<br>*S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* dull finish | | | *Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure |
| CEILINGS, Interior | *Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint | *Scar-Not Varnish:* for wood work only; such as beamed ceilings, etc. | *S-W Handcraft Stain:* Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood<br>*Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood | *Enamelaid:* assorted colors |
| Exterior | *SWP House Paint:* | *Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc. | *S-W Oil Stain,* for new wood | *Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect |
| CONCRETE | *S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* a paint, resists weather | | | |
| DOORS, Interior | *SWP House Paint:* | *Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss<br>*Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing | *Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined<br>*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only | *Enamelaid:* assorted colors |
| Exterior | *SWP House Paint:* | *Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting spar varnish | *S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood | *Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory For interior and exterior use |
| FENCES | *SWP House Paint:*<br>*Metalastic* (iron or wire only)<br>*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work | | *S-W Preservative Shingle Stain* | |
| FLOORS, Interior (wood) | *S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing | *Mar-Not Varnish:* water resisting, heel-proof | *Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined | *S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish |
| Concrete | *S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well; washes well | | | *S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* high-gloss; durable |
| Porch | *S-W Porch and Deck Paint:* | | | |
| FURNITURE, Indoors | *Enameloid:* the decorative enamel | *Scar-Not Varnish:* stands hard usage | *Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined | *Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect |
| Porch | *Enameloid:* assorted colors | *Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting | *S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood | *Enameloid:* assorted colors |
| HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior | *SWP House Paint:* | *Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting | *S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:* | *Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss |
| LINOLEUM | *S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing | *Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern | | *S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish |
| RADIATORS | *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint<br>*S-W Aluminium or Gold Paint* | | | *Enameloid:* assorted colors |
| ROOFS, Shingle<br>Metal<br>Composition | *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:*<br>*Metalastic:*<br>*Ebonol:* black coal tar paint | | *S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:* | |
| SCREENS | *S-W Screen Enamel:* | | | *S-W Screen Enamel* |
| TOYS | *S-W Family Paint:* assorted colors | *Rexpar Varnish:* | *Floorlac:* (inside use) a varnish and stain combined | *Enameloid:* assorted colors |
| WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard) | *Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint<br>*SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss | | | *Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect<br>*Enameloid:* assorted colors |
| WICKER | *Enameloid:* high gloss assorted colors | *Rexpar Varnish:* durable, elastic | *Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined | *Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect |
| WOODWORK, Interior | *SWP House Paint:* gloss<br>*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint | *Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish<br>*Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries dull without rubbing | *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood<br>*S-W Oil Stain:* for new soft wood<br>*Floorlac:* for new or old wood, a varnish and stain combined | *Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; dull or gloss, aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects<br>*Enameloid:* assorted colors |

NOTE: *Best results can be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels.*

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# LAZY-BOARD BILL

(Continued from Page 13)

"Just one damned thing after another!" exclaimed Casey. "There's a jinx on this job."

"No, sir-ree." Lazy-Board Bill spoke with absolute conviction. "This here is going to be a gusher. I feel it in my bones—feel just like I done the night I won all that money."

"Sure," sneered the driller. "I reckon you're still drinkin' the same hooch maybe, too, ain't you?"

Shortly after this their derrick man slipped from near the crown block and was saved from death only by a fortunate landing on top of the fireman. Both were badly injured; it took months to persuade the fireman that the derrick man hadn't picked him out on purpose.

With almost a new crew, Casey grew despondent.

"Nothin' but brake weights," he fumed. "Some of these drifters're worse'n useless—they think they know it all. Gimme a boll weevil every time, provided he's willin'."

And then the prices of oil commenced to sag. Down, down they slid. The descent started with a cut in Pennsylvania crude, which for many years has served as the barometer of oil prices. Then Mid-Continent followed suit, and down in Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas the pipe-line companies hurried to post new prices. The periodical war of elimination was on.

With thousands of new wells swelling production, the great oil companies had an excellent argument for cutting prices. Also, they could store enormous quantities cheaply, and when prices were cut lower and lower until they went below cost of production, much valuable acreage would be available at a sacrifice.

Casey and Bill got down about eighteen hundred feet and then lost the tools again. It so happened that another cut in prices had been posted the previous day.

"I'm through," declared Mike, white under his freckles. "It'll cost more to finish the job than it'll be worth."

"We're going to get a gusher, I tell you!"

"Suppose we do. With prices like they are, it won't be worth a damn. No, sir; I'm through."

And he was. No arguments could move him. He still had a little money left and did not propose to beggar himself and his family monkeying with a hoolooed job like this. So Lazy-Board proposed to buy him out. No, sir-ree; he'd pull his pipe and take his rig and go! Consider the expense, urged Luna. Also, had Casey thought of what would happen under present conditions? The rig would most assuredly be idle, because nobody was undertaking new drilling jobs.

It ended with Casey selling out to Bill for five hundred dollars cash and a mortgage on the rig for the remainder. And now the only obstacle between Lazy-Board and a fortune was the necessity of raising five hundred dollars. He had nearly two hundred laid by, having grown more thrifty since starting in for himself. But even if he managed to borrow enough, how was he to pay the crew?

The crew let him do the worrying and went to town next day to get drunk, so he had the camp to himself. It was very still there—so still, after the clank and puffing of the engine night and day for weeks, that Bill became profoundly depressed. It was the first time he had given way to gloom. Not that he doubted there was oil where he was drilling, but he began to doubt whether the well would ever be completed.

As he sat moodily on a stump, whetting the blade of his knife against his boot, he discerned afar off a flivver approaching. It careened and lurched along the rough road, chugging and back-firing, but it came on. He watched in surprise. Who could be visiting them away out here? Some creditor of Casey's, perhaps?

The flivver made a final spurt through the deep sand ruts at the edge of the wood and drew up fifty yards away. In it sat his wife, with her sister and brother-in-law.

"Well!" said she, in a tone as though she had caught Bill.

"Well?" said Bill, looking sheepish.

"What's the matter? You look awful blue. And why ain't you working?"

"Oh, just a little trouble. We had to shut down for a couple days."

"Why, you told me everything was lovely!" she cried, and next minute regretted it when she saw his eyes.

Out she jumped, and ran to Bill. Now, it had been her plan to ride by to see how things were going and make Bill sorry by a fine carelessness of demeanor. Then she would leave him—and later he would come back to her. But all that was changed now. Her man was in trouble, and she did not hesitate.

"Tell me all about it, honey," she said, putting an arm across his shoulders.

A sudden realization of how little he deserved this from her swept over Lazy-Board. He gave an inarticulate cry and gathered his wife into his arms.

"I knowed it," whispered the brother-in-law over his shoulder. "Didn't I tell you so, Min? It was just a scheme of hers."

Presently Mrs. Luna came back to the car, leading Bill by the hand.

"I'm going to take him home," she announced happily. "Why, he's nothing but a great baby—all men are."

"Sure they are," Bill gladly agreed.

They talked foolishly and wildly all the way to the town where they were to spend the night. Never were such poor attempts at jokes, never such ready laughter.

"Listen at 'em," said the brother-in-law. "Crazier than a couple of kids. Notice the funny way they laugh?"

It was a two-day trip over bad roads to Mrs. Luna's home town, and long ere they arrived the pair had come to an agreement; in some fashion Bill must have communicated his unshaken faith to her. The gist of it was that Mrs. Luna would sell the lot she had inherited, next to the Come Again Garage, and turn the money over to Bill so he could resume operations, provided he would let her handle the finances after he brought in his gusher.

"I reckon it's fair enough," remarked the brother-in-law doubtfully, "but I tell you right now I bet she'll make him sweat."

"It'll be good for him," snapped the sister.

The lot sold for eighteen hundred dollars. The sum seemed sufficient to Lazy-Board, but before he got through fishing for the tools he began to doubt. The doubts resolved into reality just when they got above the sand. He was unable to pay off the crew at the end of that week, and they struck.

"If I can raise it, will you guys work another week and take a chance—for a bonus?" he demanded.

After consulting among themselves they assented to this arrangement. Bill went hotfoot to town, where his wife was boarding, and persuaded her to part with the tiny solitaire ring he had given her when they became engaged. With this and his watch he contrived to raise a hundred dollars. His saddle brought in another twenty; various odds and ends of personal property they would not need especially until winter, realized fifty more. He returned to camp with the wages.

Five days later the well came in—came in with a few titanic rumblings and then a roar that bent the trees and deafened the crew. The oil went shooting clear to the crown block in a dense column, spraying the country a quarter of a mile.

"Twelve thousand bar'ls!" exulted Lazy-Board. "And she's all mine."

In the first flush of triumph Bill swelled all up.

"I'm going to get me a car or two," he told his wife.

"What with?"

"I'm a millionaire, ain't I? You can gamble I am, and then some! Yes, a multi-millionaire—that's what I am."

"Turn over," she said calmly. "You may be a millionaire on paper, but we'll wait till you get it, see? And we'll stay right where we are, in this boarding house, until you've cashed in. It's nice and comfortable here, and the meals are right good."

"Shucks, Mary Lou! What's the use of bein' rich unless you enjoy it? Huh?"

"Yes, and blow up like all the others? Why, you know as well as I do what happened to some of your friends. Look at Hewitt—a special train and high-powered cars, and a director in this and that, and today he's back at his job in the hardware store, and glad to get it too."

"But, Pat, he went hog-wild."

"So would you, if I let you."

"That's always the way with a woman! I never seen one yet that didn't talk like her husband was a no-account."

"Well, ain't they?"

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"Maybe so—or they wouldn't be husbands," responded Mr. Luna.

"And that's not smart neither. If I let you have your way, you'd be sillier than the Big Un even."

"What's he done?"

"Why, the big it just went wild to bust into society. Honest, he did. Bought a mansion in Californy and a lot of automobiles and two airplanes, and then started out to make himself solid with the swells."

"Har, har! You don't say -that big roughneck?"

"No more a roughneck than you are," rejoined his wife sweetly, "and you'd be just as ridiculous if I let you. They tell me the Big Un spent thousands trying to horn into a country club out there, and the only time he ever got inside the gates was when his airplane fell into one of them sand pits they dig just out of meanness. And then an ol' gentleman blessed him out awful because the Big Un had spoilt a putt he was fixing to make."

"He always was a big lummox."

"Yes? Well, you aren't going to be, sweetie—that's one thing sure. Not as long as I'm around."

Lazy-Board Bill abandoned the idea.

Perhaps the story ought to end here. But anybody conversant with the oil business knows that a man may own a fine producing well, or even a flock of them, and yet go broke. Bill had his gusher—but he had no place to sell his oil, and no place to store it.

His first job was to cap the well, of course. Then he tried to make arrangements with the nearest pipe-line company to take the production. They turned him down. Had there been a pipe line in that territory, under the law Luna could have connected up with it and obliged them to take his oil. But it was purely a wildcat region, and with the market in its present condition they refused to lay a pipe. Also, they refused to quote Bill a price on his oil, even if he found a means of delivery.

However, he did not lack local backing. Neighboring landowners and two of the most prosperous merchants in town, and both banks, offered to lend Luna the money to build storage tanks and buy boilers and meet all the thousand and one expenses inseparable from production. He accepted the proposition of one of the banks, in which the leading merchant of the county joined. As their pound of flesh, they took a mortgage on his entire acreage.

Meanwhile other propositions came to him. Promoters sounded Bill on stock-selling schemes; he would have none of that kind of business. Every single proposal of this sort contemplated an issue so large that it could not possibly leave any profits to the stockholders—nine out of ten promotion companies are in this shape, regardless of how lucky they may be in striking oil.

Just when he was hardest put to it for money, the Giant Oil Company of America sent a representative to buy him out, but it was on a basis which moved Lazy-Board to say to his wife, "I'll see 'em in hell first! They think they've got me."

"Don't you let them cheat you," she exclaimed loyally.

No other buying propositions were forthcoming however. The market was in such condition that oil was a drug; hundreds of producers could not sell their product at all, and everywhere drilling operations were being suspended. Many of the small independents gave up the fight and cashed in for what they could save, their properties becoming absorbed in the Giant's holdings. Having somewhat cleared the field of competition in production, the Giant now turned its attention to the small refiners, who had been scared by climbing prices months before into contracting at high figures for future needs. With its allies and subsidiaries, it commenced active warfare against them, ruthlessly slashing the price of gasoline until it stood below cost of refining.

This development threw panic into Lazy-Board's backers. With gasoline at thirteen cents a gallon, a refinery was out of the question, and part of their plan had been to erect a refinery and market their own product as soon as the tanks were filled. They began to press him.

His earth tanks were now ready and the gusher was filling them at the rate of twelve thousand five hundred barrels every twenty-four hours. He had four boilers on the ground, prepared to fire up and pump whenever the new steel tanks should arrive. Still no prospect of selling the output appeared. He did manage to induce an official of a nominally independent company to inspect the properties, but his only comment was "You'll have to build a cooking plant. This stuff ain't pipe-line oil—it'll run 45 per cent bad stuff."

And then his money gave out.

"Might as well quit," declared his backers. "We can't put up any more. No use bucking the big fellows, Bill. If you can't go to bed with 'em, it looks like you can't do business nowadays."

"You're fixing to throw me down!" exclaimed Lazy-Board furiously. "Why, we've got millions there, if we've got the guts to hang on."

"The market ain't touched bottom yet, not by a long shot," was the cold rejoinder. "Before it does we'd all be broke—cleaned."

"Then what do you aim to do?"

What they aimed to do was take over the properties for what Luna owed. To be sure, they magnanimously volunteered to pay off the mortgage to Casey, too, but beyond that they could not see their way. Bill was thunderstruck. The loans to him did not represent a fraction of what the properties were actually worth—did not cover more than the value of the oil already in the tanks. And the gusher was still booming, although at lessening volume.

"I see," he said, suddenly calm. "The only difference between you and the big guys is the difference between a pike and a shark. Any of you, if your arm was cut off here, you wouldn't bleed a drop. Well, let me tell you something—those notes ain't due yet. And you'll never get that stuff."

During the next month he tried desperately to arrange new financing, but with no success. Everybody was frightened by the trend of the market. Elsewhere the big companies were gobbling up acreage and buying huge quantities of cheap oil, but the little business man never buys during a depression, when things are cheap. He waits until things are high and everybody is whooping. Sometimes this is due to lack of money or credit during a slump, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is pure herd instinct.

No rival of the Giant appeared as a purchaser. Bill peddled his stored oil at ridiculous prices in various centers, but the difficulty of getting it out dampened the initial eagerness the speculators showed over his quotations. One and all withdrew. He endeavored to borrow money to lay a pipe line, but he was already in so deep that nobody would lend him.

At last the situation became desperate. His first note was about due, and he was practically penniless. All one night he sat in a chair beside the living-room table and brooded.

"Well," he said to his wife at breakfast, "here we are with millions, and broke. I guess I'll have to trade with the Giant."

"Oh, Bill!"

"Maybe it'll all come right," he remarked, with a grim look that made her uneasy.

"Now don't lose your temper and get into any trouble," she urged.

"Don't you be scared, Mary Lou. I ain't beat yet."

He was almost cheerful as he set out. His wife came to the conclusion it was because all the anxiety would soon be off his mind.

Bill caught the evening train and next day called at the offices of the Giant company. They kept him waiting awhile, cooling his heels in an anteroom, but at last he was admitted to the office of the manager. That official had seen men crushed to submission many times before; it was so old a process to him that every symptom was familiar. And he could read surrender in Bill's eyes. He also detected a hard gleam he did not like, but that was natural enough too.

Luna came out of the room with a check for eighteen thousand dollars in his pocket. At least that was eighteen thousand more than his local backers were prepared to leave him! He had sold all his acreage to the Giant Oil Company, except only a 60 per cent interest in the short forty which adjoined the main tract. After some hesitation and debate, and hard pleading on Bill's part, they had permitted him to retain this small interest, since that portion of his acreage was not yet proved up and might never come in. The Giant company assumed all his obligations, amounting to one hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars.

"Lay that pipe line right away. Start on her tomorrow," ordered the manager.

Lazy-Board Bill went home. There he glumly displayed the check to his wife. She was fearfully disappointed, but it was better than nothing, and soon she was heartening him.

"It'll be off your mind, anyhow, honey. No more worry or stayin' awake nights! And eighteen thousand is enough to buy a nice business somewhere."

"No," replied Bill, "I got another use for it."

"Bill Luna," she cried, "didn't you promise I'd have the care and spending of this money?"

"Yeh, but listen, Mary Lou. Now, wait a minute, can't you? Hear what I got to say first."

What he had to say seemed to convert Mary Lou, because she opposed no further objection. And next day Lazy-Board Bill headed for Fort Worth.

About a fortnight later the president of the Giant, touring the Southwest in a special train with some directors and banking friends to inspect the company's properties, sent for the manager.

"What the merry Hades does this mean?" he snapped, shaking a newspaper under the manager's nose.

"I know, chief—but we can't stop him."

"Why can't you? What'd you do it for, then? How did you ever happen to make a fool slip like that?"

"Search me," replied the manager wearily. "It looked innocent enough—and we certainly bought cheap enough. You O.K.'d it."

"We'll be the laughingstock of America. Who is this bird, anyhow? Send for him, and settle it."

"All right, if you say so. But he'll stick us—I know that much."

"You ought to have thought of that in the first place. Why don't you get out an injunction?"

"We wanted to, but we can't. Grady says Luna is within his rights."

After a while the president's anger evaporated and he commenced to chuckle. Spreading the newspaper out on his knee he read it over again and laughed until tears dimmed his eyes.

It was a full-page advertisement in a Fort Worth newspaper, with plenty of white space to set off the reading matter, which was in letters an inch high. But what held his gaze were the two top lines:

BILL LUNA AND THE GIANT OIL COMPANY OF AMERICA
COMBINED ASSETS, $780,000,000.00

From that auspicious start, Bill proceeded to offer stock in a new company he was organizing to develop his forty acres. It did look a wonderful chance, as he dubbed it. Anything the Giant touched turned to gold; so why should not Bill's wildest claims be realized? He certainly did not spare either imagination or adjectives. It was to be the wonder field of the world; it could not fail to be, with the colossal resources and amazing record of his partner, the Giant Oil Company of America; so they had best grab the chance and mail their checks right now.

"Say," said the president, as he passed the newspaper around for his friends to read, "I want to meet that partner of ours. Let me see him when he comes, Jim."

"He's run that ad in a dozen newspapers all over the country—even New York and Chicago."

"All the more reason to settle. I want to meet him."

He had that privilege two days later. The interview lasted two hours and grew heated on one side—but for once in his life Lazy-Board Bill remained calm and coldly alert. And when he went out from there he took with him a check for four hundred thousand dollars—the price of his interest in the forty acres, which meant calling off his stock-selling campaign.

"A hundred thousand of this'll pay them stockholders two for one," he informed his wife; "because I only offered a fourth of the stock for sale. And with three hundred thousand left—say, woman, maybe we ain't sittin' pretty! We can go to Europe or anywheres you say. Tomorrow I'll go buy you a car."

"Tomorrow," answered Mrs. Luna firmly, "I'll take that check myself and bank it. There'll be no Europe or high jinks for us."

"But you sure enough want a car, Mary Lou?"

"Maybe so. I'll see. Anyhow, I don't aim to get excited. And we'll live in my home town. What's more, any time one of these hurrah friends of yours comes to you with a sure thing in oil, Bill, darling, you just tell him you're buying nothing but government bonds, see? Not a thing else—not even a bottle of corn liquor."

Derby Day at Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.

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*A new Selz Oxford for Spring and Summer. Ruby red calfskin new seamless backstay pattern Goodyear welt, corrugated edge. Your Selz dealer has the Cambridge. It is B-279 in tan—B-529 in black.*

Selz Shoes look like more money than they cost.

And *wear* that way.

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# News!

*Old ideas of oil stove service swept aside by new and improved Blue Chimney New Perfection: Faster cooking, greater economy, new conveniences - moderately priced*

## for 10 MILLION Women

To ten million homes without gas—and to other millions where gas rates are high—this improved oil stove brings a new conception of cooking comfort.

To the trouble-proof dependability that has made the New Perfection world-famous, is now added even quicker heat and greater fuel economy.

It lightens kitchen cares and gives women more free time! The higher, roomier top and extra shelf space are step-saving conveniences. The new straight-leg design is sturdy, compact, easily cleaned.

*At your dealer's you will find styles and sizes, from $7.00 to $145.00, to suit every requirement—each the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.*

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., 7603 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
*Also makers of the well known PURITAN "Short Chimney" oil stove.*

*New*
**Blue Chimney Burner**
*Faster More Economical*

*The remarkable increase in cooking heat and the greater fuel economy of this new burner, are due to its new double-wall, double-draft construction.*

*The picture above shows how the EXTRA volume of air drawn in through the small holes around the chimney, is converted into an ADDED ring of intense cooking heat. This quicker cooking cuts down fuel consumption.*

*Your Dealer Will Demonstrate*

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| Price of Stove as Illustrated | $55.05 |
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*Higher in the Rocky, Southwest and Canada*

***New Cook Book***—*Send ten cents for the 1924 New Perfection Cook Book, forty-four pages of recipes, menus for all occasions and invaluable cookery suggestions.*

# NEW PERFECTION
## *Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens*

# GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER

(Continued from Page 21)

rival paper, and a group of photographers, calls upon the defendant in the Tombs.

Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham enters the visitors' room clad in a simple black frock—presumably mourning for her deceased husband. The journalists are sympathetically impressed by this touching evidence of widowhood. Her face has a strange waxen pallor—"prison pallor," as one of the writers with a happy turn for phrase describes it. Her lawyer knows that it is due to the unaccustomed absence of cosmetics.

"I loved my husband," she says in reply to a question. "Oh, how I loved him!"

"Will you turn your head just a little to the left?" says one of the photographers.

"I was just a simple, innocent girl," she continues, "when I met him, and I trusted him. I needed a protector—a strong, big man to watch over me."

"This is very painful for Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham," says the silken-voiced Mr. John Doe. "Perhaps it might be better to confine your questions to more general subjects."

One of the reporters has an inspiration.

"Are you fond of books?" she asks.

"I'm crazy about books. My favorite authors are ——"

"—— Shakspere and Browning," suggests the lawyer.

"Shakspere and Browning," the defendant says. "I just adore them."

"Are you fond of children?" asks the lady novelist.

"Children are my greatest passion in life. I have always wanted a kiddy of my own. As a little girl, I was devoted to my dolls. I have a closet full of them at home and" with a little sob—"I still take them out and play with them."

The interviews are printed the following morning in all the newspapers throughout the country. The three hundred talesmen who are summoned to appear the following Monday to serve as jurors in the case of the People versus Pethwick-Wickham read about the defendant's devotion to her husband, her girlish charm, her wistful beauty, and all the usual slop that graces our contemporary journalism. Their wives read it and discuss it with their husbands upon their return home that evening. The prosecuting attorney reads it and smiles cynically as he reflects upon the provisions of Section 1044 of the Penal Law, which defines murder in the first degree as "the killing of a human being when committed from a deliberate and premeditated design to effect the death of the person killed."

Mr. Doe, in the meantime, has not been neglectful of the less important aspect of his case—the preparation for trial. His client has already been acquitted in the newspapers, but there still remains the required ordeal of trial by jury. The witnesses must be prepared, the defendant's story must be rehearsed and alienists for the defense must be engaged.

### The Rules of Evidence

The defense is, of course, insanity. There are circumstances which might possibly indicate that the homicide was committed in self-defense. The butler and the three maids who arrived on the scene immediately after the shooting remember, under skillful prompting by Mr. Doe's junior associate, that they heard the deceased swearing at the defendant and threatening her on the fatal morning. They recall other instances of brutality and cruelty. But Mr. Doe wisely decides that these circumstances are not enough. Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham must be proved to be insane.

Under the rules of evidence, it is permissible to show, where self-defense is pleaded, only acts bearing directly upon that defense. Threats by the deceased against the defendant, assaults and similar acts are relevant. But there is a vast quantity of human-nature material, the heart-interest stuff, the flesh and blood of a really first-class murder case, that is incompetent. The mental anguish of the defendant, her early sufferings and privations, her hopes and aspirations, all those deliciously intimate bits which cause jurors to burst into tears and newspapers into special editions, are not allowed in evidence under a plea of self-defense.

But under a plea of insanity practically everything is competent; any event or experience in the defendant's life that may have a possible bearing upon her mental state—in other words, everything—is dished up for the delectation of the jury and the multitude. So Mr Doe wisely determines to plead insanity. Whether the defendant is actually insane is of slight importance. An eminent psychiatrist recently stated that about 80 per cent of our population is abnormal; and since no one knows, apparently, what normal is, there is a fair probability that a sufficient number of kinks will be found in the defendant's mental make-up to justify an alienist in pronouncing her insane.

There is a race between the prosecution and the defense to obtain the services of the most eminent alienists. The district attorney retains Doctors White and Black, so the defense must perforce be content with the services of Doctors Green and Brown. Henceforth, and to the end of their professional careers, Doctors White and Black are firmly and unchangeably of the opinion that Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham was entirely sane at the time of the commission of the homicide; while Doctors Green and Brown are willing to stake their professional reputations, their lives and all their worldly goods that at the time of the shooting she was "suffering from such a defect of reason as not to know the nature and quality of the act she was committing."

### The Line-Up of Experts

There are numerous conferences, medical interviews and psychological tests in the Tombs. The doctors examine the defendant's tongue and request her to say "Ah!" They pound her knees with small felt-covered hammers and observe her knee jerks. They ask her questions about her early life. What did her parents die of? What children's illnesses did she ever have? Were any of her relatives ever in an asylum?

"I had the measles when I was five years old," says the defendant.

"Ha!" exclaim Doctors Green and Brown. "Crazy as a bedbug!" or the medical equivalent thereof.

"Absolutely sane," say Doctors White and Black.

The preparations are now completed and the stage is set for the gala performance. The newspapers have taken out of camphor their stock headline, Girl Wife to Face Jury Today. The trial is about to begin. By half past nine the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court is crowded, although the court is not scheduled to open until half past ten. Outside in the corridor a detachment of about thirty policemen is trying to hold back the throng that is endeavoring to gain admittance. Promptly at 11:15 the learned judge ascends the rostrum.

"The case of the People of the State of New York against Annie Pethwick-Wickham!" shouts the clerk.

There is a stir and a craning of necks as the defendant appears at the far end of the court room, leaning heavily on the arm of the female deputy sheriff. The audience—or rather the spectators—note her lustrous golden hair, the saintlike pallor of her complexion and the pathos of her simple, girlish and expensive black frock.

At the end of the day forty talesmen have been examined by counsel and one juror selected.

"We want young unmarried men," whispers John Doe to his client.

"We want all married men, preferably with families," whispers the district attorney to his assistant.

The one juror selected, a thin, sandy-haired young man with thick-lensed glasses, sits in solitary splendor in the first seat in the jury box and listens attentively to the questions that are being propounded to each succeeding talesman. He does not realize that Mr. Doe is already trying the case with all the skill and art at his command. He does not realize that he is absorbing impressions, subtly conveyed by the clever Mr. Doe, and forming opinions that will effectually warp his judgment and prevent him from passing impartially upon the evidence in the case.

"If the court should instruct you that the defendant is presumed to be innocent until her guilt is established beyond a reasonable doubt," the lawyer asks, "will you follow the court's instruction?"

An absurd question. Of course the juror will follow the court's instructions. But the constant iteration of the question makes a profound impression upon the talesmen waiting to be called, and upon Number One, sitting lonesomely in the jury box.

"It may appear in this case," continues Mr. Doe, "that the deceased married this little woman ——"

"I object to the 'little woman,'" says the prosecutor.

"—— married this defendant," the lawyer corrects, "when she was a young girl and he was a man past sixty. Although he was extremely wealthy he used to refuse to provide her with the bare necessities of life, and he used to beat her and swear at her. Now would these facts prejudice you against the defendant so that you could not decide this case upon the evidence?"

"I object!" the district attorney shouts.

"Why, your honor," Mr. Doe exclaims with an injured air, "I expect to prove ——"

A heated colloquy follows in which the lawyer confides to the judge in tones audible to Juror Number One and to everybody else in the court room what he expects to prove. The court ultimately excludes the question, but by the time the four-o'clock recess is reached the defendant's story, her wrongs and her sufferings, are no longer a dark secret.

This goes on for days. The first panel of three hundred talesmen is exhausted and a new panel is drawn. Verbal encounters between Mr. Doe and the assistant district attorney enliven occasionally the monotony of the performance.

At last, at the end of a week, the jury box is filled with twelve men good and true; twelve men who have sworn to try the case impartially and fairly; who have sworn not to be moved by sympathy or compassion, and not to be influenced by the defendant's sex, her beauty and the eloquence of her lawyer.

The assistant district attorney rises and delivers his opening address to the jury. He makes a sincere effort to be brief and succinct, and manages to compress into a three-hour oration what might easily have been stated within the space of half an hour. And now the trial is on.

The prosecutor first presents his formal proof of the *corpus delicti*—proof that the late Pethwick-Wickham is actually dead. The doctor who performed the autopsy informs the jury that three bullets penetrated the deceased, that he removed some of the vital organs and that he examined them microscopically, and that Mr. Pethwick-Wickham is unquestionably dead.

### Befogging the Issue

This statement might seem conclusive to the ordinary lay mind; but, nevertheless, counsel for the defense proceeds to subject the doctor to a rigid cross-examination lasting about an hour and a half.

"Didn't I understand you to say, doctor, that one of the bullets took a course of thirty-three degrees and lodged in the third cervical vertebra?"

"Yes."

"Now isn't it a fact that the angle was more than thirty-five degrees?"

"Well ——"

The doctor hesitates. The jury has not the remotest idea what it is all about, but they get the impression that the doctor is endeavoring to conceal something from them.

At length the *corpus delicti* is proved, after the doctor has been made to illustrate graphically the course of the bullets upon the person of a fat court officer, who stands sheepishly upon a platform while the doctor and the lawyers take turns prodding various portions of his corpulent figure. It has now been proved beyond a reasonable doubt that Mr. Pethwick-Wickham is dead, and that he died from bullet wounds, and the course of justice races merrily on.

This headlong pace continues for about a week more, during which the prosecutor endeavors to show that the defendant killed her husband deliberately and with premeditation. The servants, who, it will be recalled, made statements to Mr. Doe's assistant, are called by the prosecutor. They are excellent witnesses for the defense.

Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham was kind and affectionate to her husband, says Paul, the butler. Yes, she used to take a cocktail occasionally, but she always carried her liquor like a lady. He remembers the deceased

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saying to her that she married him for his money. The defendant replied, "Well, I've earned it." No, she never went out with other men; at least, not often. He remembers the defendant calling the deceased "a hard-boiled egg." No, he did not regard that as especially offensive. He has been a butler for fourteen years. Many people are quite fond of hard-boiled eggs. Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham preferred hers rather soft—about three minutes. He never saw the defendant carrying a revolver. He remembers hearing voices in the defendant's boudoir on the morning of the shooting. He just happened to be outside the door at the time. Marie, the defendant's maid, also happened to be there at the time. Yes, Ella the cook and Annie the waitress also just happened to be outside the door at the time. They could hear Mr. and Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham talking about a new fur coat. He heard the defendant sobbing. "I've stood you as long as I'm going to, you old crab," she said. No, he did not think anything wrong of that. Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham was very fond of crabs, especially served *au gratin*. Yes, she may also have called him a piece of cheese. Then came three shots in rapid succession.

"How rapid?"

"About five minutes apart."

The prosecutor, counsel for the defense and the twelve jurors draw their watches solemnly out of their pockets, while the witness demonstrates by clapping his hands the intervals between the shots. It is conceded, and duly placed upon the record, that the firing of the shots consumed about three seconds.

About noon on Wednesday of the third week of the trial the assistant district attorney announces, "The People rest."

Mr. Doe appears to be surprised.

"Your honor," he says, "I have certain motions that I wish to make, but owing to the unexpected termination of the People's case I am not prepared to go on at this time."

"The court will take a recess until 10:30 tomorrow morning," announces the judge. "In the meantime"—addressing the jury—"you will not discuss this case, nor permit anyone to discuss it with you, or express or form any opinion until the case is finally submitted to you."

"Ten-thirty tomorrow!" bawls the court officer.

The jury files out, the assistant district attorney departs to the ball game and Mr. Doe hurries over to the Tombe to put his client through a final dress rehearsal.

### *The "Girl Wife" on the Stand*

The following morning counsel delivers an eloquent legal argument, which lasts about an hour, in support of his motion to dismiss the indictment.

"Denied," murmurs the judge.

"Exception," flashes back Mr. Doe, whose wit never deserts him.

"Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham take the stand!" says Mr. Doe impressively.

There is a rustle and a subdued murmur in the crowded court room. The reporters adjust their chairs to get a better view. The women sitting within the railed inclosure that is reserved apparently for wives of the jurors crane their necks forward. Of course it is well known that no juror ever thinks of disobeying the court's daily admonition not to discuss the case with anyone; but it is strange, nevertheless, how their wives in every sensational case somehow get wind of the affair and flock in a body to the court room. Possibly they fear to leave their husbands unchaperoned in the presence of the defendant's much-advertised charms.

The defendant ascends the witness stand and places her hand upon the Bible that the court attendant offers to her. Seven lady reporters seize their pencils and write furiously, "Girl Wife Bares Soul on Witness Stand."

"Now don't be nervous," the silken-voiced Mr. Doe is saying; "and try to speak loud enough for this gentleman" indicating the twelfth juror—"to hear you."

In a clear, well-modulated voice the defendant, under the skillful questioning of her counsel, proceeds to unfold the story of her life. The indictment charges her with having shot and killed her husband on April 14, 1922; but it is necessary for her to go back twenty-five years—to get a flying start, presumably—and work up to the shooting gradually.

"I was born in Altoona, Pennsylvania," she tells the jury. "My father was in the coal and ice business; but when I was four years old he suffered business reverses and was obliged to sell out to a man named Kugleman—Otto F. Kugleman."

"I didn't catch that name," says the assistant district attorney.

"Otto F. Kugleman," the defendant repeats.

The prosecutor grasps his fountain pen and scribbles the name violently on the yellow pad before him. Mr. Doe casts his beady eyes at the jury to see what impression this evidence has made upon them.

"When I was about seven years of age my mother took me to visit a sister of hers who lived in Brooklyn. I remember that they took me over to New York to a theater—somewhere on Fourteenth Street, I think it was. We saw Uncle Tom's Cabin. It was the first time I ever saw a play."

By the time court adjourns at four o'clock the defendant has reached her sixteenth year and is going strong. As the jurors file out of the box one of the court officers whispers something in the judge's ear. His honor nods approvingly. The court room empties quickly; only the defendant, the lawyers, the court officers and the representatives of the press remain.

As the judge vanishes through the door leading to his chambers the newspaper photographers step forward and mount their cameras in advantageous positions within the railing, while the defendant reascends the witness stand. She poses for them in various attitudes and under the stress of various emotions—grief, amusement, indignation and fear. Her lawyer assumes his accustomed position and is photographed questioning her.

### *Only Four Weeks Have Passed*

The assistant district attorney stands before the defendant and points an accusing finger at her. This picture is for use later in the week and will be called Prosecutor Grills Husband Slayer on Stand.

The following day the defendant's narrative continues. When she tells in a plaintive, quivering voice about her fondness for dolls the wife of Juror Number Five is observed to wipe furtively the tears from her eyes.

Gradually the defendant recounts the details of her adolescence and budding womanhood, her first appearance upon the stage, her meeting with the defendant, the courtship and marriage, the intimate details of their married life; and thus, by easy stages she reaches, on the third day of her testimony, the morning of the shooting.

"—— then he struck me and I remember no more."

"Do you remember going to your bureau drawer and taking out a revolver?"

"No. . . . Mr. Doe, I loved my husband. . . . I always kept that pistol there. I was afraid of burglars."

"And do you remember shooting your husband?"

"After he struck me my mind became a blank. The next thing I remember was when I found myself in police headquarters. . . . I loved my husband. I would willingly give my life to have him back again."

The defense having taken three days for its direct examination, the prosecution must necessarily take the same length of time for its cross. Once more the defendant is obliged to relate her biography from the cradle to the witness stand. When the ordeal finally is concluded, the consensus of opinion among the spectators, including the jurors' wives, is that the defendant's story remains unshaken.

The trial is now rapidly drawing to its close. Barely four weeks have elapsed since the newspapers first ran the headline, Society Woman Confident of Acquittal on Eve of Trial. All that remains is the testimony of the insanity experts—Doctors Green and Brown for the defense and, in rebuttal, Doctors Black and White for the prosecution.

Examining experts is Mr. Doe's specialty. There is a bit of preliminary skirmishing in which Doctor Green delivers to the jury a learned discourse on psychiatry, with special reference to hysteria, paranoia, epilepsy and melancholia. Numerous medical authorities are quoted and ponderous names are hurled at the bewildered jurors. But all this is preliminary. The doctor describes the defendant's reflexes to the jury. It seems that if the leg jerks one way it means one thing, but if it jerks another way it means something else. He tells about the defendant's blood pressure, her

(Continued on Page 105)

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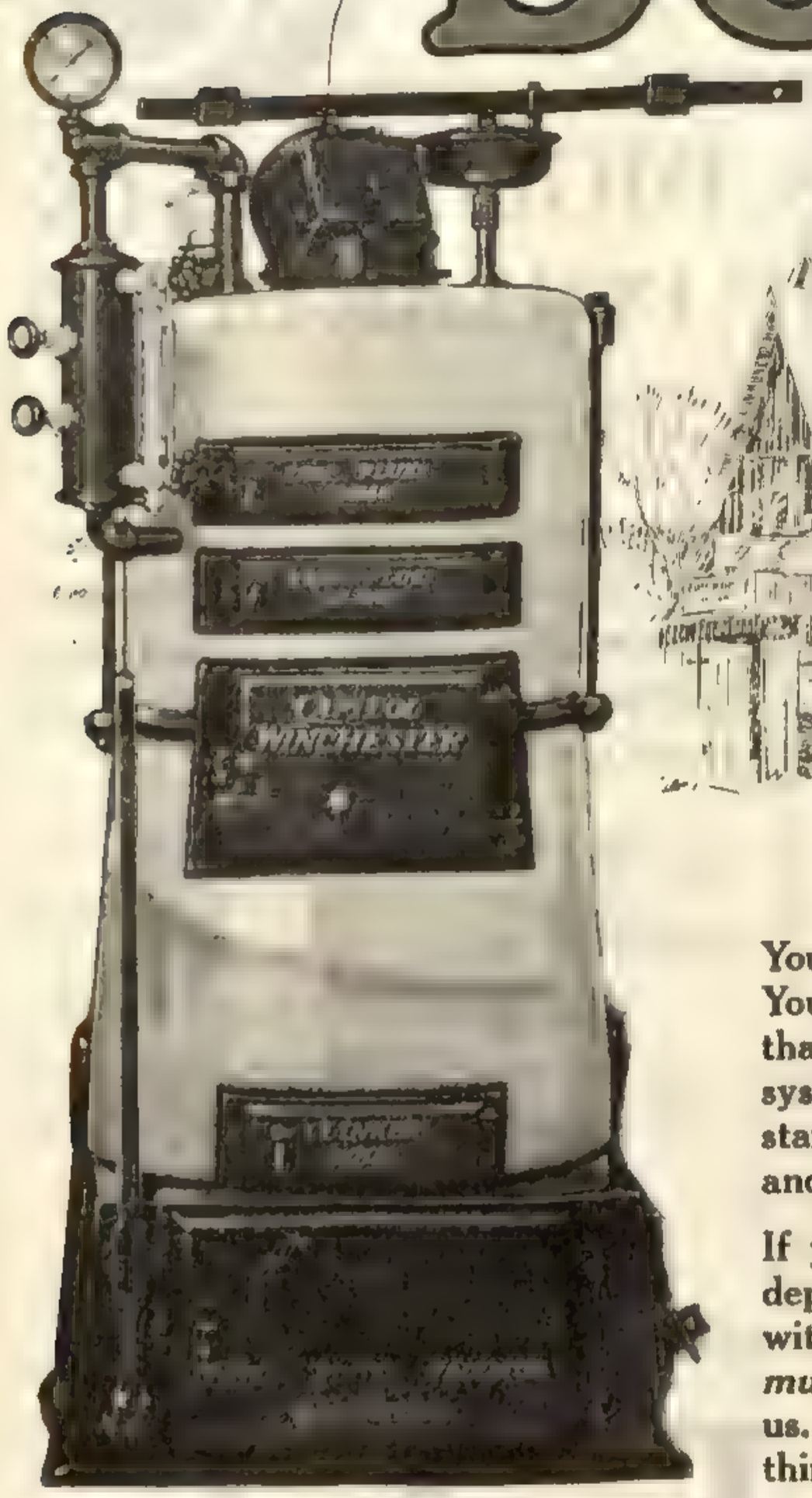

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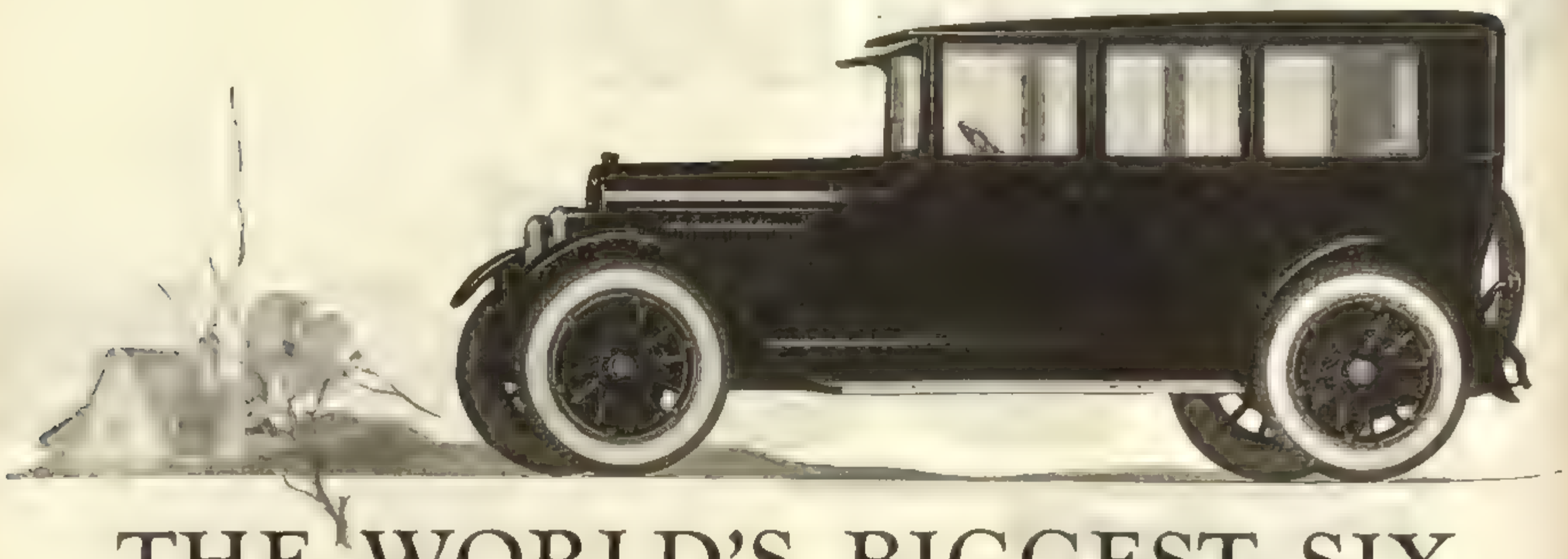

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VELIE

V A L U E

(Continued from Page 102)

pulse beats and her respiration. There is a momentary lull in the proceedings while Mr. Doe fumbles among the papers in his brief case and draws forth a sheaf of about two hundred closely typewritten pages. This is the famous hypothetical question.

The judge leans back in his chair and looks at the clock. The assistant district attorney leans forward and looks at the clock. The jurors, who do not know what is in store for them, look expectantly at Mr. Gilbert and the witness.

The hypothetical question is a strange and marvelous institution. Expert witnesses are called to aid and guide the jury concerning matters of a technical or specialized nature. These experts ordinarily have no personal knowledge of the facts involved in the case, and consequently they are not permitted to express opinions thereon. That would be a usurpation of the function of the jury. Instead, a hypothetical case is propounded to them in which all the undisputed facts in the case are embodied, and it is concerning this hypothetical state of facts that the experts are permitted to give their opinion. The jury is expected, of course, to understand the subtle distinction between the hypothetical facts and the facts that they have been hearing from the witnesses.

### The Hypothetical Question

Mr. Doe examines the papers in his hand for a moment and then reads:

"Now, doctor, assume the following state of facts to be proved. Assume a young girl born in Altoona, Pennsylvania, on July 3, 1900. Assume further that her father was engaged in the coal and ice business in that city, but that when she was four years of age her father, owing to business reverses, was obliged to sell out. Now assume further that he sold his business to a man named Otto F. Kugleman ——"

Mr. Doe reads on. At the start his voice is scarcely audible, but as he proceeds his voice becomes louder and more shrill. He waxes eloquent, dramatic, sarcastic and bitter as he touches upon events in the hypothetical defendant's career.

"Now assume that when she was seven years of age she visited her mother's sister, who resided in Brooklyn, and that she was taken to some theater on Fourteenth Street in New York City and there witnessed a performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Assume further that this was the first time she ever attended a theater ——"

The lawyer's voice fills with tears. The hypothetical question affords a desirable opportunity for a lawyer to sum up twice to the jury.

Hours pass, and still Mr. Doe reads on.

"Now taking all these facts into consideration, in your opinion was this woman laboring under such a defect of reason at the time of shooting the deceased as not to know the nature and the quality of the act she was committing?"

There is a sudden silence. His honor looks up with a start. The jurors listen expectantly.

"She was," says the witness.

The reading of the hypothetical question has taken four and a half hours. Now it is the assistant district attorney's turn. Cross-examining experts is his specialty. For several hours he flounders around with neuroses, psychoses, hysterias, amnesias and paranoias.

This performance is repeated with Doctor Brown, except that he, having been in court and heard the hypothetical question, is not obliged to endure a repetition of it. The prosecutor cross-examines the doctor vigorously for several hours, and succeeds in confusing the case and bewildering the jury still more. The defense rests.

The prosecutor now calls Doctors White and Black in rebuttal. They listen to an interminable hypothetical question and unhesitatingly pronounce the defendant sane. Mr. Doe cross-examines them — cross-examining experts is his specialty.

"Are there not," Mr. Doe asks, "three well-recognized divisions of hysteria—the hysterical tendency, hysteria minor and hysteria major?"

"There were," replied the doctor with an indulgent smile; "but they are discarded by modern writers. Hysteria major refers to the theatrical side of the convulsion, the hysterical convulsion which Charcot describes as hysterical mania."

There is a great deal more of this sort of thing, the result of assiduous cramming by Mr. Doe, and the jury is duly enlightened.

At length the doctor descends from the stand and Mr. Doe strolls over to converse with his wife, who sits sandwiched between the wives of Jurors Five and Twelve.

"Both sides rest," says the assistant district attorney.

"How long will counsel require for summation?" the judge asks.

"Well ——" says Mr. Doe.

"It is a very important case," says the assistant district attorney.

"I'll give you each a day," declares the judge. "I'll give the case to the jury on Friday."

The final pleas of the distinguished counsel are masterpieces of forensic eloquence. For two and a half hours—the entire morning session—Mr. Doe devotes himself to a scathing denunciation of his adversary, the prosecutor. By the time the noon recess arrives very little is left of the prosecutor's reputation, personal or professional. Time is taken out for lunch. In the afternoon Mr. Doe continues his oration with renewed vigor. He pays a passing tribute to the presiding judge, the Constitution of the United States, Homer, Shakspere, the Magna Charta and George Washington; Adam and Eve, the late Cecil Rhodes, Epictetus and Confucius also come in for favorable mention. The afternoon is fading as Mr. Doe, tired and husky, but still sticking valiantly to his Bartlett, turns to his client and tenderly places his arm about her.

"Gentlemen of the jury, look at this little girl. Does she look like a criminal? If she sinned 'twas because she loved. 'For all men kill the thing they love.' Tell her to go forth and sin no more. Let me take her home, out into the blue sky and the blessed sunlight,——"

He is overcome by emotion. He sits down.

The prosecutor retaliates the next day by devoting three hours to attacking Mr. Doe. When he finally gets around to it, late in the afternoon, he also says a good word for Homer, Shakspere, the League of Nations, Adam and Eve and George Washington, and he throws in a few well-chosen excerpts from Emerson and Browning for good measure. Fairness and impartiality is the keynote of his address.

### The Last Act

"We are not vindictive," he says. "The People of the State of New York are not bloodthirsty. All we ask is justice."

The judge charges the jury. "A reasonable doubt is a doubt that is founded upon reason," he says. He quotes copiously from judicial decisions that are difficult for lawyers to understand, and incomprehensible to laymen. At last, after two hours, the last glimmer of understanding that remains in the jurors' minds is successfully extinguished.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you may retire."

The jury files out. The defendant's fate is on the knees of the gods.

Two hours elapse—two hours of agony of soul for the defendant, of poignant, heartbroken waiting. Suddenly, by some mysterious telepathy, word flashes through the courthouse, "They've agreed!" An officer is sent to telephone to the judge, who has gone uptown to his club. The throngs that have been waiting outside in the corridor crowd into the empty court room. The judge arrives and the jurors enter solemnly and soberly, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The clerk of the court faces the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," says the foreman in a low voice.

"How do you find the defendant, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!"

Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham utters a little sob and throws her arms around her lawyer's neck and kisses him. The prosecutor pushes forward to congratulate her. The defendant steps over to the jury box and shakes the hand of each juror in turn.

From the morning papers:

"Mrs. Pethwick-Wickham last night issued the following statement to the press: "I am indescribably happy at my vindication. I wish to express my thanks to my many friends for their unswerving belief in my innocence during the terrible ordeal I have just been through. Everybody has been very kind to me. I do not know what my plans are for the future, but for the present I am going away somewhere and try to forget."

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# THE GENTLE ARTS OF SHADOWING AND ROPING

(Continued from Page 20)

you can understand, if you know boys, how interested they become in this kind of work. Boys past the school age, sixteen years old, are selected, and shadowing is their first training for general detective work.

In other cases women operatives are necessary—not girls, but young women, and sometimes middle-aged, or even elderly. A great deal of observation work takes the operative into places where men cannot go—department stores, offices employing women, and so forth. This change in method has been made necessary by the broadening activities of women.

An elderly man—say, sixty-five—with a white beard and benevolent appearance, makes an excellent shadow, provided the work is not too fast for him.

It isn't enough to be unnoticeable in physique and clothing. A good operative must be inconspicuous in his actions. To illustrate: The shadow follows his subject home from church on Sunday and may have to keep a certain house under observation several hours. In other days this might be done by taking up an inconspicuous post in the street, but even then a loitering stranger would attract attention sooner or later. Women would spy him from windows, merchants see him from their store doors, the policeman on the beat make inquiries. Still, by resourcefulness, he could distract attention or account for himself. I found the letter-box explanation highly effective.

"You have been waiting here quite a while," the little pants presser would suggest, coming out of his shop with a suit to be delivered. "My, this must be a big case you are working on!"

"Well, yes, it is," I would admit. "But if I tell you what the case is, of course, you won't tell anybody else."

"Oh, no!"

"Do you see that letter box? Well, we have reason to believe criminals intend to break into it and take certain important letters that will be mailed, or even hold up the letter carrier and get them when he comes around."

In a little while everybody in the neighborhood would have his or her attention centered so closely on the letter box that they'd stop speculating further about the real purpose of the observer. In other words, their curiosity had been satisfied.

Besides the risk of arousing suspicion, there is the great tedium of remaining in one restricted locality hours at a time, waiting for something to happen. This is the unattractive side of shadowing, offsetting its moments of action and excitement. The shadow would always much rather have his subject than not have him; be busily traveling with him even under conditions that call for the greatest exertion and resourcefulness rather than waiting outside while he is eating dinner, taking a nap or visiting his Aunt Harriet.

### Curtains With Peepholes

To escape observation, do his work under pleasanter circumstances and keep out of disagreeable weather, the operative frequently uses a furnished room, rented in an adjoining house, when an ordinary looking-glass is used in the window to cover entrance to the house where the subject is, or from a room opposite, or nearly opposite—down the block a bit is best—from which the subject's domicile can be kept constantly in sight. Some of the greatest shadowing in both criminal and noncriminal cases has been done from furnished rooms or similar plants in the neighborhood.

While engaged in the investigation of a taxicab robbery some years ago—an exciting hold-up involving $25,000 of bank money, which would be considered prosaic in these times—members of the New York detective force were planted in an empty store opposite a building under observation. Curtains with peepholes were rigged over the windows and the officers sawed and hammered boards—"getting the store ready for a big firm moving uptown." Whenever certain people emerged from the boarding house they were followed and their acquaintances investigated. This was known as Plant Number 21, and it proved a big factor in apprehending and convicting the robbers.

The automobile has helped the detective along with the criminal by providing him a new plant for street work—the waiting taxicab. Apparently nothing could be more conspicuous than a taxicab standing in one spot hour after hour. Mr. Chesterton wrote a good mystery story, in which the crime was committed by a postman, who was not included among the people who had gone into the house of mystery and come out, because nobody paid particular attention to the postman. Nor does anybody pay particular attention to the waiting taxicab in a city street, and it is possible for an operative to step into such a taxi, close the door, sit down, and watch unsuspected for almost any length of time.

After hours of waiting for something simple to happen, like a certain person coming out of a house and following his accustomed route to the L station, the tedium will be broken by an unforeseen turn of great complexity. The subject comes out of the house, but goes in any entirely different direction. He comes out with another person, known and of great importance in the investigation. He comes out and meets an unknown person of possible importance, talks with him or her in the street at too great a distance to be overheard, and they separate, taking different directions. Such developments are significant in their smallest details, because connections are now materializing in the case—persons of central interest in a crime, committed or being planned, are meeting or exchanging information, or are likely to lead the shadow to other persons of importance whose whereabouts are as yet not known.

The operative is alone, but he must keep track of two or three separate individuals or promising leads.

### Cases Like Jig-Saw Puzzles

In all but the simplest cases two or more operatives work together or succeed each other in shifts. When things are quiet a single operative may be left to watch alone. But if there is a sudden development of action in which it is necessary to follow one subject in an unknown direction, or keep track of two or more persons, the shadow has certain resources. To begin with, there is the police or detective organization back of him. He often has time to step into a telephone booth, report under a name or number and summon aid. If this is not possible he will leave a code signal to be found by his partner when the latter turns up and finds him gone. An inconspicuous arrow made with chalk points in the direction the subject has taken him. A circle on the arrow indicates that he will telephone at the first opportunity. Such marks may be put on houses, and look like the small boy's work; or on the curb, and pass unnoticed as surveyor's marks. A messenger boy can often be temporarily hired to keep track of a second line of interest, or the operative selects a citizen whose looks indicate that he has the necessary intelligence and character to be helpful and quietly presses him into service. Incidentally, the well-chosen citizen is invariably crazy to help a detective for the pure adventure of it. All except one citizen—an occasional taxicab driver. If the operative finds it necessary to step into a taxicab and tell the driver "Follow that car wherever it goes," after a few blocks the taximan is very likely to say, "This is detective work, not ordinary driving, and I want to be paid what it's worth—and if you don't come across I'll tip off the people in that car you're following." There are many loyal, honest taxicab chauffeurs, though, who would never resort to such methods; in fact, the honest ones are in the majority They always look for and get a good tip in this unusual work.

Connections are often hard to cover and at the same time are the detective's chief means of piecing his case together. It's a good deal like a jig-saw puzzle, in which you start with one piece that fits into other unknown pieces. To make it clearer, a suspect, A, in Kansas City, is known to be involved in a given crime. He has accomplices B, C and D, as yet unknown. There is no evidence worth taking into court. If A is shadowed long enough he will probably meet one of the others, or write to him, or communicate in some other way, and the detective gets another piece to fit into his jig-saw puzzle. But the professional criminal has ways of hampering the operative. A will meet B in the center of a park, where it is not easy to get within hearing distance without observation. They will meet in the street, stand several feet from each other and talk without moving their lips. From the criminal's standpoint the telephone is a great invention for connections, because it involves no writing, leaves no evidence and is private except in cases where wires are tapped, something that is resorted to both by criminals and by detectives in certain circumstances.

In swindles and bank forgery, for example, there are several different specialists who work as a team—the capitalist who plans and finances the job, the forger who alters or makes the false documents, the middleman who alone meets the forger and passes the documents along to the presenter, who in turn is the only individual seen by bank officials. To secure conviction in some cases, and to put such a gang out of business in all cases, it is necessary to keep the suspects you know under observation until they reveal the ones you do not know. These forgers themselves have their shadows, who watch the presenters to see that they do not decamp with the money after drawing it from the bank—stopping the double-cross, as it is called.

The difficulty of getting information in many cases will be appreciated when the reader knows that the moment a shadow begins to dog his subject he's done—his character is clearly revealed.

Among the unforeseen things that may happen in shadowing, your man may commit a crime, or get into a fight, or be involved or hurt in an accident. I once shadowed a man who dropped dead while I had him under observation. Your subject may do something that makes you itch to thrash him. One of the employes in a certain establishment where goods of great value were handled was assigned to me for observation after business hours. During the day he was a saint, but at night he strolled through the streets annoying women in ways so obnoxious that any man with red blood needed all his self-control to keep hands off him.

Operatives are changed in all but the simplest cases, not only to prevent discovery but as a check on one another. Operative Number 1 will report on a subject for several days, and then Number 2 is assigned and reports, the two reports being compared to show that the work is being done well and honestly. In most cases it is necessary to change the faces frequently.

When an operative loses his subject he reports the fact by telephone and waits until he can pick him up again. That may be easy in the case of a business man of regular habits—you are simply on hand when he comes out of his home tomorrow morning, though he may have done things that are vitally important after you lost him yesterday afternoon. If it is a professional criminal he may have left town after eluding you.

### As to Disguises

It is no crime in shadowing to lose your subject. There are so many ways in which he can escape intentionally or otherwise. But it doesn't occur often. Interest prevents it.

Perhaps it will be interesting to tell you how to lose a shadow on your own trail. Go into a skyscraper with numerous elevators, ride up to the twelfth floor, get out and ride down to the second floor, ride up to the twentieth floor and down again. After you've done that half a dozen times the shadow will generally be left behind, for it is difficult always to get in the same elevator with his subject, and unless he does, the latter stands every chance of eluding him. A public market is one of the best places in the world to drop a shadow. Like the skyscraper, it has many entrances and exits. Investigation of the possible exits from a building into which his subject has gone is of the utmost importance to the operative, and he will not overlook the possibility of escape over roofs, because in many city blocks roofs are veritable highways for criminals.

"You must have to use a good many disguises, don't you?" people ask the detective.

Yes, they are becoming more and more important every day. But instead of donning false whiskers himself, Old Sleuth resorts to those made by the Creator—uses the real thing by selecting a suitable type of old gentleman who has the right whiskers and everything else that goes with them. False whiskers do not fool the camera in moving pictures. What chance is there of fooling people in real life? Yet quite a range of disguise is available to the detective if he understands how trifles change one's appearance. He may carry a soft hat in his pocket, substituting it for a cap to escape being remembered by his subject or to fall into the character of a certain neighborhood. There is a whole wardrobe of disguise in the collar-and-necktie assortment in any furnishing store. A soft collar makes you look like one sort of fellow; and if it is dirty, like another; while a formal stiff collar, just a shade less severe than that worn by a clergyman, will completely transform you without changing any other clothes except perhaps your hat. Neckties can be used to alter your weight and height within certain limits—a thin four-in-hand making a vertical line beneath the face increasing its width, appearance, and so forth. There is a lot of good disguise in facial expression; not contortion of the features, like The Man With a Hundred Faces, but the assuming of a blank, stupid, jovial or guileless expression, according to circumstances.

On one occasion I was invited by a gentleman who taught character reading to appear before one of his classes as a subject. There were thirty or forty intelligent pupils who were finishing the course, and the professor introduced me as "John Barry, an interesting subject," and it was up to his students to read me. I assumed an expression that combined the dumb and the resentful.

"Wot the hell do you want of me here?" my countenance said as the professor presented me, and when a pupil rose to expound my character I watched him suspiciously.

"Well, come now," urged the teacher, after a dozen students had declared me a coarse, unresponsive sort of fellow, hard to get along with, lacking in intelligence. "Wouldn't you give this subject a job—and if so, what kind of a job?"

### Selection of Operatives

Well, the best any of the men students offered was driving a motor truck. But there were two women students in the class, and my change of expression didn't fool either of them. They protested that I looked intelligent, was not difficult to get along with, and that the right sort of training should fit me for executive business.

After the guesses were all in, the professor introduced me by my right name, I threw off the disguise and made a short talk, guying the men and complimenting the ladies, and we had a very pleasant time.

Certain types of shadow fit certain people, also certain neighborhoods. Therefore in making assignments, the same as a casting director, the type suitable for the subject and his district is detailed. Men covering people in big hotels usually become guests there, dress and look the part, are genteel, wear evening clothes, have entrée to the high-class cabarets, dancing clubs, and the like. A workingman type in cap, sweater and rough clothes is cast to cover a truckman, laborer or mechanic. Colored operatives are assigned to duty in colored neighborhoods. Italians are sent among Italians. A Jew always succeeds with his own people, as does an Irishman among his. Old men work on people of their own age. Young people are assigned to duty among young people. The same with women. Wearing glasses to change the appearance is an old but good trick. Artificial disguises are impracticable, easily penetrated, and hold anyone up to ridicule. The best disguise is the natural character to fit the case. A man with a silk hat and evening clothes cannot cover a man in the slums any more than the roughneck can shadow in the élite hotels, theaters and restaurants.

Many undersized policemen, detailed to the detective division, shadow criminals—good high-class expert professionals—until they catch them doing a job. This is especially true of safe burglars and loft men, always looking for a tail—shadow—but many times caught in the act. In the New York Police Department there have been many such cases.

(Continued on Page 111)

# What Every *Good Builder* Knows

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# ALL-TREADS

(Continued from Page 108)

The art of roping is practically the reverse of shadowing. For where the shadow observes his subject without becoming known, the roper gets into his confidence, associates with him and virtually leads him to shadow himself. The shadow follows his subject to the place he is going, but the roper works to get there before him. Here is where the big man has his inning, for while the shadow succeeds chiefly by being insignificant and self-effacing, the roper's ends are often served best by forceful personality or even domineering. Instead of cultivating his subject, worming his way into his confidence, he puts upon him the burden of getting acquainted and keeping in his own good graces.

I once heard a shrewd old employer tell a young salesman when he called upon a big customer for the first time, instead of giving the customer a cigar, to let the great man give him one, as it usually pleased him much better. That is the principle of roping. You let the subject give you the cigar.

While I was in my early twenties I had a case in which shadowing led right into roping through an unforeseen circumstance. It shows the difference by contrast. My subject was the gentleman whom I helped pick up the scattered circulars. After several weeks' observation, during which he did not know me from Adam, I suddenly learned late one afternoon that he was taking a fast train to another city. To ride on that train it was necessary to have a Pullman seat, and I seemed to be right up against it when the ticket seller told me that there were no more seats or berths available except as far as Albany, in a parlor car which would be taken off there. My subject was going on to another city and had a berth.

Taking a chance, I rode to Albany in the parlor car, got off, walked out with other passengers and immediately came back, grip in hand and overcoat on, boarding the Pullman in which my subject was riding as though I were an Albany passenger taking the train. The conductor said he might have a berth later and meanwhile would give me a seat in the smoking compartment. I had hardly hung up my coat and stowed away my grip before the subject came in, sat down alongside me and entered into conversation. It was natural to ask how far I was going.

In a shy, boyish way I told him that I lived in a certain Corn Belt city where my father published a daily paper. Father had sent me on East to see what I could learn in the way of new ideas in the publishing business. After inspecting the great newspaper offices of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, I was now going to the very town to which he himself was going, for further study. Where did I intend to stop? Well, I had thought about getting a furnished room somewhere. In a kindly way he spoke of that city as being a place where a young stranger like myself might fall into bad hands, and suggested that I come to a very good reasonable-rate hotel where he always stopped.

### Playing the Country Lad

Well, the conductor found me a berth, and I went with my subject to his hotel, got an adjoining room and for weeks we were intimate. In the morning I'd leave to visit newspaper offices, while he went about certain business of a highly criminal nature. Arrangements were made by my organization so I received letters from "father" in the town where he was supposed to publish a newspaper, and these letters were left where the subject could read them. While he was away I had access to his papers. When he came in at night he would sit down and tell me whom he had met, though, of course, not what business had been transacted.

His scheme involved people in pretty high places, so he took a little pride in telling the green Iowa kid every evening that he had met and talked with the great Mister So-and-So. As a shadow, I might have followed him through the day and seen him meet Mister So-and-So, and had great difficulty in finding out who the latter was. My reports would have been valuable, but nothing like the detailed information secured by the intimate association of the roper with his subject. The ethics of the thing are not complicated when you remember that this gentleman had criminal designs upon large sums of money belonging to decent, unsuspecting people. Eventually, months afterward, by keeping in correspondence with him, I joined him in California and procured information of much value to the interested persons.

One of the most interesting cases of this sort that I ever had was assigned me in my early days. A revolting murder had been committed in a small country town and suspicion pointed to a man whose guilt could not be proved in court for lack of evidence. He was locked up in the town jail. There being no witnesses to the crime except himself, any information likely to aid in his conviction must come from himself. So I was sent to that town to get into jail and into the confidence of the prisoner.

Getting into jail seemed a simple matter. All I had to do was to take along a few burglar's tools, break into some good man's store, steal merchandise of sufficient value to qualify for grand larceny, be arrested and sent to jail by the local prosecuting attorney, who alone knew my purpose and true character.

Well, it took me several days to get into jail. That was such a little town that when the proprietor of the hotel locked up for the night everybody had turned in. The chief difficulty in committing my "crime" was not to break into a store but to get out of the tightly locked hotel. I had to burglarize my way out. Committing a successful robbery on the main street, I returned to the hotel with my loot. The next morning the town was excited over Deacon Jones' loss, but nothing happened. So I wrapped up some of the loot, took it down to the express office, shipped it to New York—and nothing happened. Another robbery was committed the following night, but suspicion did not point in my direction. Finally it became necessary actually to hold up the town jeweler and take three gold watches. That marked me as a dangerous criminal and got me into jail. I need not say that all the stuff I looted was "recovered" and returned to the rightful owners later.

### Voluntary Confession

My reputation as a dangerous criminal was so great that at first they chained me in a bare stone cell and handed my meals cautiously through a window. It became necessary to talk myself out of that situation and get into more comfortable quarters and work towards the suspect who was to be roped.

Eventually we became cell mates. He was suspicious and talked very little, while I made no effort to cultivate his acquaintance—was a little hard toward him, as a crook outside my class. He began to be interested, however, when my "lawyer" came up from New York to prepare my defense. This legal-looking gentleman in silk hat and blue overcoat was really one of our operatives. As he went over my case and suggested ways of meeting a situation that looked black for me, the murderer became interested and eventually unloaded his crime.

As I have said before, shadowing is used for many purposes apart from crime, and roping to a lesser degree. You employ twenty salesmen, for example. One out of the twenty may get to turning over in his mind the possibility of taking orders to a competitor for a larger commission than you pay him. He has to be a dirty skunk to do it, yet a certain small number of salesmen in the business world yield to such temptation, and shadowing is often the most direct way to confirm or refute suspicion. It is necessary for business concerns to check up the lives of trusted employes out of office hours, to investigate and offset radical agitation among employes, to protect employes from swindlers or extortionate money lenders—in fact many problems in business eventually come down to an investigation of men, known or unknown, who are doing things about which it is vitally important to have more information.

To illustrate: A certain corporation had reason to believe that its pay roll at an important division was being padded—either the wages of actual employes were inflated and part of the money kept somewhere along the line, or wages were being drawn for purely fictitious employes.

Assigned to this job, I dropped into this division town on Saturday afternoon on a freight train, not as a hobo, but as a traveling worker looking for a job. There was a ball game going on between two teams drawn from the division organization. I participated in the preliminary practice, and being a good sand-lot player, was asked to join one of the teams. After the game, which we won, my fellow players naturally wanted to know who the stranger was, what he did, where he was going, and so forth.

"Have you got a place to put up?" asked the captain of the team, and when I said no, he took me to his own boarding house. Finding that I was familiar with some of the work done in the company's shop, he got me a job Monday morning; and I spent several weeks in the town, became a leader in its sports, social life and doings generally, made many friends among its honest people, got on intimate terms with its dishonest ones and ultimately secured the evidence that stopped the padding of the pay roll and convicted a superintendent and several of his accomplices.

To most people shadowing and roping seem mean, sneaking, spying occupations; but the operative in these lines is today, and has been for years, as necessary in the world's business affairs as the expert accountant. He is, in fact, an accountant or auditor of character, checking up a thousand and one persons and situations. How many bank employes do you suppose are shadowed for their habits on the wheel system originated by myself, whereby seven different subjects are observed seven different days by seven different shadows? In a city like New York there are literally thousands of key men in finance and other lines of business about whom it is necessary to know the comings and goings each day and night in the week. The subject who teaches Sunday school on the Sabbath may have been betting at the races Saturday afternoon, or in a city pool room.

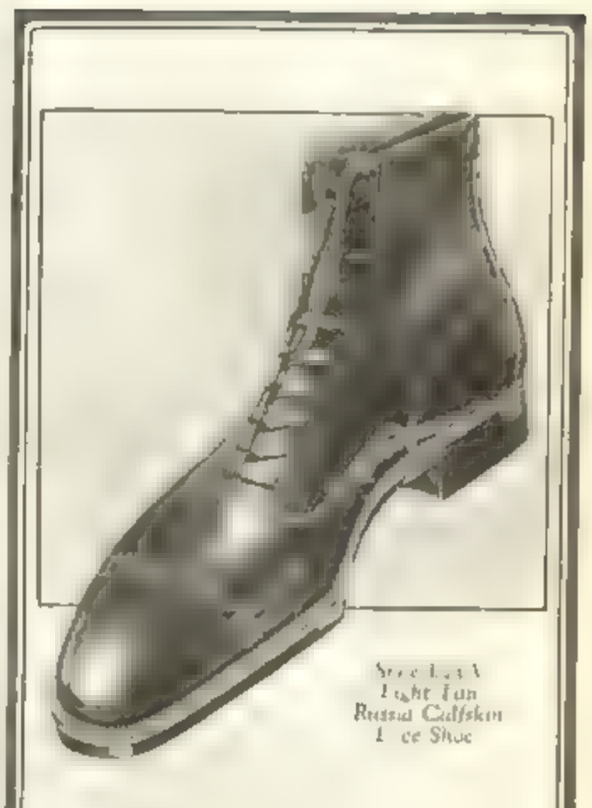
The bonding companies give many bank employes the once-over at regular intervals to see how they are behaving—inspect their characters just as the bank examiner inspects their accounts. It is routine practice in many business houses to investigate men who are being considered for promotion. The executive has his eye upon a man whose work and office record make him a promising man for a bigger job, but he is cautious. A week's clean-cut shadowing tells the whole story. It is, indeed, pleasant to receive a report showing that the man he has in mind lives a straight life and that his judgment has been right. And how pleasant for the man under investigation, though he knows nothing of it.

### The Shadow's Expression

Far from feeling that his occupation is underhanded or mean, the clever, careful, reliable, invisible shadow considers himself an artist in a difficult profession. He is proud of it, even vain of his ability to observe and not be observed, dotes on invisibility, on his facility at being present, seeing all and not being seen. Many are trained in this work, but few succeed. Most candidates are too conscious of what they are doing. They spot themselves. Their very expression indicates that they are engaged in some mysterious, irregular service. They become suspicious themselves, and make everybody else suspicious. How often you have said "I'll bet that fellow is a detective," and been right in your guess. On the face of many a man highly capable as a preventer of crime, and particularly in department stores, there is an expression of worry and apprehension that marks him and makes him utterly unfit for shadowing. The shadow's expression must indicate that he is somebody else—a contented clerk, a bluff truck driver, a man about town, a retired shopkeeper. He must be discreet, alert, loyal and persistent.

Most of all, he must be accurate and unbiased. He takes no sides, accuses nobody, judges nothing. The professional accountant, auditing business records, simply presents the facts as he finds them in the books for others to act upon. The professional shadow, as an auditor of human character, also presents the facts as he finds them, and it is for others to act. Knowing that the happiness, the future, very often the innocence and liberty of others, depend upon his reports, he is scientifically impartial in getting the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Dougherty. The third will appear in an early issue.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*In Hanover Stores, in 62 cities*

*We will fit you from Hanover*
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*Style 8359 Boys' Brown Russia Blucher Lace Shoe*

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are strong for wear, light for health, cut for comfort. They defy hard usage and let the feet grow. $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

# The HOMELIKE KITCHENS OF HEINZ

HOMELIKE! That's the word. That just describes them. Thousands and thousands of housewives have inspected them, and all have felt this thrill of recognition. They look like places where good things to eat are being made. They are full of tempting odors. They are white and clean and well cared for. The sunshine lies across the floors. The Heinz girls are busy and neat and cheerful. It is a domestic picture that warms the heart of every woman with a spark of housekeeping instinct.

And that is one thing we have striven for—these homelike surroundings, this domestic spirit. Big and efficient as the kitchens of a nation must be, we have escaped the factory atmosphere. We do not manufacture. We cook and bake as nearly as we can like a capable hostess preparing delicious meals for favored guests. Such is the attitude of all our employees—they too feel this friendly obligation to dispense good cheer.

## HERE ARE HEINZ *57* VARIETIES. *How many do you know?*

1 Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
2 Heinz Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork—*Boston Style*
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4 Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans
5 Heinz Peanut Butter
6 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
7 Heinz Cream of Pea Soup
8 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup
9 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti
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11 Heinz Mince Meat
12 Heinz Plum Pudding
13 Heinz Fig Pudding
14 Heinz Cherry Preserves
15 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves
16 Heinz Peach Preserves
17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves
18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves
19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves
20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves
21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves
22 Heinz Apple Butter
23 Heinz Crab-Apple Jelly
24 Heinz Currant Jelly
25 Heinz Grape Jelly
26 Heinz Quince Jelly
27 Heinz Apple Jelly
28 Heinz Dill Pickles
29 Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins
30 Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins
31 Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles
32 Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins
33 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins
34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles
35 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle
36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle
37 Heinz Queen Olives
38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives
39 Heinz Stuffed Olives
40 Heinz Ripe Olives
41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil
42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions
43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
44 Heinz Chili Sauce
45 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce
46 Heinz Red Pepper Sauce
47 Heinz Green Pepper Sauce
48 Heinz Tomato Ketchup
49 Heinz Prepared Mustard
50 Heinz India Relish
51 Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish
52 Heinz Salad Dressing
53 Heinz Mayonnaise
54 Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar
55 Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar
56 Heinz Distilled White Vinegar
57 Heinz Tarragon Vinegar

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY *Established 1869*

# RED TRIM

(Continued from Page 29)

In the language of diplomacy there are two sorts of recognition that are accorded to a state by other states. One is *de facto* recognition, which is a recognition for trading purposes only; and the other is *de jure* recognition, which calls for the exchange of diplomatic representatives and all the other relationships that exist between two governments in good standing.

What the Soviet Government has usually received from the European nations that have recognized it has been *de facto* recognition. Whenever this has happened the Soviet Government has striven violently to convert the *de facto* recognition into *de jure* recognition. This has been due to the belief of the Bolshevik leaders that unless they receive *de jure* recognition and admission to the family of nations their government will be unable to hold out until the world-wide revolution for which the Bolshevik leaders have been constantly striving, and the soviet republic will be unable to secure the credits which are necessary for its economic rehabilitation.

In order to secure recognition of any sort from European governments the Soviet Government has been obliged to promise to be a good boy, so to speak, and to stop trying to bring about its pet cataclysm, a world revolution, through the agency of the trade, diplomatic and other representatives which it sends to other countries.

In order to beat this game, it has separated, in its own mind, the Soviet Government and the Communist Party. The Communist Party is the Soviet Government, and the Soviet Government is the Communist Party. The officials of the Soviet Government are the officials of the Communist Party; and meetings of the heads of the Soviet Government can and do resolve themselves into meetings of the heads of the Communist Party without any change in membership or location. Yet the Bolshevik leaders protest constantly and noisily that there is no relationship between the two agencies, although any half-blind child that had access to their public utterances could easily see the falsity of their protests.

Having satisfied themselves by their protests that there is a difference between the Communist Party as a government and the Communist Party as a party organization, the leaders of both branches proceed to carry on their attempt to bring about the world revolution and to upset the capitalistic governments with which they are surrounded.

There is no more good faith in the attitude of the Soviet Government toward its treaty obligations than there is radioactivity in a turnip.

### Lack of Good Faith

The soviet leaders conceive of the entire world as being divided into two warring classes, capital and labor, which enjoy an occasional armistice that can be of only the briefest duration. They regard themselves as the representatives of one of these classes, rather than as the representatives of a government; and consequently their theories and acts are not the sort of theories and acts that the diplomatic representatives of any ordinary nation are entitled to expect from the diplomatic representatives of any other ordinary nation.

Whenever the Soviet Government finds or imagines that wrongs are being inflicted on it by another state it continually resorts to reprisals on that state; and these reprisals usually take the form of treaty violations. Whenever the Bolshevik leaders wish to bring pressure to bear on another state to persuade it to alter its foreign or domestic policies, they do not hesitate to ignore or to disregard their treaties with that state. The entire Soviet Government is guided by expediency and not by good faith.

The lack of good faith on the part of the Soviet Government has been particularly noticeable in its dealings with the states which border on Russia. These states, being considerably smaller than Russia, were in no position to refuse to accord recognition to their more powerful neighbor when she requested it. But after the Soviet Government had entered into treaties with these border states her willingness to observe both the spirit and the letter of the treaties depended entirely on how the Soviet Government happened to be feeling.

Ever since Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Finland and Poland recognized the Soviet Government and signed treaties with her they have devoted large and valuable portions of their time to complaining bitterly of the failure of the Bolshevik Government to live up to its obligations.

Let us be more specific:

Between February 2, 1920, and May 9, 1922, Soviet Russia concluded seven treaties, agreements and conventions with Esthonia. Anybody who cares to make inquiries of the Esthonian Government will discover that Soviet Russia violated and is violating these treaties in the following ways:

She is hindering the transfer of the property of Esthonian citizens from Russia to Esthonia, so that more than 50 per cent of the property of Esthonians who wish to get out of Russia is firmly and apparently irrevocably held in Russia.

Large amounts of property belonging to the University of Dorpat and other Esthonian educational institutions had been removed to Russia. The Russians, contrary to their treaty agreements, have tried to prevent the Esthonians from locating this property; and have further refused to return it, when found, on the ground that they need it themselves.

### How Esthonia Was Treated

The treaties call for the setting up of a special mixed commission to settle questions concerning Esthonian rights and property in Russia, but Russia does nothing about it. Nor will the Soviet Government restore to Esthonian owners the valuables and documents which had been taken from them; nor will it extend to Esthonia the same rights and privileges that it grants to Poland, Finland and Latvia; all of which things are provided for in the treaties between Esthonia and Soviet Russia.

The Latvian and the Lithuanian governments have joined with the Esthonian Government in protesting many of these matters, as well as the facts that, contrary to treaty, Esthonian ships have been held in Russian harbors until they became useless; that Esthonian-owned securities in Russian banks have been distributed by soviet officials without regard to their ownership; that the Soviet Government took the machinery from an Esthonian factory—the Volta works—and equipped a Soviet Government factory with it.

One of the important features of the treaties between Esthonia and Soviet Russia was the stipulation that neither country should permit the formation or the presence within its boundaries of any organizations or groups which would attempt to govern any part of the territory of the other country, or suffer the presence of representatives of organizations whose object was to overthrow the government of the other country.

The Esthonian Government has been obliged to register constant and violent complaints because of the breaking of this agreement by the Soviet Government.

For example, the soviet representatives in Reval, Esthonia, complained that a Russian paper—the Narodne Dielo—published in Reval, was calculated to stir up enmity against the Soviet Government. The Esthonians promptly suppressed it. But in Petrograd there is published an Esthonian paper called the Edasi, which is the organ of the Esthonian section of the Russian Communist Party. The sole purpose of this organization, which is maintained in soviet territory, is the overthrow of the Esthonian Government. The Edasi has been violent and influential in its attacks on Esthonia; and at the time of the death of the Communist agent, Kreuks, who was killed in Reval on March twenty-third while resisting arrest, the inflammatory anti-Esthonian articles in Edasi resulted in the pillaging of the Esthonian consulate in Petrograd. All attempts on the part of the Esthonians to have the Edasi suppressed have had as little effect on the soviet authorities as a mild south wind.

There are in Esthonia several Communist organizations whose chief aim in life is the overthrow of the Esthonian Government by force. These Communist organizations receive substantial and constant assistance from the soviet mission in Reval, Esthonia.

The chief of the Communist groups in Esthonia was one Victor Kingisepp, an Esthonian citizen. He was arrested in May, 1922, on Esthonian territory, and tried on


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Study this chart. If you have pains and aches in feet, ankles or legs as shown here your arches need attention. Make this test without risk or obligation.

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Ninety per cent of the people suffer pains and aches in feet and legs *needlessly*.

You can stop them in ten minutes. *This we guarantee*, or the test will cost you nothing. So it is folly not to make the effort.

The Jung Arch Brace is a thin, light, cool band of super-elastic webbing. Worn around the instep, it stops the pain and restores your arch to strength and vigor.

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The results are so amazing as to be almost incredible. But over a million people have proved the truth of what we say, and *you can prove it without risk.* The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band, its contour and design. That is where 5 years experimenting went.

Science taught us this new secret of foot troubles. Practically all cases of arch weakness are due to overstrain of a set of muscles in the front of the foot. As arch weakness is the cause of practically all foot troubles this little bandage-like brace, by taking the strain off these weakened muscles, relieves aches and pains in the toes, instep, arches, heel and ankles, calf, knee, and thighs caused by arch troubles, ends tired and burning sensations of the feet and prevents corns and callouses.

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Taking the strain off the weakened muscles, the pain stops like magic. The arch is restored to its proper functions. Day by day the muscles regain their strength and eventually you discard the braces altogether.

This little band of webbing slips on or off as easily as a garter. It takes up no room and you can wear it with stylish shoes without discomfort. No more stiff arch props or metal plates. No more cumbersome pads.

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Make this test entirely without risk or obligation. Go to your shoe dealer, chiropodist, or druggist. Be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them for a few days, or two weeks. Then if not delighted with the relief obtained return them and your money will be cheerfully returned.

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If your dealer can't supply you write to us. Measure around the smallest part of your instep with ½ inch strip of paper just back of the toes where the front end of the brace is shown in the chart above. Send this measure and coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style) to fit you. You pay the postman $1 and postage. Or send us $1 and measurement and we will send you a pair postage prepaid. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, $1.50. Specify when ordering. If not satisfied your money back on request.

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Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked. I enclose foot measurement.

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# *A Copper Screen Cloth That Will Not Stretch*

There is an idea in the minds of many people that copper wire makes a "soft" screen cloth that will stretch and bulge.

*This is not true of Jersey.*

Though it is made of copper 99.8% pure—the most durable metal in common use—it has a stiffness and strength comparable to that of steel cloth. This is due to a special Roebling process which is applied exclusively to the wire used in making Jersey Copper Insect Screen Cloth.

When you buy screen cloth look for the Jersey Tag at the end of the roll. It is your guarantee that you are getting genuine Jersey—the stiff and strong copper screen cloth.

If your hardware merchant or custom-made screen maker cannot supply Jersey, write us and we will send samples, an interesting booklet and tell you how to obtain it.

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the charge of treason for organizing terrorism, strikes and murder with the object of overthrowing the Esthonian Government. He had lived on the premises of the Soviet legation; and he admitted at his trial that he had received money and instructions from the Soviet Government. He was convicted and executed. On the day of his execution the Soviet Mission in Reval was in mourning and flew its flag at half mast.

The All-Russian Central Executive Committee, with the same maudlin sentimentalism that led it to change the name of Petrograd to Leningrad on the death of Lenine, honored the town of Jamburg on the Esthonian border by renaming it Kingisepp

In spite of Soviet Russia's treaties with Esthonia to discountenance such things, Zinoviev honored the memory of Kingisepp at a huge mass meeting in the Grand Theater, Moscow, with a fiery speech in which he stated that "We hope that the time is not distant when Esthonia will turn Soviet. Long live Soviet Esthonia!"

The same meeting adopted a resolution reading: "Let the brigands who still sit in the government of White Esthonia remember that the time is not distant when they will have to answer for the murder of Comrade Kingisepp and for all their crimes against the labor classes."

### *Treaties Made to Break*

When three Communists fired on the Esthonian police during a May Day procession in 1922, one of them was captured and admitted that he was acting as an agent of the foreign section of the G. P. U.—the organization that supplanted the Cheka. A Communist organizer and spy named Laur was arrested in Esthonia and confessed that he had been sent by the G. P. U. The proclamations of the central committee of the Esthonian Communist Party were secretly printed by one Kristoph Reinfeld, who was proved to have received a monthly salary, subsistence funds and an allotment of three hundred and seventy-five thousand Esthonian marks from the Russian Soviet Government.

The Soviet delegation in Reval has assisted the Esthonian Communist movement by transmitting funds and attempting to protect Communist agents who have fallen into the hands of the Esthonian police.

There are other examples to prove that the Soviet Government had no more intention of living up to its treaties with Esthonia than it had of going into the business of hatching dinosaur eggs; but those that have been given should be sufficient to demonstrate clearly that Esthonia's relationship with Soviet Russia was not all peaches and cream.

Latvia, between August 11, 1920, and August 16, 1922, concluded nine treaties, agreements and conventions with Soviet Russia; but she has had about the same number of diplomatic fights with the Soviet Government over the latter's failure to live up to the treaties as has Esthonia.

From 1914 to 1917 Russia helped herself to thirty thousand carloads of goods from Latvia; and though the treaties agreed to return all of them, only three hundred and one carloads have been returned; which, in a manner of speaking, shows that the Soviet Government, as a carrier-out of treaties, is an accomplished second-story worker.

The Soviet Government frequently finds itself unable to locate Latvian goods and machinery, even when they are lying in railway stations and warehouses, packed and clearly labeled. It refuses to return seventy million gold marks belonging to citizens of Latvia, which is on deposit in Russian banks. It refuses to permit Latvia to cut timber on concessions that were made by the treaties. It refuses to release Latvian political prisoners from Russian jails, although their release was stipulated in the treaty. It continually places obstacles in the way of the repatriation of Latvian citizens and property now in Soviet Russia.

The same agreement that was made between Russia and Esthonia in respect of individuals and groups aiming at the overthrow of the government was made between Russia and Latvia; and Latvia has been as lucky in this respect as has Esthonia.

Hostile demonstrations have been organized in Moscow by the Latvian section of the Russian Communist Party against the Latvian legation and against Latvian representatives and their staffs. When the Latvian Government demanded that the Russians live up to the treaty and abolish an organization which openly advocated the overthrow of Latvia's government the Soviet authorities burst into peals of merry and derisive laughter.

As in Esthonia, the Soviet representatives in Latvia have protected native Communists from punishment.

The Soviet Government, always interested in the Communists of all nations, in 1922 exchanged Latvian citizens imprisoned in Russia for Communists imprisoned in Latvia The exchange rate was two Communists for each Latvian, which is a purely artificial rate, since there isn't a country in the world that doesn't consider one of its citizens worth more than a million Communists.

The Soviet legation in Latvia placed Communist workers on its rolls, and at one time in 1923 carried three hundred and fifty-two persons on its pay list. Shortly after the arrival of the Soviet representative Aralov in Riga, sixteen Communists were caught red-handed in plots to overthrow the government. Eleven of the sixteen were employed as workmen in the warehouse of the trade department of the Soviet mission, and five were members of the mission's trade and consular departments.

One need only ask a Latvian Government official how he likes his country's relations with Soviet Russia in order to start a flow of objurgation and condemnation.

The Soviet Government made practically the same agreements with Lithuania that it made with Latvia and Esthonia, and it has carried out the agreements in practically the same way. It has restored less than 5 per cent of the property that it agreed to restore, and in general has procrastinated and evaded its obligations with unflagging vigor and enthusiasm.

The Soviet mission in Kovno, Lithuania, carried on Communist propaganda in Lithuania by distributing money and printed matter—a fact which became clear when the Soviet representative was harshly rebuked for spending so much to support Communism and getting so few results in return. After being rebuked he was transferred to a place where his talents were more in evidence.

### *Relations With Finland*

Finland, between October 14, 1920, and October 28, 1922, concluded fifteen treaties, agreements and conventions with Soviet Russia. No sooner had the first treaty gone into effect than the Finnish Government began to raise a loud and raucous howl over the Soviet Government's wholehearted failure to carry out the terms of the treaty; and these howls have continued without cessation ever since.

One of the chief complaints of the Finnish Government is that the Soviet Government, after agreeing to do so in a treaty, will not permit the population of two provinces—Archangel and Olonets—to constitute the autonomous territory of East Carelia. There is more excitement over this in Finland than there is over tax reduction in America. The Soviet Government, however, doesn't like to hear the subject mentioned, and feels that it should be allowed to sleep quietly in the peace treaty.

Finland submitted the matter to the League of Nations in January, 1922; and after meditating over the matter in a snappy manner for fifteen months the League asked the opinion of the Permanent Court of International Justice. The court refused to express an opinion on the matter, since the Russian Government didn't belong to the League. At any rate, Finland feels that treaties with Soviet Russia aren't worth a hill of beans, and she isn't at all backward about saying so.

The Soviet mission to Finland, contrary to the stipulations of the treaties, has steadily worked with Finnish Reds to spread Communism in Finland; but its work has borne so little fruit that the Finnish Government has viewed its activities with a tolerant eye.

The Communist Party of Finland is known as the Finnish Socialistic Labor Party; and in Petrograd in 1921 it held a party meeting at which there were more than fifty Finnish delegates. In August, 1923, the Finnish Government raided this party, arresting its officials, confiscating its archives and seizing its printing presses. At once a terrific outcry arose in Russia. The

*(Continued on Page 117)*

# This Builder Saves On Labor Cost and Waste

An advertisement based on the personal experience
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THOUSANDS of feet of lumber are used in the average house. *This lumber is put into construction piece by piece.* Very often the carpenter finds it necessary to sort over the lumber, square the ends—re-work it with saw and plane to make it ready for construction.

That work takes the carpenter's time. Every hour saved is money saved. Saving one hour in ten means a 10 per cent saving in carpenter labor cost.

Mr. Glen Pierce, an experienced contractor of Ionia, Michigan, has found that Long-Bell trade-marked lumber comes on the job so nearly ready for construction that he makes a definite saving from its use.

"For over ten years I have used Long-Bell long leaf dimension in general contracting work," Mr. Pierce points out, "and found that it effected savings in carpenter labor and waste as compared to ordinary grades of lumber.

"Because Long-Bell lumber is thoroughly seasoned by either air or kiln-drying, structures built with it do not depreciate nearly as rapidly as those built with ordinary lumber. This fact is not often recognized by an owner; but he will give the contractor credit for having built a good house. I have built up a reputation for doing good work because I use high grade lumber wherever possible; and my increasing business is undoubtedly due in a large measure to this fact.

"The lasting quality of Long-Bell lumber is well illustrated in the large open-air pavilion which I built in the Ionia fairgrounds over eight years ago. This building has been constantly exposed to the weather, both winter and summer; it is practically as good today as when it was put up.

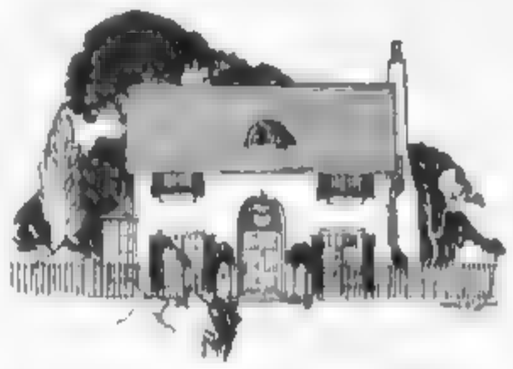
"There is a saving in carpenter's time with high grade lumber because a minimum of cutting and sorting is required. Carpenter's time is also noticeably saved with good flooring, which, being accurately machined and carefully seasoned, can be fitted together with a minimum of effort. Ordinary flooring often requires considerable effort to drive the joints together and even then is likely to spread because not thoroughly seasoned.

"On an average, 10 per cent of the carpenter labor cost can be saved with Long-Bell lumber. Since a carpenter handles an average of five hundred feet per day at a saving of 75c (*), the saving in labor is $1.50 per thousand.

"The saving in waste is easily 7 per cent as compared to ordinary lumber. At an average cost of $45.00 per thousand feet, this amounts to $3.15 per thousand.

"The savings in carpenter labor and waste give a gross saving of $4.65 per thousand.

"I use Long-Bell lumber because it is a dependable, high-grade product, which effects important savings for my clients and me."



### ★How Mr. Pierce Estimates His Savings

Mr. Pierce estimates that Long-Bell trade-marked lumber saves him in carpenter labor as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cost of carpenter labor on ordinary lumber, per M ft. | $15.00 |
| Cost of carpenter labor on Long-Bell lumber, per M ft. | 13.50 |
| A saving of per M ft. | $ 1.50 |

His estimate of the saving in waste lumber:

| | |
|---|---|
| Waste in ordinary lumber, 7% of $45 (average price) per M ft. | $ 3.15 |
| Waste in Long-Bell lumber per M ft. | 0.00 |
| A saving of per M ft. | $ 3.15 |

These figures represent a total saving of $4.65 per thousand feet of lumber used in construction.

*Ask your retail lumber dealer for Long-Bell trade-marked products.*

# LONG-BELL

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

LONG-BELL LUMBER IS TRADE-MARKED ON THE END OF THE PIECE

★Send for the whole story

Mr. Pierce's entire statement is of value to the builder. Send for it.

*Name*

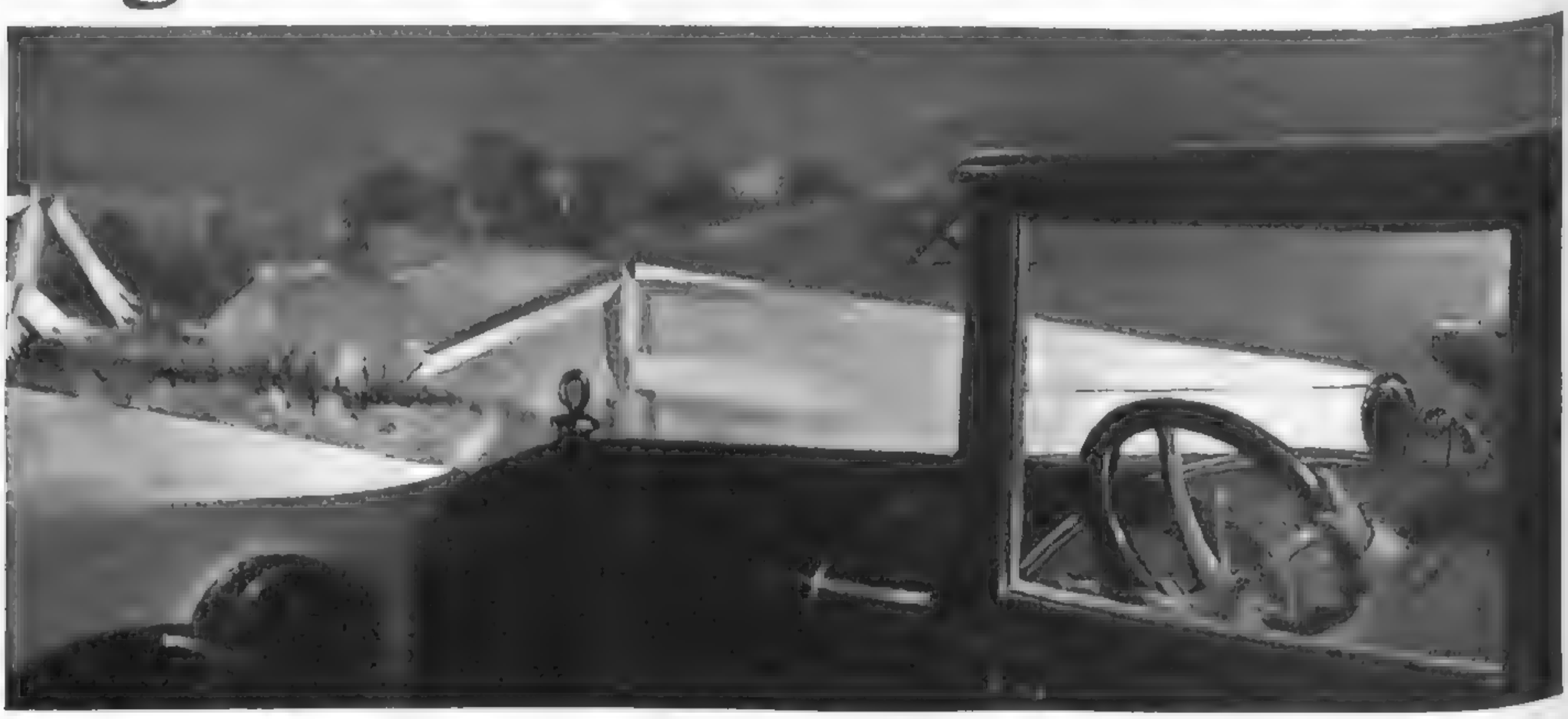
*Address*

*City* *State*

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
*Lumbermen Since 1875*
600 R. A. LONG BLDG. KANSAS CITY, MO.

# FYRAC Night GUIDE

*the Super Spotlight*



a broken fence ... mute evidence of another driver ... experience ... the steep bank ... one ... Blinding headlights ... a wheel off the road ... skid on wet dirt ... and over the embankment

## *Night driving made safe*

EVEN concrete roads have their hazards. Often there is loose dirt, mud, or gravel at the edge —and a sheer, dangerous drop into the ditch.

Drive safely at night behind the Fyrac Night Guide. Comfortably from within your car—without reaching outside—you can place Fyrac's clear, clean beam on the right hand road-edge. It will guide you with sight and safety against the glare of oncoming head-lamps.

Where curtains or closed windows put the old-fashioned spotlight out of use, the Fyrac Night Guide is *always* in service. It fits through your windshield glass. Its 1500-foot light shines from outside your windshield—its Gun Grip control is inside at your finger ends. Beam may be thrown in any direction; "stays put" where desired, secure against road shocks.

Installed at dealers' while you wait, without removing the windshield. We guarantee every windshield in which the Fyrac Night Guide is installed. $12.75 installed—*less than a penny a day for safety!* Made by the makers of Fyrac Spark Plugs, Fyrac Manufacturing Company, Rockford, Illinois.

Fits through your windshield glass

Made under and fully protected by patents and applications.

(Continued from Page 114)

executive committee of the Communist International published a wild proclamation in the Moscow Izvestia, official organ of the Communist Party and the Soviet Government. It was entitled Down With the White Guard Régime in Finland! and it pointed out that though the Finnish Labor Party was not a part of the Communist International, it was "a party that sincerely sympathizes with us, and that is why our illegal Finnish Section had no reason to adopt a hostile attitude toward it. The suppression of that legal party of Finnish labor classes will now, of course, as a matter of necessity, compel the illegal Finnish Communist Party to take into its hands the entire political management of proletarian class war. The Communist International enjoins the struggling Finnish proletariat to serry its ranks and rally solely and only around the revolutionary banner of the Communist Party. Down with the rulers of Finland, murderers of labor classes!"

It should be unnecessary to operate on the normal person's skull in order to get into his head the knowledge that a treaty between Finland and Soviet Russia is worth the same number of kopecks that all the other treaties in which Soviet Russia has participated are worth, to wit: thirty.

Poland has entered into several agreements with the Soviet Government; but the Poles complain bitterly that great difficulty has been encountered in carrying out the work of the three mixed commissions which were established by the treaty to restore to Poland her educational and art treasures, archives, property and railway material. The Poles are particularly annoyed at the consistent bad faith displayed by Soviet officials in assisting them to find articles which the peace treaty says shall be returned to Poland.

### Not Living Up to Treaty Obligations

The Bolsheviks have returned the machinery of eleven out of the one hundred Polish factories that they stripped. They have returned no agricultural or personal property whatever, and none of the property of educational institutions. They have refused to return the archives and property of the various Polish missions to Russia. They agreed in the treaty to do all these things.

Generally speaking, the Soviet authorities have shown a reluctance to carry out the stipulations of the peace treaty. They use many methods to delay settlement. The main issues are continually buried in a fog bank of technical discussions; while meetings are put off from one week to another on the pretext that individual delegates are suffering from a slight attack of the pip or the heaves. And even when a subject has finally been discussed and decided, the decision must be followed by a heartbreaking struggle to secure the fulfillment of the admitted obligation.

According to the peace treaty, Russia agreed to pay Poland thirty million gold rubles by April 27, 1923. This sum has not been paid. The payment for railway material, due by November 11, 1922, has not been completed.

Poland has many other complaints at the failure of the Soviet Government to live up to its obligations, among them being the claim that the Soviet Government has several times, in violation of the treaty, attempted to interfere in Polish-Lithuanian affairs; that it has not protected national and religious minorities in its territory as agreed in the treaty; and that, contrary to the terms of the treaty, it has not ceased to organize and subsidize Communist propaganda in Poland.

In other words, Polish relations with Soviet Russia are about as satisfactory as might be the attempt of a refined young woman to dance a one-step with a gorilla.

Moving a little nearer home, we find that Great Britain signed a trade agreement with Soviet Russia on March 16, 1921, and that this agreement was extended to include Canada on July 3, 1922. By this trade agreement, each party "refrains from hostile action or undertaking against the other and from conducting outside its own borders any official propaganda direct or indirect against the institutions of the British Empire or the Russian Soviet Republic, respectively, and more particularly that the Russian Soviet Government refrain from any attempt by military or diplomatic or any other form of action or propaganda to encourage any of the peoples of Asia in any form of hostile action against British interests or the British Empire, especially in India and in the independent state of Afghanistan."

Less than six months after the signing of this agreement Lord Curzon was obliged to dispatch a tart note to the Soviet Government, directing its attention to the pernicious activity of the Third International in India and Afghanistan, as well as to serious breaches of faith on the part of Bolshevik agents in spreading anti-British propaganda and agitation throughout Central Asia and Afghanistan.

Tchitcherin had insisted on the opening of Russian consulates in Eastern Afghanistan; and these, the British Government found, were regarded by the Soviet authorities as centers of propaganda. The British Government also found that the Soviet representative Rothstein spent large sums of money in Persia on anti-British propaganda; that Soviet representatives engaged in continual intrigue with Indian revolutionists in Europe; and that the Soviet authorities sent Jamal Pasha to Afghanistan to provide hostile tribesmen with funds, arms and ammunition.

The Soviet authorities made the same reply to the British protests that they have made to the protests of all other nations who have caught them, as the saying goes, with their undergarments exposed. It is a moth-eaten, moldy, good-for-nothing reply, and it answers no charges; but it seems to catch a few suckers every time it is enunciated by the Bolsheviks.

The reply was that the Soviet Government was entirely distinct from the Third International and that the facts enumerated in the British note were inventions and fabrications. They made this same reply to Secretary Hughes when he accused them of their old familiar actions not long since, and he promptly proved out of their own mouths that they were lying

For a time after this British protest the Soviet representatives slacked up on their propaganda. Then they started in more vigorously than ever; so that the British, after painstakingly getting the goods on them in the most approved British manner, called them to account more specifically on May 22, 1923.

The Russian minister at Teheran, declared the British, had housed Indian seditionists within his hospitable walls and sped them on their mission to India. What is more, the British Government knew the exact sums that had been sent to him for anti-British intrigue, and the exact instructions that he had received and passed on in order to stir up rebellion against the British.

It knew that Raskolnikov, the Soviet representative in Kabul, had been zealous against the British. It knew that seven Indians, trained in Communist agitation in Tashkent by the Bolsheviks, had been escorted to India from Moscow by Soviet civil and military officials by a circuitous and difficult route to avoid detention. It knew that many hundred-pound bank notes issued in London to Nikolai Klishko, assistant official agent of the Soviet Government, had been cashed in India by Indian revolutionaries who were closely associated with the Soviet agent in Kabul.

### Pledges to Great Britain Broken

The British knew that the difference between the Soviet Government and the Third International was not so great as the Soviet leaders would have the world believe—that, in fact, it was nonexistent; for M. Sokolnikov, People's Commissary of Finance and an official of the Soviet Government, had participated in a meeting of the financial commission of the Third International; and said commission had allotted eighty thousand pounds and one hundred and twenty thousand pounds to the British and Indian Communist parties, and that seventy-five thousand of the eighty thousand pounds allotted to the British Communist Party had arrived in England by January 1, 1923.

The British also knew that the Soviet Government had collected and dispatched to India and other Eastern countries sixty-two Oriental students trained in propaganda schools under the Third International.

The British didn't like these things, nor did they like certain outrages on British subjects for which the Soviet Government had never made reparation, nor the seizure and confiscation of British fishing vessels, nor the character of the answers to British notes asking for a stay of execution of M. Butkievich.

And they knew a lot of other things that they didn't like about the Soviet Government, and they said so firmly and coldly and abruptly, and they told the Soviet Government to apologize and make amends and stop. The Soviet Government did this in its own squirming manner; but all the time it was doing it, it moaned touchingly that everything of which the British accused it was an invention and a fabrication.

The fact remains that the Soviet Government had paid no more attention to its treaty obligations to Great Britain than it had paid to its promises to Esthonia and Latvia, and that its attitude toward Great Britain in all things was exactly the attitude which has led nearly every foreign office in the world to doubt its sincerity and good faith in international affairs. Yet in the face of all this, the new Labor Government has accorded *de jure* recognition to the Soviet Government.

Italy's relations with Soviet Russia have also been trade relations, and they have also been highly unsatisfactory. The Italian authorities declare that the Soviet representatives have shown no desire to perform their obligations faithfully, and that they have constantly given evidence of a spirit of menace and reprisal.

Italian merchants who have agreed to deliver goods to the Soviet Government have frequently been unable to obtain from the Soviet representatives in Rome the papers which they must have in order to carry out the transaction. Usually this has been due to the red tape and petty jealousies that always clutter bureaucracies.

### Norway's Grievances

The Soviet Government alters taxes and regulations as the spirit moves them—a fact which drives the excitable Italian seamen almost frantic. On one occasion the tax for entering a Soviet harbor was increased 1000 per cent without warning; and the Soviet authorities decided to levy the tax on ships that were en route when the change was made. When the ships arrived they refused to pay the tax, and consequently had to return to their home ports without discharging their cargoes.

Norway concluded a trade agreement with Soviet Russia soon after the British-Russian agreement. In a little over half a year's time the Soviet Government had seized fourteen Norwegian sailing vessels for trespassing inside the twelve-mile limit arbitrarily proclaimed by the Soviet Government on May 24, 1921. When the Norwegian Government protested and offered to negotiate regarding the question of a reasonable limit, the Soviet Government peevishly replied that Norway had no ground for protest, and that it wouldn't negotiate.

Norway got into another controversy with the Soviet Government over the opening by the Soviet authorities of the steel vault in the former Norwegian consulate in Moscow. The Norwegian trade delegation in Moscow protested against the opening; but the Soviet authorities laughed harshly and proceeded to crack it open, the contents being seized by the G. P. U.—the Cheka. Norway demanded an apology and an indemnity for the seizure of the consular archives; but on March 7, 1923, the Soviet Government brusquely replied that it couldn't consider Norway's demands.

Norway may be getting something besides snow water out of her relations with Soviet Russia; but nobody seems to know what it is.

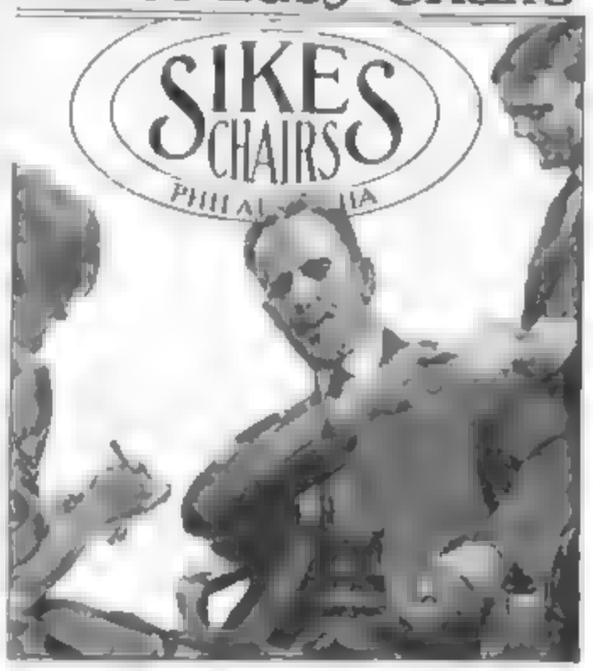
Austria has had a trade agreement with the Soviet Government since early 1922. The first Soviet representative, Alexander Schlichter, openly carried on Soviet propaganda, and made himself so offensive that the Austrian Government was obliged to protest against him.

Czecho-Slovakia has had trade relations with Soviet Russia since mid-1922. The treaty carried the usual agreement to abstain from propaganda and "not to take part in political and social disturbances which may arise in either of the two states."

The first Soviet representative, Mostovenko, promptly burst into print in a German weekly in Prague, attacking the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Czecho-Slovakia for something he had never done, and stating that as a result of the attitude of the Czecho-Slovak Government, Soviet Russia had closed the Czecho-Slovak consulate in Vladivostok and refused the request of Czecho-Slovak representatives in Moscow to permit the establishment of consulates in the large

(Continued on Page 120)


Office Easy Chairs




## Why Do Captains of Industry Have Luxurious Offices?

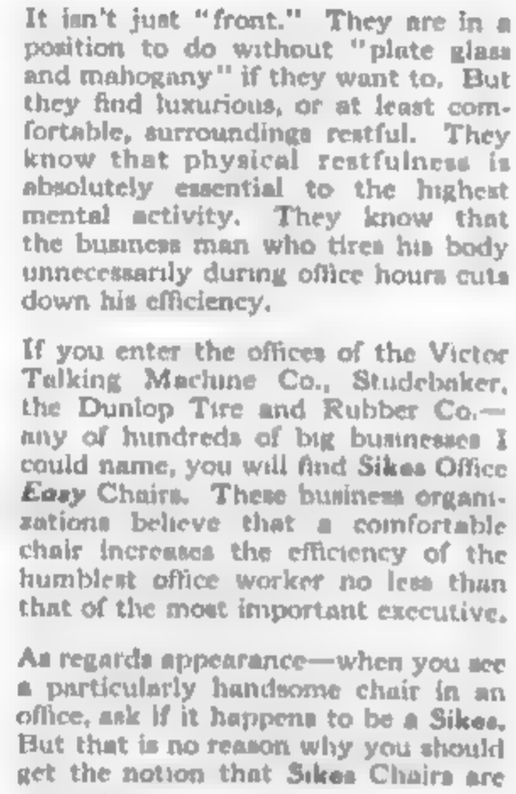
It isn't just "front." They are in a position to do without "plate glass and mahogany" if they want to. But they find luxurious, or at least comfortable, surroundings restful. They know that physical restfulness is absolutely essential to the highest mental activity. They know that the business man who tires his body unnecessarily during office hours cuts down his efficiency.

If you enter the offices of the Victor Talking Machine Co., Studebaker, the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Co.—any of hundreds of big businesses I could name, you will find **Sikes** Office **Easy** Chairs. These business organizations believe that a comfortable chair increases the efficiency of the humblest office worker no less than that of the most important executive.

As regards appearance—when you see a particularly handsome chair in an office, ask if it happens to be a **Sikes**. But that is no reason why you should get the notion that **Sikes** Chairs are expensive.

Write me for the name of the **Sikes** dealer in your city.

Sikes



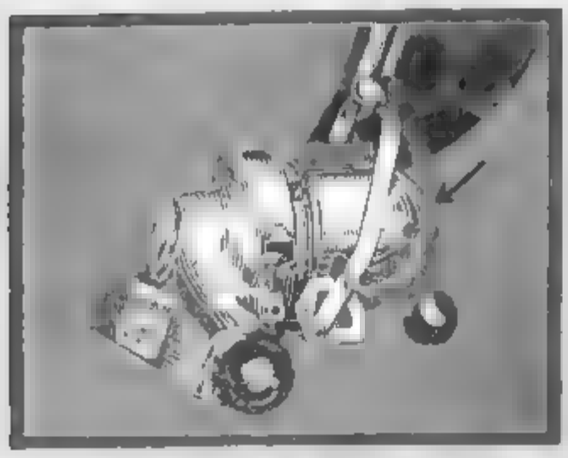
No. 391

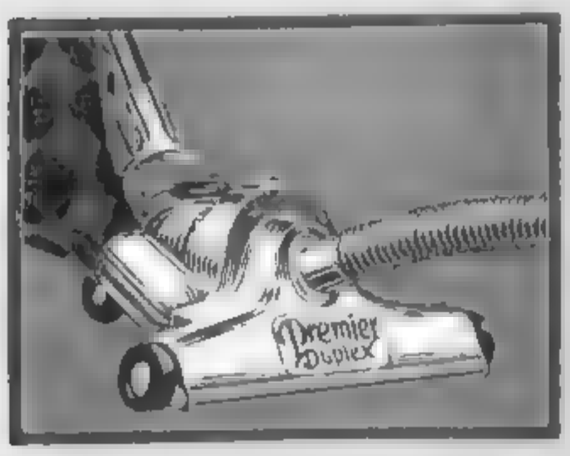
SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

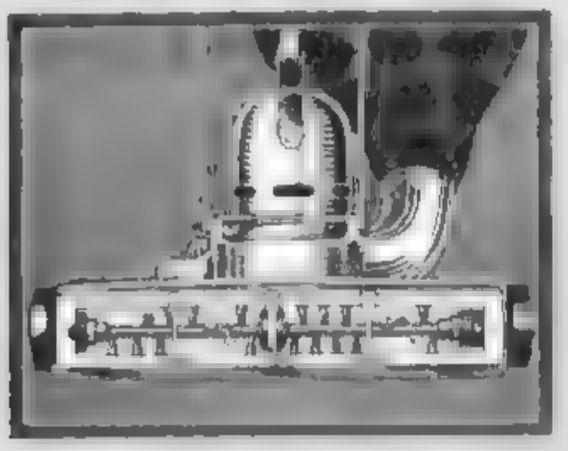
*In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.*

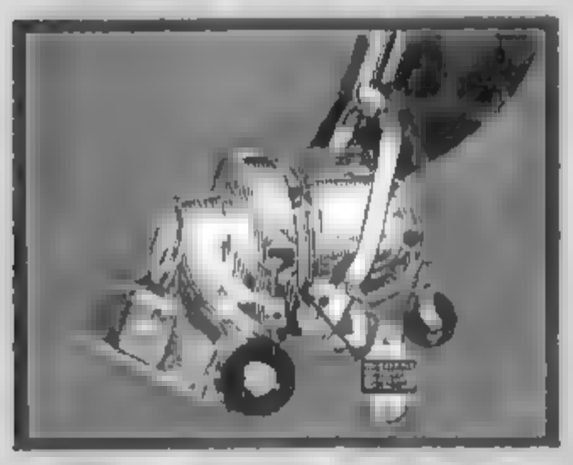
# Double Action

NO OILING!







*how far to raise or lower the thumb screw that adjusts the nozzle to all surfaces from bare floors to the longest nap rugs*

THE powerful suction gets all the dirt deep in the nap and right through from under the carpet. The motor-driven brush picks up the surface litter—the threads and clinging lint. And helps the suction to get at the deep embedded grit. It takes *both* actions to clean *thoroughly*—as both are combined in the Premier Duplex. It is the quality cleaner—perfected in every point of make and performance. Fine looking—and finely built. Made ball-bearing, to keep its smooth, quiet hum for a lifetime's steady use. Its thorough cleaning—and its quality build—mean *value!*

## Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

*50 Service and Repair Stations in Important Cities Everywhere*

# to clean *Cleaner*

Double action
to clean cleaner:
*Powerful* suction
plus
motor-driven
brush

*Clip the Coupon and Send for the Booklet.*

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO DEPT. 503

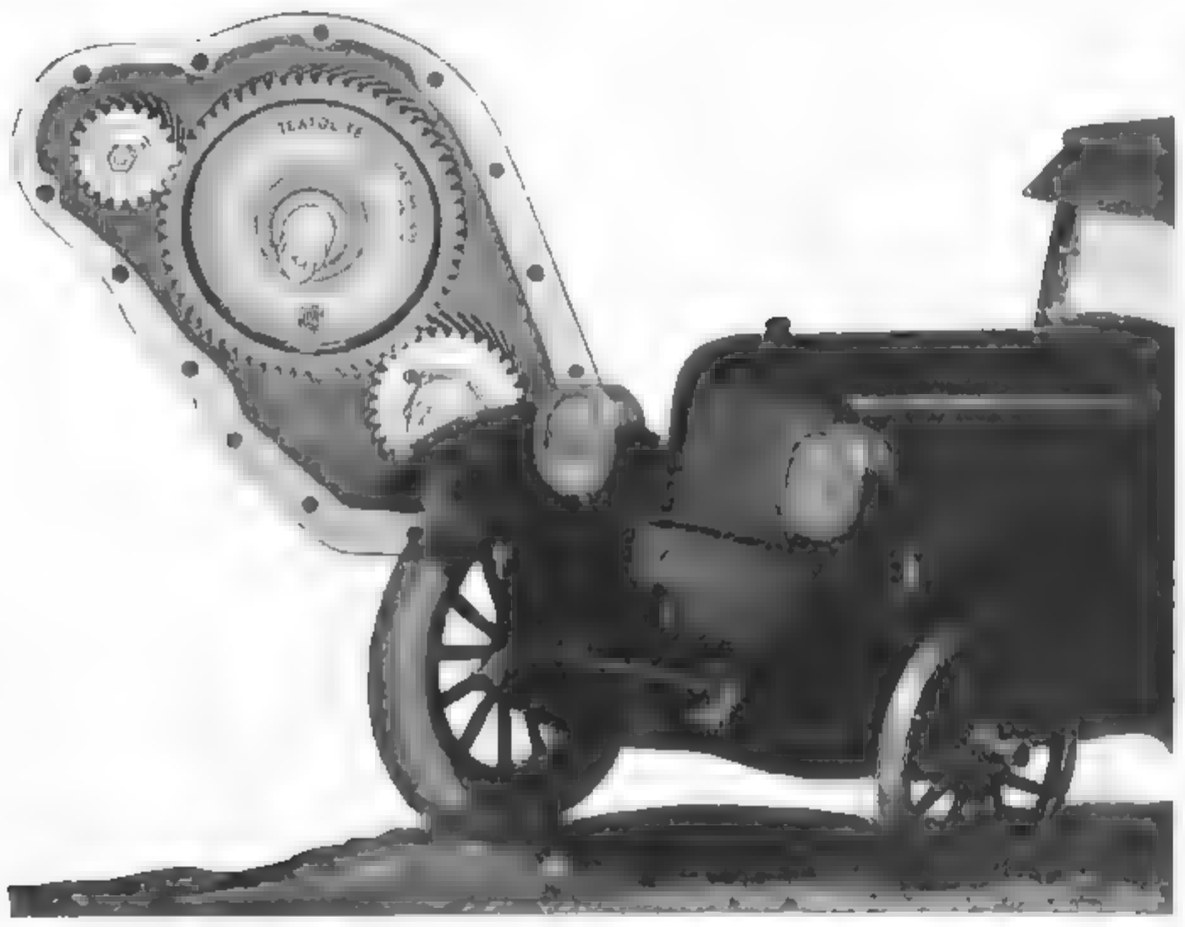
Distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company Ltd., and the Canadian General Electric Company Ltd

Please send me free color-booklet describing the PREMIER DUPLEX.

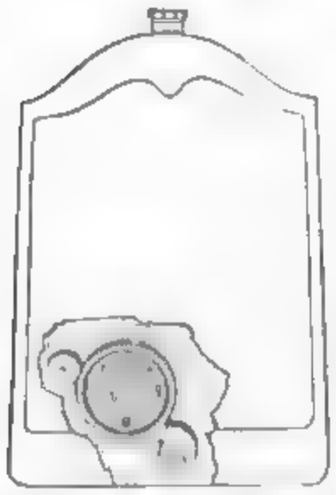
Name

Street Address_____ City___

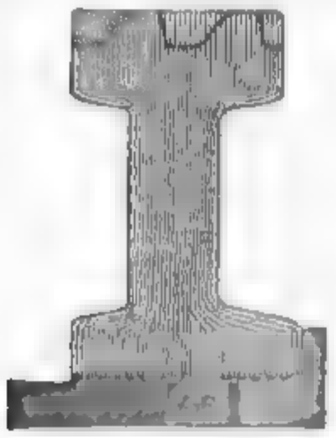
R. F. D State Telephone No.



# Textolite is to timing gears what tires are to wheels



The timing gear train is located in front of the engine just back of the radiator as shown in the drawing. The greater percentage of engine noise and wear can be traced here when all timing gears are metal



Cross section of a Textolite camshaft gear showing exclusive construction. The flexible web, composed of fabric layers bonded together with a chemical gum—pressed hydraulically into shape and cured—is not mutilated and weakened by machining. The comparatively thin web of a Textolite gear allows flexibility of rim and quick recovery from shocks and takes up the lash and whip—the destructive vibration of the engine. Laboratory and road tests show that Textolite gears add 50% to the life of your engine

If you ever ran on a rim you know how the metal-rim-to-pavement contact destroys the rim and punishes your car.

Metal-to-metal contact of the gears in your timing gear train destroys the gears and punishes your engine in the same way.

## Textolite Gear Absorbs Vibration—Silences Noise

Metal-to-metal gears can't give enough to absorb the crankshaft whip—the destructive vibration in your engine. And, as in the case of wheels, a cushioning substance is needed to take the clash and wear out of gears. Textolite gears absorb this vibration and noise.

## Textolite Gear Materially Increases Life of Motor

The General Electric Company applied its vast resources and produced the fabric gear material called Textolite—a product that outlasts the life of any car—in fact laboratory and road tests show that the Textolite gear adds fifty per cent. to the life of the engine.

The result is the Textolite silent timing gear—the gear that many of the manufacturers of better cars have adopted as standard equipment.

There is only one Textolite silent timing gear. Regardless of where you live or what car you drive, your service man can install the proper Textolite silent timing gear in your car.

The cost is practically nothing when you consider the repair bill savings—the increased trade-in value—and the advantages of a silent running, vibrationless motor that the installation of a Textolite gear in your car will give you. Send for free booklet No. 500.

*Distributors in All Principal Cities*

JOHN C. HOOF & COMPANY
Sole Distributor to the Service Trade
157 WEST ILLINOIS STREET, CHICAGO

GE HOOF

TEXTOLITE
A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT
SILENT TIMING GEAR


(Continued from Page 117)

cities of Russia. The Czecho-Slovak Minister of Foreign Affairs stated that no such request had ever been made for fear it might imply *de jure* recognition of the Soviet Government.

Comrade Mostovenko was soon afterward called back to Soviet Russia.

The commercial treaty between Denmark and Soviet Russia was ratified on June 15, 1923, and the Soviet trade delegation arrived in Copenhagen on August 26, 1923. At last reports the Danes had not had sufficient opportunity to weary of their bargain.

Except England, Germany is the only Western European country that has accorded *de jure* recognition to the Soviet régime. The control and financing of the Communist movement in Germany lies entirely in the hands of the Third International, and the Soviet leaders are busily hoping for a proletarian revolution. Two secret stores of arms were seized by the Berlin police last September, indications being that the arms were purchased by German Communists with Soviet aid.

Sweden and Soviet Russia have exchanged commercial delegations; but the Riksdag refused to ratify an agreement between the two states because the Soviet Government offered no reasonable compensation for the Swedish property destroyed or confiscated in Russia—property whose value is given as four hundred million crowns, or a little less than one-third of the value of the American property destroyed or confiscated in Russia. The special committee which investigated the merits of the agreement for Sweden reported that "the practical advantages of the agreement for Sweden are of little importance."

Krassin, on September 15, 1923, published an interview in Izvestia, one of the official Soviet newspapers, in which he used the familiar Soviet threats of reprisal.

Since the Swedish Government and Riksdag have stubbornly refused to make an agreement, said he, "The Government of the Federation of Soviet Republics has come to the conclusion that it is necessary to discontinue the placing of orders with Swedish firms."

From this, one can get an excellent idea of the power that is placed in the hands of the Soviet Government by its monopoly of foreign trade.

In spite of the fact that the Soviet commercial delegation has no treaty status in Sweden, it had agreed in writing that "no political propaganda whatsoever may be conducted or supported by any of the members of the delegation or experts accompanying it." Propaganda work, it is scarcely necessary to add, has been carried on by the Soviet representatives in Sweden, regardless of their agreement.

### *Relations With Turkey*

Official relations between Turkey and Soviet Russia have existed since March 16, 1921. The treaty concluded at that time provided that Russia should supply Turkey with arms and ammunition for her war against Greece. As soon, however, as Turkey had defeated the Greek Army her friendship for Soviet Russia began to suffer a severe chill.

The Turkish Government has taken determined steps against the Turkish Communist Party, which has been largely backed by Soviet influence and money.

The relations of the two governments have been marked by reprisals and retaliatory measures, such as antiSoviet propaganda in the Caucasus on the part of the Turks, and the closing of the Russian frontier to Turkish merchandise and of the port of Batum to Turkish ships, contrary to the terms of their treaty, on the ground that the Turks had refused to recognize Soviet visas.

The Bolshevik propaganda that was carried on openly in Turkish territory by Soviet officials—especially by the Soviet consular staff in Cilicia—was so vigorous that in May, 1923, the Turks closed two Soviet consulates and expelled two Soviet consuls from Turkey.

In August, 1923, Bolshevik propaganda became so strong in Constantinople that the Turkish authorities rounded up and deported several Russian Communists, among whom was Novkov, second secretary of the Soviet mission in Constantinople.

Bolshevik propaganda in Turkey is now carried on by agents of the Third International, who are directed from Moscow by the second section of the central bureau of the Communist International. The care with which this propaganda is worked out may be seen from the fact that this second section is divided into eight sub-bureaus. China, Korea, Japan, India, Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey and the Caucasus; and these sub-bureaus attend to the training of Bolshevik propagandists—at government expense—in the All-Russian Scientific Association for Study of Oriental Countries, in the Oriental Institute at Moscow, and in the Communist University for Oriental Workers in Moscow. The latter university has branches at Irkutsh, Orenburg, Ufa and Baku.

*De jure* relations exist between Persia and Soviet Russia, but nobody has yet heard any shrill cheers emanating from Persia over them. In fact, the Persians have so far refused to enter into a commercial treaty with Soviet Russia because they can't stomach the restrictions which Russia imposes on private trade between Russian and Persian merchants, because they refuse to recognize the principle of Russia's monopoly of her own commerce, and because Russia refuses to accord to them the privilege of free transit of merchandise across Russia.

Persia, moreover, has been considerably wearied by the Soviet Government's failure to live up to the terms of their treaty. By this treaty the port of Enzeli was to be turned over to Persia, and Persia was to receive one-half of the income from certain fisheries. Enzeli still remains in Russian possession, and the Soviet Government takes all the income from the fisheries.

### *Soviet Red Cross Activities*

There are no treaties, conventions or agreements between Bulgaria and Soviet Russia, but the activities of Soviet agents in Bulgaria have been constant and enthusiastic. The Soviet Red Cross was allowed to enter Bulgaria for the purpose of repatriating Russian refugees; and at the time of the downfall of Stamboulisky's farm-bloc government the offices of the Soviet Red Cross were raided. It was then discovered that it had devoted nearly all its time to collecting information concerning Bulgarian anti-Bolsheviks, maintaining close relations with the Bulgarian Communist Party, and collecting information on the progress of Bolshevik propaganda in all the Balkan States.

The Soviet Red Cross offices contained documents that had been stolen from the Bulgarian Government, lists of Bulgarian officers who were in the pay of the Bolsheviks, and documents proving that ninety machine guns and ammunition were being forwarded to the Bulgarian Communist Party through the kind offices of the Soviet Red Cross.

Soviet authorities considered agrarian Bulgaria to be the outpost of Communism in Southern Europe; and Sofia under the Stamboulisky government was the center of Bolshevik propaganda in the Balkans. Communist agitators were trained in propaganda in Sofia.

The Communists planned a coup d'état in Bulgaria in September, 1923, but were forestalled by the Bulgarian Government, which arrested the Communist leaders. Proof was found at that time that the coup d'état was arranged, directed and financed from Soviet Russia. The arrests were followed by a Communist uprising throughout Bulgaria, and the leader of the uprising was Kolorov, representative for the Balkans of the executive committee of the Third International.

Very few, if any, of the nations that have entered into commercial or diplomatic treaties with Soviet Russia have gained anything from them except large amounts of trouble; nor does there seem to be any likelihood that anything else will be gained until the Soviet Government goes through a long period of purification.

There seems to be an idea in America that a trade agreement between the United States and Soviet Russia would result in greatly increased trade between the two countries. This idea is erroneous. There are large numbers of Soviet buyers in the United States at the present time, buying whatever the Soviet Government needs and is able to buy. American business men are free to travel in Soviet Russia and sell or buy whatever the Soviet Government is willing to buy or sell. There is no indication from Soviet Russia's past relations with the nations of Europe that any sort of agreement between the two countries would have any effect on American merchants—except possibly to embarrass them.

*The New Way*

# of Buying Silk Hosiery

*Our* Representative calls at your home with samples. *You* save money by buying fine, perfect-fitting silk hosiery *direct* from our mills at manufacturer's price.

*Every pair is guaranteed*

# REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS

*Indianapolis · Indiana*

*When the Door Bell Rings*

it may be the Real Silk Representative. You will know him by the gold button that he wears.

He calls at your home with actual samples and takes your order. Later your hosiery is delivered direct from our mills, at manufacturer's price, by your regular postman.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS INDIANAPOLIS REAL SILK FROM MILL TO WEARERS TRADE MARK

*The Gold Button Identifies the Real Silk Representative*

S. R. S. H. M. 1921

*Made with or without Automatic Cash Drawer*

# New Charge and Cash Register

## *This System Protects Both Cash and Records*

HERE is a new Standard System that is preventing errors, stopping losses, increasing profits and furnishing information for perpetual inventories in thousands of businesses. It provides an accurate and simple record of the cost and charges for labor, the cost and selling price of materials, cash received and cash paid out. It furnishes more information, more accurate information, and its simple operation often saves the entire time of an employee. Its cost is surprisingly low.

### How It Operates

In this new Charge and Cash Register the drawer opens only when a record of the transaction has been made and the register operated. This forces a record for every opening of the cash drawer, removes temptation from employees, centralizes responsibility, prevents errors of forgetfulness, saves a great amount of time, and coördinates records and cash at all times.

### Accurate Error-Proof Records

Sales Slips, Charge Slips, C. O. D. and Delivery Slips, Paid-outs—all these are made *accurately* with a Standard Manifolding Register. The new improvements in this machine make possible the production of as many as six copies of any record, each on a different colored sheet if desired, with each copy an exact duplicate of the original, word for word and line for line. Perfect accuracy such as this means no errors, no losses, no disputes with customers.

### A Standard System for Every Business

In eighty-three different lines of business today Standard Systems operating with and without automatic cash drawers are helping wonderfully to save money, reduce overhead, eliminate errors and increase profits. They are used in purchasing, production, shipping, receiving and selling departments. They are saving money wherever accurate records are important.

No matter what your business is we offer to send you copies of systems and forms that will suggest new methods of saving money and increasing profits. Just check the coupon indicating any systems in which you may be especially interested, and mail now. It will not obligate you in any way.

THE STANDARD REGISTER COMPANY
238 Albany Street, Dayton, Ohio

# Standard
## Manifolding Registers *and* Systems

The Standard Register Co., 238 Albany Street, Dayton, Ohio
Without obligation, send me booklet and samples of forms showing:

- ☐ Sales Slips
- ☐ Automatic Cash Drawer and Sales Slips
- ☐ Service Station Orders
- ☐ Invoices
- ☐ Purchase Orders
- ☐ Receiving Orders
- ☐ Bills of Lading
- ☐ Express Receipts
- ☐ Delivery Receipts
- ☐ Warehouse Orders
- ☐ Warehouse Receipts
- ☐ Repair Orders
- ☐ Stock Requisitions
- ☐ Shop Orders
- ☐ Stock Records
- ☐ Piece Work Records
- ☐ Department Orders
- ☐ Railroad Orders
- ☐ Employment Records
- ☐ Hotel Package Receipts
- ☐ Telephonic Messages
- ☐ Telegraphic Messages


# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

Well here's the soup, dearie, let's tune in. Now what do you think of that swift pain—she went to work and took away the salt shaker! Say, if they measured brains by cups hers'd be a demi-tasse! I'll tell the underworld!

Say, Babe, don't look around now, but when you get a chance just rest your windows on that moll over there in the corner with the beaver coat on. . . . See her now? . . . That's Barbara Astor, the girl that's been adopted lately by the Cold-Slaw King.

I used to know her when she only had one chin when we worked down in Thimble's basement behind the perfume counter. They gave her a big party the other night in Greenwich—not the Village—Connecticut.

All the sofa snakes are runnin' after her. The girls say she looks a lot like me but I can't see it at all, Babe—we're both different types of beauty.

By the way, Babe, what kind of type would you judge me to be anyway? The girls were all havin' a little discussion about it the other night in the dressin' room. Lulu Sweeney said she thought she was of the perfect Celtic type, but between the both of us, Babe, she's nothing more than plain Irish.

And what do you think that snip Sweetie Smith had the brass to call herself? She said she was of a pure Latin type! Mr. MacIntyre said maybe it's because she hangs out so much in the Latin Quarter. But it went over her head just like a hair net!

Mr. MacIntyre said that I'm the perfect reincoronation of Helen of Troy. Well, I don't know much about that eyether, Babe. I never had much use for that burg, because they got such a lot of bum restaurants there.

Oh, Babe, I forgot to tell you the big news! . . . I've fallen in love again! . . . Who? No, not that newspaper reporter! This guy makes good money! And it's no applesauce I'm handin' you this time eyether. He massages the saxophone over at our cabarett, and, believe me, he certainly can sax!

Is he good-looking? Well, dearie, he's not exactly what you might call an Apollinaris, but you ought to see his slick hairpart! I thought I had an awful case on the French horn once, but I gave him the grand fin-alley. That bird's idea of a good time was to look through the fashion magazines for the underwear advertisements.

Well this saxy has a fine future, Babe. He's making lots of jack playin' for the phonograph records and knows more about music than President Coolidge does about dogs.

He's got a specialty number at the Pallay that he calls Classical Jazz. He can jazz up everything from Messerole's Eulogy to the Humidor.

Naw, I don't think he cares to be a orchestra conductor, Babe. Besides, he hasn't got the full quota of dandruff for that job. We're gettin' along fine together and he'd spend more money on me than he does only he's got six months' more alimony to pay off his wife. But that don't bother us any, Babe. Love laughs at lockjaw you know.

Gee, is it as late as all that? I don't think I'll wait for the dessert, Babe; I've got an appointment with my barber. Pay the check, will you, Babe, like a good kid, and I'll square things later when I see you at the Pallay. Mr. Rozenkrantz owes me two weeks' back salary. Well addy-ose, Babe, as they say in Spinach!

*—Max Lief.*

### *The Bob*

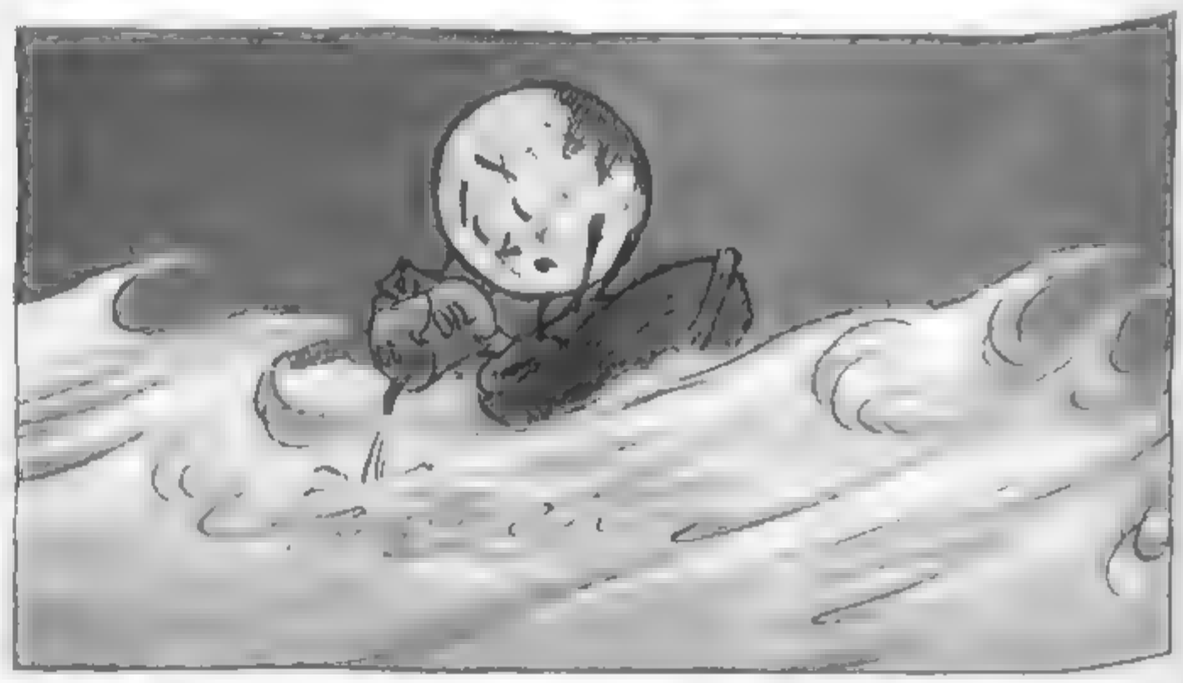
*THIS is the morn of the fatal day.*
*The sun comes up in the usual way.*
*The twittering bird song rises sweet.*
*And a newsboy whistles in the street.*

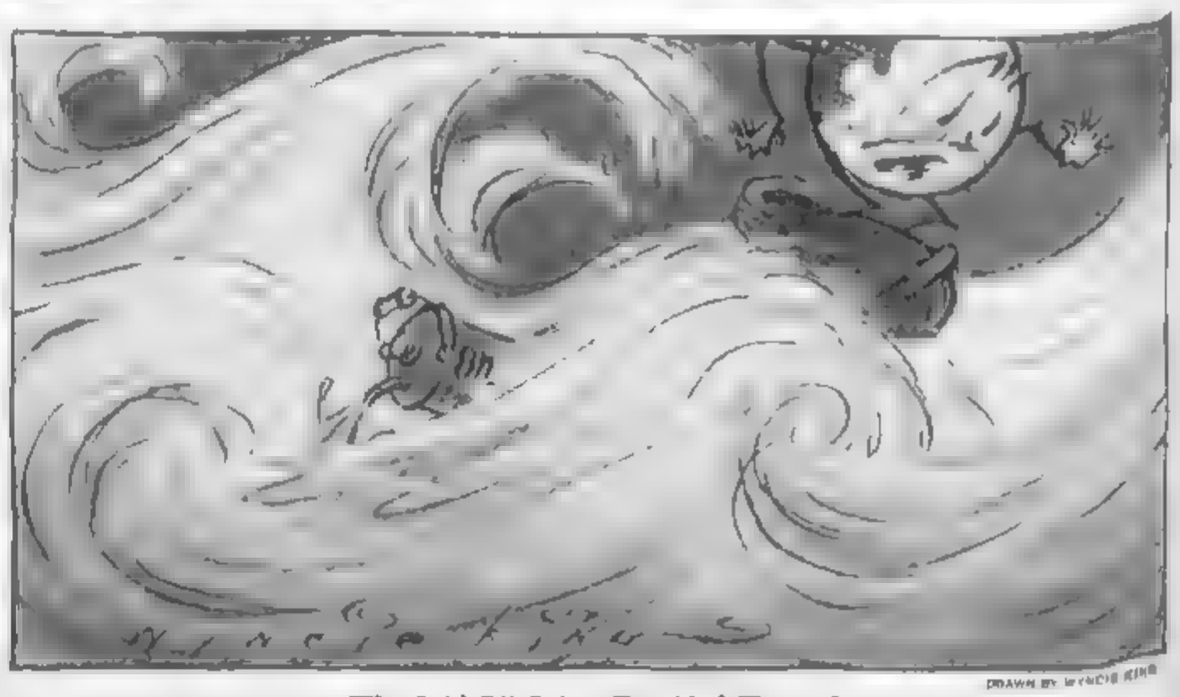
*If they but knew! A tremulous sigh*
*As the morning paper meets my eye;*
*Already I can imagine there,*
*In a shrieking headline—"THOUSANDS STARE!*
*JOE BROWN'S WIFE HAS BOBBED HER HAIR!"*

*I swallow my heart and start downtown*
*I swallow my heart, but it won't stay down;*
*Oh, terrified wife of poor Joe Brown!*

*If I only knew—if I only knew!*
*Oh, Bobby Burns, how true, how true!*
*And wad some power the giftie gie us*
*To see ourse'ls as others see us!*

(Continued on Page 125)





*Who Said Oil Calms Troubled Waters?*

# Today banks *give* this *positive protection:*

# $1000.00

## insurance against check raisers

The check raiser need hold no menace for you, today.

Many thousands of banks now give checks by which you are insured against "raised check" loss or embarrassment. And, in addition, are safeguarded in two other ways.

They are supplied in the regular way, by your bank without cost to you. Simpler to use than ordinary checks—which *tempt* the check crook. For no mechanical or chemical devices are needed.

They are yours for the asking. Tell your Bank you want this Positive Protection *now.*

### *"Foxes"*

The check raiser is the fox of the criminal half-world. Sly, smooth, shifty. The famous William J. Burns declares they are more dangerous than the safe crackers' nitroglycerine.

In one year, it is estimated, check crooks cost this country more than fifty million dollars. Someone loses, this way, every 3½ minutes!

### *Triple safety*

Simply, effectively Super-Safety INSURED Checks stop the check raiser. Positively protect you from loss. They instantly expose acid, knife or rubber erasure—made of the world's "safest" paper.

Each check protected by the William J. Burns world-wide detective organization—and that warning to the crook is plainly printed.

Finally, $1,000.00 insurance stands between you and loss through altered checks. This insurance is carried by the HARTFORD ACCIDENT & INDEMNITY COMPANY, one of America's strongest companies. It enjoys an enviable and national reputation for the prompt payment of all just claims. It has over $19,000,000 in assets. It is associated with the "old-line" HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, which has been in business over 113 years.

It is protection you can and should have. Ask about it at your bank, next time you're in.

### *Free, a book by Burns*

William J. Burns has had amazing adventures with check raisers. We have secured, and had privately printed, a book of these stories.

If you will mail the coupon below, we'll gladly send a copy, free.

**Book by Burns**

**FREE**

**Interesting stories by famous William J. Burns.**

**Send coupon.**

**Trust Your Bank—**

## *Pay By Check!*

**But heed these precautions:**

It is the *modern* way to handle funds—because it saves time and money. It gives you an exact record of what you pay out, eliminates mistakes in amount and embarrassment or loss. It aids intelligent operation of your "budget," always shows where you stand.

Write checks properly, *with ink*—filling blank spaces. Never use a check on which erasure has been necessary.

Insist upon Super-Safety Insured Checks—positively protected! They are triply safeguarded against fraudulent alteration. Your bank *can*, perhaps *does*, supply them in the regular way. Find out. Use them.

## The Bankers Supply Company

***World's largest manufacturers of bank checks***

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| New York | Chicago | San Francisco |
| Atlanta | Dallas | Denver |

**This mark in check corner means *positive protection!***

SUPER-SAFETY
**Insured**
BANK CHECKS

MAIL THIS TODAY FOR BURNS' BOOK

**BURNS' BOOK FREE**

THE BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY 103
5950 So. State Street, Chicago

Fill in and mail to above address for free copy of Burns' book—"Stories of Check Raisers."

*Name*

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*

*Your Bank*

Use margin if necessary. Please write plainly

# BYERS PIPE

## GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

*"—hold fast that which is good"*

WE gaze in fascination upon a magnificent new building, created by an architect's genius, we think, out of the morning mist. Yet mature reflection brings home to us the fact that what we are contemplating is really a product of the past—painstaking study of its failures and successes, adapted to suit new needs and conditions.

In 1874, Byers pipe was installed for plumbing and heating in the Genesee Hotel, Buffalo. For fifty years it continued to serve the patrons and guests uninterruptedly. When the old hostelry was finally demolished to make room for a larger and finer edifice, the pipe was found to be in remarkably good condition. Profiting by this 50-year demonstration of worth, Byers pipe was specified and installed in the new building erected on the same site.

Byers, alone among pipe manufacturers, continuously for sixty years have made honest old-fashioned wrought iron pipe, never deviating from the high standard of quality set up long before modern cheapening processes were introduced.

*Literature on Request*

A. M. BYERS COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1864

New York Philadelphia Boston Chicago Houston

*Distributors in all Jobbing Centers*





1924



1874

*Genesee Building, Buffalo, N.Y. Architects: Edw. B. Green & Sons; Merrill Clement, Associate (Designer) Buffalo. Erected 1923 on site of old Genesee Hotel—see above. Byers installed throughout.*

*Athletic Club, Buffalo, N.Y. Architects: Edw. B. Green & Sons, Buffalo. Plumbing Contractor: Geo. H. Drake. Heating Contractors: W. G. Cornell Co. Byers Pipe throughout.*

*Look for Name and Year Rolled in Every Length*

(Continued from Page 122)

*Will I look like a flapper, half my age?*
*Or a poor old hen in the molting stage?*
*Will it plaster down like a wet dishrag?*
*Will my ears stick out? Will my cowlick wag?*
*Will I look like a dream or a howling wreck?*
*And how in the world will I shave my neck?*

*I swallow my heart once more and stop*
*At the grim front door of the barber shop.*

■

*The horrible barber clicks his shears*
*In a sinister sort of way,*
*Voicing the worst of my haunting fears*
*"What will your husband say?"*

*I sympathize with the trembling sheep*
*Waiting the cruel knife;*
*I climb in the chair and start to weep;*
*Oh, what a fliv is life!*
*And the barber asks as he gets a clutch*
*On that beautiful gleaming gob,*
*"How will you have it, ma'am—plain Dutch,*
*Straight, or a shingle bob?"*

*Snickety-snick of the heartless shears;*
*I stifle a dying moan,*
*For, oh, the nakedness of my ears,*
*And the cold, cold crawl as the clipper clears*
*The trash from my poor neck bone.*

*And, oh, the myriad eyes that stare*
*As I tumble out of the barber's chair!*
*The myriad voices yelling—"There!*
*Look at her, world! She's bobbed her hair!"*

*I look in the glass and smother a shriek,*
*While my eyes fill up and my knees go weak,*
*Murder and pillage and rapine and strife*
*Great heaven, can this be Joe Brown's wife!*

*Oh, hideous fad that lured me in*
*And sent me forth all peeled and thin,*
*Like something the old cat just dragged in!*

*I stumble away and wonder when*
*I'll dare go out in the world again.*

*For I am alone in a human sea*
*And everybody is watching me;*
*My neck feels cold and clammy and bare;*
*It cries to heaven and weeps for hair.*

*My eyes look out through a mist of tears;*
*Imagination confirms my fears,*
*For all my body has run to ears.*

*They seem to flare for a foot or more*
*And flap about like a cellar door.*

VII

*Brother laughs with a loud haw-haw;*
*Daddy he merely grins;*
*Grandma sits with a steely jaw,*
*Moaning of modern sins.*

*All alone with my funny head,*
*Dumbly I pass the day*
*Hearing the words that the barber said—*
*"What will your husband say?"*

*Click of the door at last! I wait*
*For the downward sweep of the ax of fate.*

*"For the love of Mike!" A pause, and then*
*"Why, Snick, you're a little girl again!"*

*I know that I'm still Joe Brown's wife;*
*I know that I've lived half my life;*
*But as I swagger down the street,*
*With my new hair all fluffed and sweet,*
*Some fool thing in me seems to hear*
*The whispered comment far and near*

*"Look at the little girl over there!*
*Isn't she cute? She's bobbed her hair!"*

*Lowell Otus Reese.*

### Discontent

**A Rimed Editorial**

*SYLVESTER P. SYLVESTER was a discontented man,*
*Who gave as his opinion that the democratic plan*
*Of government, especially in these United States,*
*Was going to the bowwows at the rapidest of rates.*

*"Our Presidents are nincompoops! Our congressmen are boobs!*
*Our business men are Babbitts and our farmers all are rubes.*
*I am going to move to England, where they run a country right,*
*And I'm permanently kissing North America good night!"*

II

*EVELYN RUPERT ERIC SNORKER was a Briton born and bred,*
*But in speaking of the British Isles he generally said*
*That the British constitution was a blooming synonym*
*For a bleeding despotism that would never do with him*

*"A king's a jolly incubus. The lords are, too; what, what?*
*Our tradesmen are—well, really! don't you know, and all that rot!*
*So I'm sailing for America by the first departing ship*
*And I'm bidding England toodle-oo; that is to say, pip pip!"*

III

*TEN years have passed. Both Snorker and Sylvester often state*
*That things are getting so darn bad they're going to emigrate,*
*But Snorker's home address is still Hants Mansions, Maida Vale,*
*And Sylvester's still residing in New Haven-super-Yale.*

IV

*THE moral is—as you might guess by trying rather hard:*
*The grass is always greener in the other fellow's yard.*
*And, alluding to the Snorker and Sylvester type of nut,*
*The moral also is: The grass is always greener, BUT*

*Baron Ireland.*

*Composite Picture of Mrs. Jones of Kansas, Mrs. Smith of Missouri, Mrs. Brown of Minnesota, Mrs. Green of Dakota, Mrs. White of Arkansas, Mrs. Black of Arizona, Posing in the Peacock Alley of a New York Hotel, Hoping to be Taken for a New Yorker*


# Everybody's buying it! Who wouldn't—at $2?

Ladies! Gentlemen! Office Managers! Factory Managers! They're *all* doing it. Doing what? Buying Buss Clamp-o-Set Lamps at $2 each.

And *marveling* how it can be sold at such a price. And *thinking* of the thousand ways they can use it. And *wondering* how a lamp can be made so charmingly artistic, and yet clamp, hang and adjust every way.

"But where are those clamping, hanging and adjusting conveniences? I don't *see* them." That's just it! That's just the idea. They don't *show*. That's what makes the Buss Lamp the *artistic stand lamp* that *also* hangs or clamps. That's what makes it so different That's what makes you want it.

## Think how you could use it!

**Want to clamp it?** Just unscrew the base-plate out as far as you want—it works like a vise—clamps on anything round or square and stays there. Scratches? No—pads prevent that

**Want to hang it?** Slot in base takes care of that—and hugs the wall so close you'd think it was a permanent wall fixture

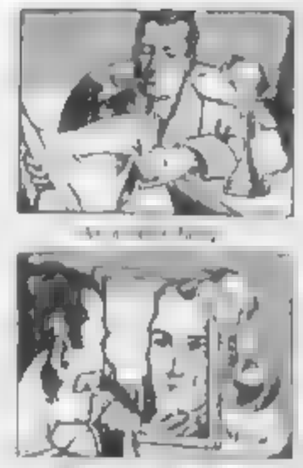
**Want to adjust it?** A touch of the hand adjusts either or both the shade or the bulb in any direction, up or down, and all the way around on the Buss swivel ball joint. No other lamp on earth does that, regardless of the price

"But getting back to that $2 price How do you do it?" How does Henry Ford do it? We make only one size and style of lamp and make it on a *million basis* That's never been done before.

The Buss Lamp is 11 inches [illegible]. Made in three beautiful finishes Bronze Brass and Ivory as an absolute self-adjusting extra [illegible] Wire [illegible] articulate.

If you just take one look at the Buss Lamp at you just handle it for 60 seconds nothing can take it away from you. Go get you one today. Buy more than one for everybody in the home who reads. And the price permits it

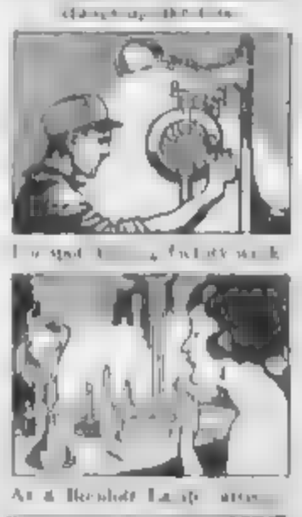
**Sold by stores everywhere. Ask to see it.**



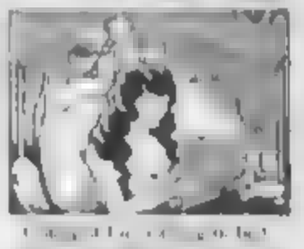
At a Bender Lamp store



Clamps on the desk



Hangs on the wall



At a Bender Lamp store

For sewing—won't knock over

BUSS Clamp-o-Set LAMP

*Made by the makers of Buss Fuses.*

If you don't know of any store that sells Buss Lamps send us $2 and we will send you one prepaid. Or money refunded if you ask for it within 10 days after you get the lamp. Write us today and get the lamp. You are the judge. Your money back if not delighted

BUSSMANN MFG. CO., 1870 N. Second Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me Buss Lamp(s) for which I enclose $2 each. (Add $3 each if you live in Canada.) Lamp includes 9 ft. of wire and attachment plug, but not the bulb.

State whether you want Bronze, Brass or Ivory. Orders will be shipped

Name

Address

DEALERS—Buss is the fastest selling lamp in the world. If you haven't it on order from jobber or write us.

# THE PEACOCK

(Continued from Page 9)

injunction to come swiftly. He was insulting Redmayne, the celebrated coiffeur, who at the moment had an iron in the fire and was begging a little time, when Sophie, who understood what was in the wind, suddenly turned with an angry gesture.

"No!" she cried in a peremptory tone. Bertie faced her, aghast. "That pig, Redmayne?" she said contemptuously. "Let him curl sows' tails. Agrimonte. I wish Agrimonte to do me."

"But, dea—madame," protested the elder Brother, wavering between her rage and Redmayne's supplications.

"Agrimonte, if you please," she said firmly, advancing. She took the receiver out of his hands and hung it up, disposing of Redmayne.

Therefore it was Agrimonte the coiffeur, not the celebrated Redmayne, who until that moment had been considered indispensable to a perfect toilet, who came with his tools and sat waiting to be set down, in a line of cabs that suddenly boiled up out of nowhere before the door of The Brothers.

Bertie had given the effect a last languishing look when Cortot entered. He was a big man with a beard and a pulpy nose and colorless eyes, and he walked around the block three times as if working a treadmill, all the time studying the mannequin in the center. He telephoned, changed his mind and said no, went back to his strong room in person, and returned under heavy guard, carrying a significant-looking bag.

A boot maker removed one of Sophie's sandals, and glancing at the name, set it aside with a curl of his lip. Then while a celebrated artist sketched the foot in various poses, the craftsman took its perfect measurements. A single ornament—no strap, for such an instep! A fat little double-breasted tenor examined her ankles and her calves and the texture of her skin, and held up various shades of cobweb stockings to the light, weighing possibilities. One large man with the cheeks of a cherub sketched feverishly with colored pencils, and in a moment of supreme inspiration burst into song, calling on his confrères to admire his design for a hat; but they were blind. There were others. Sophie tolerated them, with an air of complete ennui, was passive while they took her apart and built her up again.

"'Gown, The Enchanted Wood, by The Brothers,'" wrote John, at the head of the list. And he continued: "'Furs, by Homan. Pearls, by Cortot.' Froissart will be angry. We must use tact, even in ecstasy, Bertie. When he hears Cortot is to walk the plank at V-N-D-M's, and he not, he will injure us in some way. Ask Froissart to come, with a stomacher."

"Oh, Johnnie! In the afternoon, with a stomacher!"

"But the shades are drawn, and the lights on," said John. "Let us say a lavaliere." And he wrote: "'Lavaliere, by Froissart. Slippers, by Glaum. Hosiery, by Stein. Chiffons, by La Maison du Ciel. Corsets, by Bernglow. Gloves, Agnès. Coiffure, Agrimonte.' But the cosmetics, Bertie?"

"None," decreed Bertie. "Now I will give these names their proper precedence and send them to the printer. There is yet four hours, which is ample."

When Sophie surrendered herself to Agrimonte she said, "Make me into a strange woman, so my husband will love me again." She was examining some gold coins she had extorted from him.

"But madame is still a bride; her eyes avow it!" exclaimed the hairdresser, touching a hot contrivance with a wetted finger. "If you will permit me, madame," he entreated; and he began his fandango.

When Sophie emerged she looked so much like someone else that Bertie could not shake off his formal drawing-room manner. Would she lunch with him at Ciro's? It would be a great day for Bertie if Ciro would give him a table in the little room—and Ciro would.

"At what hour do I walk the plank?" asked Sophie.

"At four."

"No," said Sophie. "I will fast. A bouillon. It is impossible to be beautiful on a full stomach."

"There is the principal thing we neglect," said John, coming up. "The surety."

"He has just come," Bertie reassured him.

"He?" said Sophie, pricking up her ears.

"Yes, he. You are far too precious to pass through the streets without insurance. Stick-up men would ask nothing better. You will be under heavy guard."

The underwriter came in at that moment. He was a shrewd old fellow with horn spectacles and a positive manner; and after he had examined everything in detail and advised his confrères of the nature of the risk, by telephone, he devised a formula and extracted the answer by inspection, from a book of actuarial tables. This done, Sophie submitted herself to the photographers, who attacked her from every angle.

II

"ABOUT here," said Parr, deputy of police, the great man hunter, and he tapped a coal-hole cover with the point of his stick without losing a stride.

His good friend and occasional collaborator Oliver Armiston, who was taking the air with him this afternoon on the Avenue, accepted the remark as a poet's license. It was not to be supposed, even in the wildest flight of Parr's imagination—which, to tell the truth, flapped rather awkwardly whenever it attempted to leave the solid earth—that Sophie Lang, the notorious confidence woman, even in an extremity, would use a coal hole to escape. Especially in broad daylight in Fifth Avenue. Oliver smiled joyously at the suggestion. The shrewd Parr frequently made use of the rare qualities of the fiction mind of Armiston, the extinct author, in solving police riddles; for Oliver had been a writer of tall tales in his day, written so true to life that the underworld had done him the embarrassing honor of plagiarizing him.

"She vanished," said Parr, "like—like ice on a pond—without leaving a trace! My man Pelts —— You know Pelts? That shabby little fellow ——"

"That one-man dog. Yes, I know him," said Oliver distastefully. "Has he taken to following her?"

"Not only that. He had caught up with her," announced the deputy. "He had just made up his mind. The identification was complete. He was about to touch her on the shoulder. Can you imagine Pelts touching Sophie on the shoulder?"

"I should like to be there when it happens," said Oliver.

Parr shut his jaws with a ringing snap. So would he.

"Well, as I was saying, he was in the very act of nailing her, when ——"

"—— when Sophie returned to the elements?"

"Eh? No—not exactly. A packing case intervened."

"Ah! Providence in excelsior! Trust Sophie," cried Oliver with frank delight.

"One of those big fellows that come off ships, bound with hoop poles, and with a man at each end." The deputy was ignoring the interruption. "It was as big as a limousine. When it passed, Sophie was ——"

"—— *non est*," nodded Oliver. "Did he think to look in the packing case?"

"Sometimes I believe," said Parr crustily, "that you have an external strabismus in regard to Sophie."

"I have put her in your hands twice," retorted Oliver, "but you had butter on your fingers. I am curious to know what you will do with her when you get her, Parr. What will you charge her with? The Jorgensen plates? After all, it is not a crime to take counterfeits away from a counterfeiter."

Armiston was referring to an unchronicled exploit of Sophie Lang, when she walked into a counterfeiter's den and made the great Jorgensen stand and deliver his golden notes.

"She passed those golden notes," said Parr peacefully.

"She exchanged them for some ducal gems stolen by a female kleptomaniac," said Oliver. "There is a very nice question of property rights there, Parr. Who would prosecute? The duke? No. It is rather fine spun, you'll admit. Then there was the matter of that old collector Telfen's pearls. He hung them on her neck himself, told her to get acquainted with them."

"She did," interpolated Parr; "walked off with them."

"But," continued Oliver, "she sold them to a man you were watching, so you could recover them as contraband. No one was hurt, except the man she duped. And I think he rather enjoyed the sensation. Men do."

"I suppose her fake husband enjoyed it when she fed him an overdose of arsenic," snorted Parr.

"If she hadn't fed him arsenic," pursued the philosophical Armiston, "you would have fed him an overdose of electricity. You wanted him for an old murder, didn't you? You should thank her for saving you trouble. Besides, could you prove she did the feeding? No."

"Let us retrace our steps," said Parr, changing the subject.

They walked slowly back through the block in which, according to the discomfited Pelts—who had devoted himself so assiduously to Sophie Lang of late—the lady had disappeared like a ghost. They seemed to be studying nothing, these two. To Parr, the great man hunter, the city street boiled with vortices unseen to the casual eye. He looked upon such a scene through magic glasses through which a dozen dramas revealed themselves. A furtive face in the crowd caused him, without an extra heartbeat, to pass the office to one of his men—for the deputy always walked with runners ahead and stalkers behind—and the owner of that furtive face felt a touch on the shoulder, to his utter consternation.

Then, in the side street, in front of the establishment of The Brothers, Inc., the presence of several limousines and the glimpse of a nude stocking at the step of a tonneau reminded him that there was to be a charity jam at the Vandam palace this afternoon, and that he was dispatching several of his best men as guests; also that he had honored a request for invisible police protection for one particular limousine that would be worth a stick-up man's attention. A man with a motorcycle hovered at the curb down the block. There were other vortices, legible to the great policeman's eyes—but they were too casual, too usual, to arouse more than passing notation; things were shipshape, that was all he required. Otherwise, his thoughts were filled with Sophie Lang. He disliked to be laughed at.

There was not even an imaginary cross to mark the spot where the lady had ceased to be, so spookishly. Even the ultra eye of the deputy failed to detect any extraordinary density in the atmosphere. As for Oliver, he was bowing to friends in a town car, ladies of fashion who, like Sophie, had just emerged from the hands of their hairdresser and looked very much like someone else. In restoring his hat to his head in one of these encounters Armiston's fingers strayed to rearrange his single white lock, his source of inspiration. Absently his eye ranged along the machicolations of the brownstone roof that sided here on the Avenue; and he searched the blank wall for such a crevice as a cheesecloth spirit would make nothing of. His glance came at length to the little postern door, once a service entry in the mellow days of private homes, but now the employes' entrance of a fashionable dressmaker.

"The Brothers, Inc.," mused Oliver, with a queer smile. "I went to school with them. They used to play with dolls when the rest of us were playing hooky. I think it was their parents' fault."

"You needn't waste your pity on them. They make a very good thing out of it," said Parr.

The two friends turned, by common consent, and resumed their constitutional up the Avenue, to the extreme bad health of several passers-by. A casual stroll up the Avenue by Deputy Parr on such a sunshiny afternoon was apt to fill an average jail very comfortably. He never forgot a face; and he looked on scores, especially selected, every day through a peephole in a curtain at that sad fête called the morning line-up—the inspection of the night's catch—at Headquarters.

Oliver, beginning to collect more nods than usual, noticed that everybody seemed to be going in the same direction. He recollected having written a check for the Blind Children of the Poor, in whose name there was to be a peacock show this afternoon at the Vandam mansion opposite the Park. Everybody would be there, including that certain class of elderly beaux who preëmpt the first rows on opening nights at the Follies. Oliver Armiston had a holy horror of extracting his quid pro quo when he gave of his goods to the poor, but now he discovered, without surprise or contempt, that, without being aware of it at the time, he had decided several minutes previously to attend. He was already tasting in anticipation the adulation that a drawing-room full of women was apt to shower on him, for in his time he had been a lion, and, for a brief spell, had even liked it.

With a popping as of a thousand champagne corks a motorcycle slid by, making a channel in the traffic, its driver hooded like a gigantic insect. Parr mentally held his breath for what was to follow, and it came instantly—a glittering limousine, with a fleeting glimpse of a ravishing interior, and a single darting gleam of some inextinguishable jewel. Parr spotted the trailers—and he spotted something else, with a grim smile. The hawks were trailing it too. They knew everything, this crew. It was well there was an extra heavy police guard for the silly little mannequin being loaned to the charity jam, else there might have been something to read about in the late edition of the afternoon papers.

Parr wiped his forehead with his handkerchief; and as if actuated by some invisible string connected with this gesture, a square-toed man walking on the other side of the street hastened forward a few steps and, gripping the arm of a pedestrian with a firm pressure, said in his ear, "Gentleman Joe, we will take a little walk." Gentleman Joe, for it was a night bird notorious under that sobriquet, cast a wishing look after the limousine, and readily acquiesced. It meant little to him, since that limousine was surrounded by an unseen forest of spears.

It would mean a night's lodging, the morning line-up, and then freedom again until some other bull tapped him on the shoulder. It was all in a day's work.

It was a day of crowds and clusters. A daughter of society was being married at St. Thomas', which disturbed traffic. And then, at the Park Plaza, a few blocks north, a great French war hero, a man who went in as a colonel and came out a marshal, was the guest of honor at a patriotic function this afternoon. Throngs loitered about the Avenue, waiting for the mere sight of the great man passing in. And, having seen him pass in, they lingered on, just to see him come out. It was a cold day. The police were constantly prodding the crowd into movement to avoid a jam. Still the crowd hung on, indeed gained in numbers, the late comers held by the mere rumor of the presence of the great marshal of France within.

"My idea of a perfect ass," said Parr, noting his hard-working platoons, "is a crowd. This bunch will stand here for three hours, just to see the marshal duck his head into a limousine."

The Vandam palace presented a dish-faced front to the Avenue; sumpter limousines were rolling into the little half moon under the glass canopy and depositing their priceless burdens—so perishable that carpets must be spread for the single step or two of outdoors from car to portal. A great crowd of curious folk had been pushed back to the Park wall opposite. Some perched on the wall, some small boys in trees. Every now and again the intelligent police horses would sidle along the front ranks where it overflowed into the street, with schottish steps, pushing them back. It is impossible to police such a throng without the aid of an intelligent horse. The curious, the envious, the minions of the cloak-and-suit trade who wrote in little books the forecasts of coming modes, as they watched creation after creation pass in before their eyes—they were all chilled to the bone, and stamped their feet to rouse circulation—these were the gallery for the opulent philanthropists.

"You are not going in?" asked Oliver hopefully.

"Not yet, no," said Parr, casting an eye aloft at the dungeonlike castle. What a crib to crack! "We will take a turn around the block."

The side streets were parked full of empty cars. Knots of chauffeurs lounged in befurred nooks in basement entryways, for they had their friends belowstairs in all these brownstone houses. Occasionally a little group would cease talking and watch in silence as Parr moved by. The place was alive with police, in plain clothes. When all Vanity Fair fetches its jewels to a single spot, what would you have?

(Continued on Page 131)

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*—but just wait until you taste it"*

# JELL-O

## America's most famous dessert

(Continued from Page 128)

"Now we will look over the inside," said Parr, throwing away his cigar.

III

THE crush was on. There was music and laughter and the uncompoundable fragrance of many people come together at their best. The great entry hall, almost armorial in expanse, had been fenced off into a little theater by an elaborate brass grille, like that of the chancel of a church. Within this inclosure guests were already seated in large number in spacious tapestry chairs edging a strip of velvet floor covering which at the far end ascended three broad steps to a little dais giving on what was probably—for this afternoon—the dressing rooms of the mannequins in the rear. There was as yet no sign of the mannequins themselves, but their presence was indicated by the pleasurable bustle off stage.

Presently, for their period on earth as brief as a butterfly, they would flutter out—and back—all wings, wings that would shatter at a touch.

"You know everybody," said Parr as he and Armiston came out of the cloakroom side by side through the stream of elegants.

"Everybody knows me," admitted Oliver, with a chuckle at his brusque friend, who could not withhold a curl of contempt for these brilliant assemblages which he was so frequently in but never of. They would have lionized the famous man hunter if he had let them; but Parr's forte lay in being unknown, except in very high places.

"There is one fellow I don't know," said Oliver. "The one with the blond mustache talking to the woman in green. Handsome chap. Fatal, I should say."

"Eh? Fatal?"

"To women—irresistible," explained Oliver.

Parr beamed with paternal pride. He whispered to Oliver out of one side of his mouth.

"That's Morel—one of my flatties," he said. "Isn't he a bird? I ask you. Look."

The place must be alive with flatties, as the deputy was wont to dub his favorites. They inspected the crowded bull pen inside the grille. The front rows were preempted by the Sybarites, connoisseurs of beauty, who covet some lovely woman, as vain women aspire to the possession of some matchless gem, for display. This feast of the senses would be savored only through their eyes, and even their eyes were dimming; they carried ingenious optical aids for such a show as this promised to be, optical instruments cunningly disguised as everyday monocles, pince-nez, and tortoise-shell spectacles—although one yellow old ogre shamelessly displayed a pair of racing prisms with which shortly he would be making pot shots.

For the most part the people crowding inside the inclosure were those who had come to see rather than to be seen. The real exclusives, the *haut ton*, were grouped in the art gallery beyond. The family—Armiston smiled cynically—the family would be absent. The oligarch, Dame Vandam, would rub her tires down to the very tread, running about to satisfy herself that all the details of the affairs were perfection. In this she permitted none of her substitutes to supersede her. But when the clock struck she would be elsewhere, taking a nap—or upstairs in her boudoir a thousand miles away. The grand staircase was barred with a massive gilt chain, and a flunky stood there on guard. The fellow had an uppish turn to his countenance, and inside of his head Oliver was thinking there was doubtless material for a three-decker novel at this moment.

Oliver's eyes roamed. He steered Parr through the throng to the gallery. Parr noted that everything was shipshape. He spotted his men one by one, and they remained glacially heedless of his presence. In the gallery Oliver was more at ease; his vogue gave him a flattered distinction. These people were here because they had a rigid code. They not only sent their checks but they sent themselves, realizing that they were part of the quid pro quo.

Unseen music struck up. It was the C Sharp Minor Waltz, which, says the poet, is a dance of the soul, not of the body. The first sonorous chords struck their peremptory summons, instantly to dissolve into a breathless rolling turn. The instruments were a quartet of strings, the famous Vohn Ensemble. The show was on.

There was a sudden commotion at the far end of the gallery. There were "Oh's" and "Ah's" and little ecstatic sighs; and as the supreme creation of the house of The Brothers, Inc., advanced, the fingers of the mannequin poised lightly on Bertie's arm, the crowd fell back before the spectacle, as the waters of a placid sea softly withdraw before the cleave of some splendid ship.

Armiston found himself being shouldered back, rather amused even in his momentary irritation at being boxed in by the jam, over the bad humor of his friend Parr. The deputy, with elbows and shoulders in his ribs, and little French heels as sharp as gads backing up on the ends of his expansive broad toes, was nevertheless the policeman who remembered his pavement-pounding days; and when the circle slowly revolved past him the triumphant official somehow found himself standing on the front row. He was thinking churlishly if he had a good horse here he would teach some manners to this gown-mad throng.

Armiston caught only a fleeting glimpse of the gorgeous figure over the tinseled heads of the ecstatic women. In that one swift vision he recognized the perfection which fine feathers can give to those nameless birds, those anonymous human bodies that strut for their moment, not to display themselves but to display the gauds of the artful army who clothe the rich. All the treasure of all the velvet parlors of the Avenue seemed to have been raked for the embellishment of this one svelte form.

She was unbelievably beautiful, beautiful as a dream or a dissolving view of an enchantment. The sheen of her hair, the velvety caress of her downcast lashes on her peachblow cheek, the shell of the ear, the curve of the neck, the line of the back, which Hogarth might have drawn with that single stroke that made him famous; the alluring movement of the body swathed in stuff as ethereal as sea foam, with the momentary sparkle of a gem or the iridescent sheen of a curve of pearls! An instant and the vision was gone. A man, some green-eyed dressmaker probably, was biting his nails; a woman with a startling front of hair that was grown on someone else was whispering audibly in the ear of a companion, "I'll buy it off her back!"

Parr, looking keenly at Oliver, put the clamp of a blacksmith on his arm.

"Let's get out of this mess!" Parr was blurting, and at the same time tugging Oliver towards the door.

Oliver hung back—he would stay on a little. The deputy, muttering something about business elsewhere, turned and departed. Oliver shrugged and turned to the inclosure. In going out Parr passed the office again to his men, the fatherly admonition of an old sergeant to his platoon, "On guard!"

Meantime the procession with its swirling circumference reached the gates of the bull pen, and in passing in pinched off the greater part of its adherents. Bertie accompanied the fabled princess down the velvet strip and bowed her up the little flight of steps with the grace of an ancient courtier. She was gone for a moment, instantly to reappear alone. Poised for an instant on the topmost step she contrived to reveal the every grace of her clinging draperies. Then with slow and stately descent she reached the floor, and imperturbable under the battery of eyes and implements of vision aimed at her, she took her way, front foot first, the swaying tassel which punctuated a slight trailing drapery rippling inconsequently over the polished toes of the elderly oglers, while the music swam in far-off delirium, and the audience gazed, spellbound.

All the old gentlemen looked surreptitiously at the toe of their shoes as she passed. At the foot of the aisle she paused in the shadow of the pillar and was lost to view Then came the tinkling of a minuet, the march of the mannequins of The Brothers, Inc., in a bewildering array of feminine phantasies; but it is doubtful if the sports costumes, the trotteurs, the dance frocks or the flapper regimentals caused even a momentary stir. They came and went like figures on a frieze. Then with the recurrent strains of the C Sharp Minor the figure detached itself from the pillar, paused for a second under the full light and, front foot forward, she musingly began her return pilgrimage; rapt in her own perfection, unconscious of her surroundings she reached the steps, mounted the dais; she turned her immobile face once more to the audience, and the doorway enveloped her. The music of her waltz died away so softly that one could scarce say whether it still lingered in the air or only in one's brain.

Oliver Armiston, sensing the exaltation of the moment, and at the same time aware of some vague question tapping at the back of his thoughts, was startled by a sudden touch on his arm. Turning he found himself facing a lady of fashion who made known that he was reserved for the inner circle this afternoon. A roped-off inclosure was opened for them, and they passed off, to the little Watteau-like elevator, and presently found themselves in the private apartments of Mrs. Corliss Vandam herself, that grand lady who having loaned the palace for the crush had removed herself a thousand miles away in spirit. Outside here the favored few were discussing tea and cigarettes. Mrs. Vandam captured the distinguished author and carried him off to her little library, where it was her habit to rouse her secretary at five in the morning to read her to sleep. She wanted Oliver's opinion on some first editions Dunham the collector had sent up for her inspection. There was not a round dozen admitted to this floor, and they really were a thousand miles away from that strange scene downstairs.

The erudite Oliver tried to give his attention, but the musty volumes blurred before his eyes. Something had imprinted itself on his retina and he could not dislodge it. That peacock, downstairs. The contour of that head was unmistakable. He had seen it before. When he shut his eyes the blurred image of another head appeared, like the complement of the first. Then, out of the blue, there appeared another vision on his retina. Now it wasn't a human head at all. It was a dark square—no, a rectangle. Surrounded by a ground of pale lavender. It was—it was a door! It was a postern door!

He rose to his feet, staring. He dropped the book, an incomplete copy of some vague prolix Victorian; and covered with confusion he stooped to pick it up, in pieces. But the Dame Vandam touched him on a shoulder with her lorgnette and ordered him to rise, saying let Dunham come and pick it up—he should not have sent it in that condition. She was skilled in glossing over the fumbling of genius, this great lady.

"Your mind is not on holy things," she said in mock reproof. "Let us turn from sacred to profane."

Now they returned to the sitting room. The intimate show had already begun. Bertie, the look of extravagant triumph written on his smooth cherubic features, was standing by the fire watching the ecstatic behavior of this choice few of the *haut ton*, for whom he had fetched up his supreme creation for a private showing. The mannequin, walking, pausing, sitting down, rising, gazing with languishing glance on a stream of pearls flowing over her perfect fingers, finally came to a pause in the broad light of a great window to strike an attitude where Dame Vandam, lorgnette poised, could examine her in detail. It was a long, long process, that would have tried the patience of a stoic

"Child," said Mrs. Vandam, "you are as charming as one of the little figurines. If the gown were not perfect you would make it so."

And with this gracious speech she erased the mannequin from the scene.

"Where did you get her, Bertie?" asked Oliver vaguely. He had been lounging through this feminine scene in the arch of the doorway.

"Hush!" cautioned Bertie in passing to claim his property. "She is a great lady on a lark. She is winning a bet!"

The intelligent little elevator had no sooner conveyed Bertie and his precious supreme creation to the ground floor than it returned for Oliver. The last parade of the mannequin was in progress when he arrived, this time in her furs. On Bertie's arm she was going out to her limousine. Oliver, his eyes sparkling with the rush of the moment, said in a low tone to Morel, the handsome man at the door, "That is Sophie Lang."

Morel only nodded.

"Did you know it?" demanded Oliver.

Morel nodded again.

"Does the chief know it?"

"The chief," said the complete Morel, "is now waiting to welcome her, at the establishment of The Brothers." A dry smile broke his lips. "His instructions are that the routine be not disturbed by a hair."

Armiston got into his things and hurried out. To cage that sleek shining creature seemed a desecration.

"What art!" he cried as he strode along. "And what magnificent audacity!" In the face of the fate awaiting her, how superbly she carried it off!

(Continued on Page 133)

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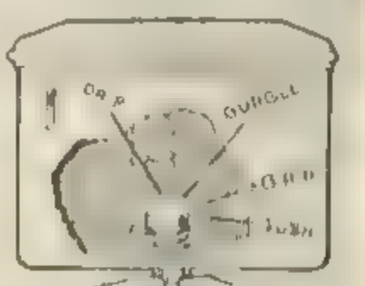

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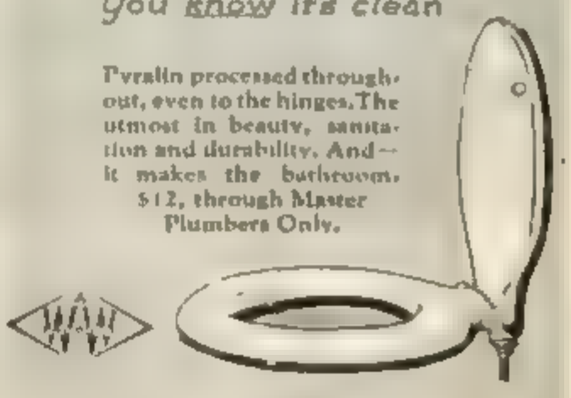

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Knox water-cooled equipment has substantially increased the life of high temperature furnaces

Transmission Towers convey power and light to communities the world over

The process of forge and hammer welding has made possible the Blaw Knox seamless still so necessary to the refining of crude oil by-products

Steel Forms have greatly simplified concrete construction from sewers to subways, from sidewalks to skyscrapers.

Long experience as structural steel manufacturers and engineers gave the Blaw-Knox Company the knowledge so necessary to perfect the Standard Steel Building to meet the diversified needs of all industry

# BLAW-KNOX BUILDINGS

*FROM SHOP TO JOB IN STANDARD STEEL UNITS*

(Continued from Page 131)

The great marshal of France, who had caused a traffic jam by the mere act of entering the Plaza earlier in the afternoon, was now about to come out. The Avenue had been swept clean for the portentous event. By one of its magic passes the police had diverted all traffic north and south at a given whistle. And in an instant the asphalt surging with a tide of vehicles had become empty and glistening under the arcs of the evening lamps. The sidewalks were packed with humanity. A gaudy canopy coming down to the very curb indicated the portal whence the distinguished visitor would appear. These crowds had waited for hours now, for the mere morsel of seeing the great man, beloved as a hero of world-wide fame. Such is loyalty. A platoon of motorcycles stood ready to start ahead as escort.

On the quiet expectancy of the scene there suddenly broke the popping of a lone motorcycle. It was coming down the Avenue with, as it were, a limousine on a leading string. A police official sprang out, blowing a shrill blast. The motorcycle stopped, as did the limousine.

"Police business," said the motorcycle.

"I know," said the official, "but you will have to wait. Everything is blocked below, and you would jam it if you tried to go through. Pull up to the curb. I will see you through in a few minutes."

The ineffable Bertie was reclining in a dream on the cushions of the limousine, beside his supreme creation. The man dressmaker was tasting over again all the flavors of the afternoon. It was his creation—yes, that was it! Of course there was that woman. Oh, yes, there was the woman. What a woman! She was a marvel, a miracle, a mannequin sent from heaven! The door opened.

"We are held up a moment," said the motorcyclist. "The great French marshal is coming out. The police lines are formed and we must wait. Only a few minutes."

"*Le Marechal!*" cried Sophie ecstatically.

"We have reserved seats directly opposite! How fortunate!" said Bertie.

He thrust open the door, so they could look out, not miss a detail. The mere sight of the hero would be something never to be forgotten.

There was a sudden scurrying of lackeys under the awning. A whistle broke the stillness, and the motorcycle squad formed in advance; several big cars moved toward the curb, and a great murmur of anticipation welled up from the throng. Sharp commands from the police lines kept the crowd in bounds.

A little group came down the carpeted steps. In the center was a heavy-set elderly man in gold lace, loaded with decorations. He was covered, but on either hand he was accompanied by two gentlemen who carried their silk hats in their hands. A surge of welcome welled up. The dignitary, still only partially seen, took a step toward the waiting limousine. The gray old war chief, whose fine head was known to every home in the world, bowed his acknowledgment to the tumultuous roars. The tension seemed unsupportable.

"*C'est lui!*" murmured Sophie to Bertie. "*C'est lui!*"

She slipped down to the pavement, her eyes blazing with the thrill of it. Then with a sudden upflinging of her white bejeweled arm, and with a clear ringing voice that rose over the roar of the crowd, she cried, utterly beside herself, "*C'est lui! C'est lui! Le Marechal! Mon Marechal!*"

She brushed aside the stalwart police guard in front of her, who, astonished at her splendor, yet conscious of his duty, was about to detain her, when her vibrant full-throated cry of exultation, "Ah! Ah! Ah!" met a response from none other than the great marshal himself. It was the Gallic effervescence of that cry that reached the heart of the old warlock.

He turned in the act of bowing to the plaudits of the throng, and thrusting his hand toward her, in a great voice of happiness he burst out, "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

"Ah!" cried Sophie. She dashed toward him, across the vacant street, every eye on her, clutching her silken skirts about her. She might have been a queen acclaiming a king.

"Ah!" cried the marshal in the act of stepping into the limousine. It was veritably a voice from home!

"I told you she was a great lady in disguise!" said Bertie, gesticulating at the curb. "See! He is leaning over and speaking to her. They are old friends!"

Hammering on the glass of the limousine with her little fists, Sophie, her face ecstatic with the supreme emotion of this instant, was jabbering madly in French to the joyous old man within; and he in turn, his Gallic blood inflamed, was madly waving his hand and talking back at her through the glass, though it was obvious neither could hear a word of the other, but each getting madder every moment. The crowd caught the infection. It was all very irregular, of course, but what could the police do? She was the dear good friend of the great marshal—and they both were French—oh, so exuberantly French!

Above the roar the high note of the woman echoed in diminuendo. "Ah! Ah! Ah!" The car was moving. "*Vive la France!*" she screamed, waving a white arm.

The crowd burst all bounds. It surrounded the car, choked the street, screaming like mad. Then the police pushed through and with waving colors the cavalcade moved off again through the path cut for it by force. It was the work of but a moment, by men and horses. The marshal was rescued from this so typically Gallic scene. But Sophie—what of Sophie? Ask of the wintry winds. She had vanished like ice on a pond.

Trading on the great awe of the V-N-D-M name, the safety expert, whose manner was very positive, suggested that the various artists who had taken part in this synthesis of the supreme creation, might come to a gentlemen's agreement. For his part, he said, he courted publicity, but he had an open mind; he did not overlook the advertisement of their names on the gilded programs, sold at a dollar at the door, he complimented them on the sensational success of the fête; with that mannequin as the show piece there was no single criticism that could be leveled against the entertainment. But—he spoke gravely, over his horn rims—he realized that the patronage of the intimate circle surrounding the V-N-D-M might not be continued were there so much as a whisper, especially with the inference of ridicule involved. The affair of the mannequin appearing in private audience upstairs was something else to be weightily considered. The group went into conference. It was still conferring into next morning.

Parr asked only one question of Oliver in parting.

"Were you present when Sophie touched off that crowd?" he said.

Oliver nodded. He had been present. Parr, alas, had missed it; he had been waiting for her to be delivered, in the Velvet Room of The Brothers, Inc.

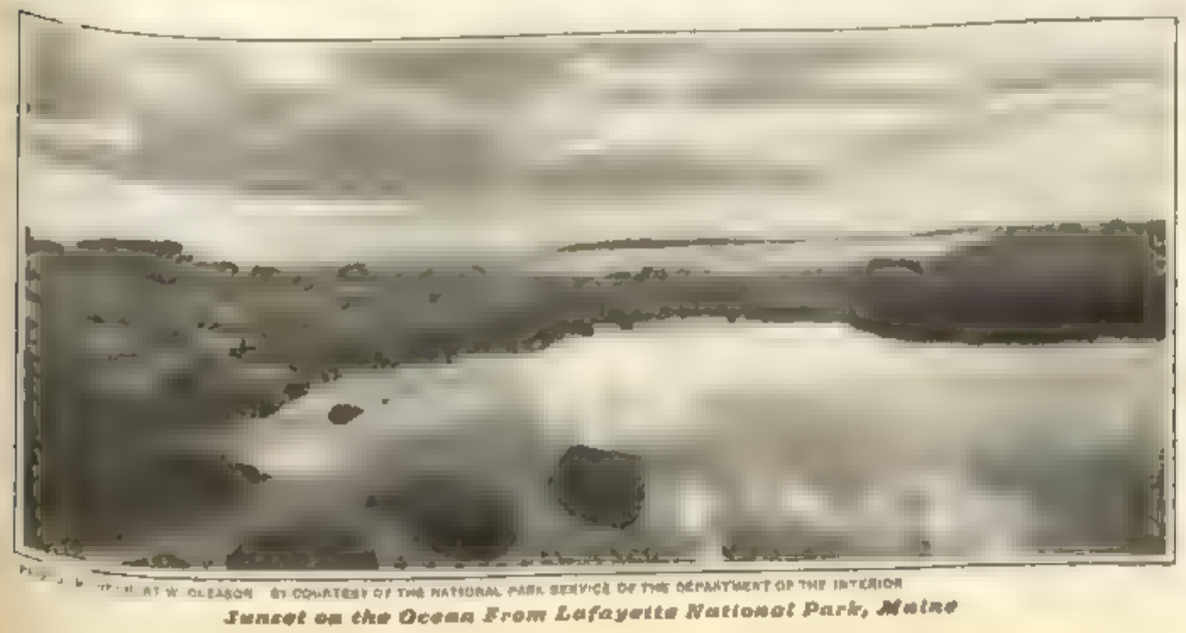

PHOTO BY W. GLEASON BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

***Sunset on the Ocean From Lafayette National Park, Maine***


30-Day Test at Our Expense

We pay expense of test on your own floors. Send coupon to arrange for it.

*Now—rooms of luxurious silence*

# This New Way Doubles Life of Carpets, Rugs—*Guaranteed*

## *Gives them deep, thick softness*

**What Ozite Does:**

1 [illegible]

2 [illegible]

3 [illegible]

4 [illegible]

5 [illegible]

6 [illegible]

In the hotels listed Clinton Carpet Company Clinton OZITE has protected expensive carpetings against the trampling of [illegible] guests.

The Pullman Company [illegible]

Wanamaker's New York

The National Capitol, Washington, D. C.

Hotel Pennsylvania, New York

The Harvard Club, New York

There is richer beauty for the floors of your home. Greater luxury and restful quiet for every room.

For a new invention doubles the rich softness of any rug or carpet. And is guaranteed, in writing, to double its life.

Now we offer a 30-day test at our expense.

***Velvety softness for floors***

Your floors are made soft as padded velvet. All sound of footfalls is deadened or silenced.

Hard edges are given Oriental thickness, softness. Costly floor coverings are made doubly luxurious.

This new invention is called OZITE. It is a soft springy cushion which is laid between floor and rug or carpet. For years it has been used in homes of great wealth. Now it is available for every home.

***Life doubled***

This cushion takes up the friction which wears out carpets and rugs, the grinding powder and sand of dirt and furniture. So it doubles the life of any rug or carpet. It is a cream, odorless mat of finest cattle hair felted and ozonized which yields velvet softness to every weight and impact.

With OZITE, rugs do not "creep." No wear-inviting ridges appear at carpet or rug.

And it wears a lifetime. Never loses its resiliency. A permanent investment.

***30-day test at our expense***

Millions of yards are in use today. Now we offer a test, on your own floors. At our expense. To arrange for it, simply send the coupon, or go direct to your dealer.

We will arrange, through a reputable dealer in your city, to lay OZITE, up to 30 square yards, on any floor you select, leaving it for 30 days. Then if you're willing to do without it we'll have it removed. All at our expense. We stand responsible. You pay nothing. Send the coupon in any event—for information, samples and a valuable booklet about floors.

**CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, *Sales Agents***
**Executive Offices: 130 N. Wells St., Chicago**

Eastern Offices: 47 W. 34th St., New York
American Hair Felt Co., Manufacturers

# *OZITE*
## Carpet *and* Rug Cushion

**CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells St., Chicago**
Without obligation on my part—

☐ Please send me samples, booklet and other information concerning OZITE—as well as details of your free 30-day test offer

☐ Please arrange 30-day test of OZITE on my premises at your expense, as detailed in ad from which this coupon was taken.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ S E P 3-22-24

# A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 23)

"That being so," she said, "I may as well get back. Good night, everyone."

Vernon turned to face the situation. He knew that four of the company were out of it. The ante was too high. Here was his chance of escape—a simple, certain chance—and insanely he could not take it. In the presence of the disappointment, amounting to anguish, that was written on those four white faces he could not accept the chance.

"Of course, if we hired an ocean tramp or something," he stammered, "the thing could be done for less—much less—half in fact."

He saw the color of hope running back through empty veins.

"Five hundred?"

"Say five hundred."

"I don't quite know what an ocean tramp is," said Mary Ottery, "and most of my life I've been a little frightened of tramps; but unless everyone here is very rich ——"

She looked pathetically at Joshua.

"Well," said he, "I don't want to upset arrangements, but at my time of life a man likes to be comfortable and ——"

Lydia La Rue banged a hand on the table that set the glasses ringing. Mary touched as many as she could reach into silence, to save the lives of sailors.

"If we're going," cried Lydia, "what's it matter how we go?"

It was Henry Julius who put a motion before the company in favor of the cheaper rate. It was sheer madness to spend five hundred when it could reasonably be saved. Time enough for extravagance when the treasure was found. The motion was carried by a large majority.

"I wonder," said Mr. Isinglass modestly, "if I might make a suggestion. I cannot help feeling the ladies will find a long voyage in a tarry old tramp far from agreeable."

"If we do we'll tell you," said Lydia shortly.

Mr. Isinglass proceeded in an even tone.

"Rats, cockroaches and those little red ants everywhere, and all for the sake of a treasure which even our host admits may never be found."

"Some of us," commented Henry Julius, "haven't been invited to look for it."

"Just so. My reason for proposing the use of my own yacht, the Mascot, was a feeling that in some measure I must justify my intrusion."

Vernon started. Here was a new development which must be stopped at all costs. Fortunately, Henry Julius seemed the man to obstruct it. For the very briefest space he laid a forefinger on his nose and tilted his head on one side.

"My dear sir," he said, "the mystery of your presence is now revealed. I'm a business man myself. Accept my sincere compliments."

But, if his intention was to embarrass, it was a dismal failure.

"Ah, Mr. Julius," said the old man, "like many others, you fall into the common error of judging the world by your first impression. Believe me, there is no surer form of injustice. It is not to the angry, the greedy, the revengeful surface of a man we should direct our gaze. I have come to learn that face value is the faultiest of all valuations. A ripple on the surface of a pond will not tell you how deep or how shallow are the waters beneath, nor shall you say when you see a policeman lead a victim down the street, with a hand upon his collar, which of those two is the sinner." There was something strangely fervent in his tone, a note of inspiration. His sudden drop into the commonplace was surprising. "By which, if somewhat obliquely, I am trying to convince you that I am not tooting for a firm of shippers, nor very markedly for my own advantage. The Mascot is a yacht admirably suited to our needs and you can have her at the price of the lowest offer you receive for the charter of an ocean tramp. I do not say you can have her for nothing, because to do so would be an impertinence and would make people believe she would probably sink in the first gale."

"Do you mean this?"

"I have an eccentric habit of meaning what I say."

"And you wouldn't be asking for a larger share of the profit?"

"Would you believe me—no!"

Management of affairs was passing out of the hands of Vernon Winslowe and he was powerless to resist. The words of protest he tried to utter fell on deaf ears.

"Well, why not?" boomed Joshua Morgan. "If Mr. Isinglass isn't having a bit of fun at our expense, I say let's close here and now. See here, people, I'm no hand at speechifying, and seems we could go on cracking about pros and cons of this here cruise till all's blue. But what's good of that? Either we go or we don't go, and I'm for going. Like enough, it's craziest thing any crowd ever contemplated and folks hearing of our act'll say we're daft and gormless, the whole jing lot of us. For what may or may not happen we've nobbut ourselves to thank and ourselves to blame. Fools we may be and likely are, but there's some kind of grandeur in this 'ere folly that's got my sense by the weazen and whacked it. Young Mr. Winslowe has put his case fair and honest, laying no odds on success or failure. Whatever you others may decide, I'm with him, and in token of fact here's two notes of twenty-five pounds apiece to cover deposit for t'mussus and self, and I doesn't ask no receipt."

Something approaching a tumult followed this unexpected allegiance from the solidest man in the room—a tumult confused with the rustle of bank notes. Simultaneously, everyone was dragging money from pocketbooks and bags and holding it out to Vernon.

"Here you are."

"Take it."

"Here's mine."

"I'm with you."

"My bit, Winslowe."

But before a single note had changed hands Mr. Isinglass was on his feet.

"Just one moment, please," he begged; "one moment before these deposits are paid." He turned and laid a hand on Vernon's shoulder. "You, Winslowe, have given us your reasons why we should join you in this treasure hunt. Would it not be to the advantage of the occasion if we, on our side, showed an equal frankness and gave our reasons for wishing to come? There lie before us a great many weeks and months of one another's society. It would make a basis for friendship and understanding if our secrets and ambitions, our little or mighty motives, were made a common property."

*XI*

IT WAS Henry Julius who broke the silence which followed Mr. Isinglass' suggestion. He spoke crisply, with the characteristic courage of his race.

"Money," he said. "Money—and I'll wager that answer covers the rest of the party too."

But he was wrong, as the next speaker, Joshua Morgan, revealed. Joshua Morgan had stolen a quick glance at his wife, then dropped his eyes to the level of the table. While he talked he fiddled with a fork, digging a little honeycomb of holes in the cloth.

"It's this way wi' t'missus and self. From one year's end to 'nother it's been nobbut business, business, business. In a manner of speaking, we've never had our noses off grindstone and never hardly had time to get to know the quiet, peaceful sides of each other's natures."

"We've reared a family o' eight," Mrs. Morgan interpolated, "and that spells a rare lot of work."

"We haven't took a holiday until today and never had cash or leisure for a proper honeymoon. It's been at back o' my head for past thirty years, when business was firm enough to carry on unaided, and when youngsters was able to blow their own noses, to slip away like and have a shot at getting a bit more familiar wi' each other. Busy folks us have been—busy folks—and that's about all ——"

His voice trailed off to nothing and his eyes, in which there was a shade of embarrassment, sought the face of Mr. Isinglass, as though from him alone could understanding be expected.

"I see," said the old man, with the tenderest inflection. "I think we all see, Mr. Morgan. You don't want to finish up, like so many married couples, mere business acquaintances."

"That's it."

What William Carpenter had to say was inevitable. It was the rebellion of a splendid physical specimen against the barred restraints of city life.

"Sorting mail and selling postage stamps isn't much of a job for a man who—well, I don't know —— Ha—h'm—but I'm a fairly strong sort of chap." A sudden courage seemed to drive away his huskiness. "Sometimes I've felt if I looked at the world through bars a day longer—those damned grilles—I'd tear them down with my hands."

His mighty hands went out to suit an action to the words. It was the first time they had revealed any relation to the rest of his body. For the moment he looked magnificent, tremendous, as though one of the great statues of Gog or Magog had leaped from a plinth in the Guildhall, armed for the destruction of every bank building and warehouse within sight. It was probably the excess of his own emotions that scared him back to the normal stature of his mind and body.

His hands dropped to his sides and the nervous cough returned.

"Her-h'm! I beg everyone's pardon for talking about myself like this, only—h'm!—only this chance seemed like heaven—to get away—break away. I've a house I can sell, and some bits of furniture, and ——"

The power of speech deserted him and he sat down heavily, snapping the chair back as his weight was thrown against it.

"You wouldn't wonder why I wanted to go," said Nurse Banbury, "if at nine A. M. every day, every year, you were stuck in an operating theater with the smell of steam and iodoform and—and the general air of blood and beastliness. It's seemed to me there isn't a decent sight or a clean smell in all the world. Then I saw this advertisement and with it an opportunity to—oh, I don't know; but surely God didn't grow flowers for only the lucky ones to look at and catch the scent of!"

Mr. Isinglass nodded and turned to Mary Ottery.

"You, madam?" he said.

She answered fearlessly in her pale quiet voice: "Mine's a selfish reason—very selfish. I've been a companion to an old lady for twelve years and nothing has ever happened to me. In the mornings I used to bring her breakfast on a tray and in the afternoons I read to her—louder and louder I read, as she got deafer and deafer. She had an old dog that snored in a basket at the end of the bed, and he was blind and used to bite me when I brought his dinner. That was all that happened—twelve years of nothing but that. Once there was a fire at the house next door to where we lived, but I was at the cemetery leaving flowers on the grave of some one I never knew, and it was out before I came back. I heard the engines going away as I came round the corner of the street. Mr. Winslowe, I've my savings and the bit Miss Hornby left me. It's all I'm ever likely to have, but I'll give it to you freely if only you'll let me come. I don't mind whether there's treasure on the island or not, but I do want something to happen to me before it's too late."

Lydia La Rue threw up her head and laughed. It was a hard laugh—poised on the edge of hysteria.

"You lucky, lucky woman!" she said. "Just because too much has happened to me, I want to get away. Too much! Too much!"

"I think I understand," whispered Mary, and with a sudden impulse she slipped her hand into Lydia's and left it there.

"And you, sir?" said Mr. Isinglass, with an eye on Tommy Gates.

"What's that? Me? Last week I saw a man in Harley Street about this asthma." He gasped a bit, lit a cigarette and went on. "He gave me three months to live." His voice pitched high and ringing. "To live, mark you! To live!"

A shiver ran through the company and from Kate Morgan came a barely audible, "Poor, poor lad!"

No one suggested that Mr. Isinglass should offer his reasons for joining the party and in the absence of the demand he volunteered no explanation. His attention was riveted on Vernon Winslowe, who, white and drawn and nibbling at a finger nail, stood silently in the center of the room. Throughout the series of confidences he had betrayed a growing sense of distress, which reached its climax at the close of Tommy Gates' recital of his own death sentence. He started like a man waked from a nightmare when Mr. Isinglass addressed him

"I think," said the old man, "you owe this company a debt of gratitude for their frankness. Nothing remains but to collect the deposits."

There was a mute appeal in Vernon's eyes when he turned to reply.

"But I say, look here, surely there is no need for money to change hands yet a while. When I put in the advertisement I had no idea of the sort of people who'd be likely to turn up. You see, I thought perhaps there'd be some—but with you—from any one of you I'd ever so much rather the matter of deposits was waived. I'll let you know how things stand in a day or two. If you'll leave your addresses, I'll write and ——"

It was Averil who collected the addresses, silently and without asking leave.

"You see, until this business of the yacht is fixed up there can be no question of expense. I I'm frightfully sorry I ever insulted you with the suggestion."

He became aware he was talking very badly—aimlessly—in a circle. His one hope was to escape at any cost the branding iron of accepting money from these simple, trusting people; but the hope was not to be realized.

"Winslowe," said Mr. Isinglass, "here is a matter about which there can be no argument. You have given us your bona fides and in justice you cannot refuse to accept ours."

And so saying he thrust a bank note into Vernon's protesting hand.

"Here, take it," said Lydia. "What's all the fuss about anyway?"

Tommy Gates and Mary Ottery followed suit. Henry Julius was busy with a fountain pen and a check book.

"Mr. Winslowe might change his mind," said he. "By accepting a check a form of contract is constituted between the parties."

It may have been this note of caution that awoke something arbitrary in the bosom of Joshua Morgan. From a well-filled pocketbook he drew two notes of one hundred pounds each and thrust them into Vernon's hand.

"My lad," he said, "here's a couple of hundred by way of showing the faith we have in you. Aye, and if you want more don't hesitate to ask for it."

"Yes, but look here ——" cried Vernon desperately; but he was not allowed to finish.

"And now," said Isinglass, "it is time we were on the move. Mr. Winslowe has had a trying ordeal; let us show our sensibility of the fact by giving him a chance to get to bed at a decent hour. Tomorrow we might take a look at the Mascot at her moorings in the Solent. Shall we ... Waterloo at 10:45? You will find me at the barrier ten minutes before the train is due to start. Don't bother about tickets; Mr. Winslowe and I will arrange all that. Carpenter, give Mr. Morgan a hand with his coat. Miss La Rue, this wrap, I believe, is yours."

So active and bustling was he during these last two minutes that no one had a chance to say a word. He was like an old collie dog barking at the tail of a flock of sheep. His organization of the exodus was a triumph of politeness and efficiency. He even succeeded in dislodging Henry Julius who was putting a pertinent question as to the film rights of the cruise. And when the last guest had been rounded up and sent forth he stood for a second, smiling, in the doorway.

"Winslowe," he said, "you and I will meet again very soon."

Then the door snapped and Vernon was alone.

*XII*

THE first few moments after the last of his guests had departed were an unspeakable relief to Vernon. The burden of continuous lying was removed and every fiber of his being relaxed. His mind, as it were, fell into a kind of restful oblivion, from which it awoke slowly to a consciousness of the contemptible nature of his offense. He had offered false freedom to caged birds and very presently he would have to declare its falsity. The thought smote him like a whiplash and he covered his eyes and groaned aloud. In the darkness he was haunted by the fires of enthusiasm his words had lighted. He saw a circle of radiant faces transform slowly through despair into hatred and disgust.

Continued on Page 139

# THE WORLD'S TYPEWRITER

Wherever language is written—on the six continents—there you will find the Remington.

And Remington service is as universal as the machine itself.

The world-wide fame of the Remington is natural. The first practical typewriter (1873) was a Remington. So also is the latest masterpiece among writing machines - the New Quiet 12.

Never before, in the fifty years of typewriter history, has a new model won such instant favor. In thousands of offices the first trial machine has been followed by installation after installation of Quiet 12s—so convincing to both owner and operator are its many superiorities.

Its "natural" touch, easy action, beautiful work, simplicity in design and dependability in service, the enclosed frame which protects the machine from dust and dirt, and its grateful quiet, are distinctive features which the typewriter user has always wanted.

The New Quiet 12 Remington costs no more than the ordinary typewriter. Easy payment terms if desired.

There is a Remington man at your call, who will gladly demonstrate the New Quiet 12 *in your office* without obligation on your part.

*We believe we make the best typewriter ribbon in the world —and its name is* PARAGON

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO., 374 Broadway, New York; *Branches Everywhere*

# REMINGTON

*Standard since the invention of the writing machine*

NEW QUIET 12

# BUILD THE

One of the many modern homes that have been built the Heatrola way. Furnace comfort provided for the whole house, and the expense of a basement saved.

Estate

# HEATROLA WAY AND SAVE $700

## ...this modern heating plan cuts 15 per cent from the cost of a new home

A young married couple in an Eastern city had set their hearts on a home of their own, just perhaps as you have. But they lacked nearly $1,000 of the amount required to finance it; their dream home seemed likely to remain a dream.

Then—a building expert suggested heating with a Heatrola—securing furnace comfort without the expense of a basement. For, as he pointed out, a furnace is the only real reason for a basement. And the saving of $700 on the original estimate of $4,500 which this plan brought made the new home possible.

This spring—today—apply this scheme to your building plan. Slice the cost of a basement off your estimate. See if that doesn't bring the price within your reach, or relieve you of the burden of a second mortgage, or enable you to build in that better neighborhood you've chosen. Chances are it solves your building problem completely.

### *Furnace comfort for the whole house*

Even if money is not so large a consideration and you have planned a basement, Heatrola can both lend a touch of quiet beauty to your new home and pave the way for future economies.

For with this new-day heater you can have soft, inviting warmth throughout the house. Install a Heatrola in any room—wherever there is a chimney connection—and it will keep the house cozy, upstairs and down, no matter how cold the weather outside.

### *The reason—circulating air*

The secret lies in the fact that the Estate Heatrola circulates heat instead of radiating it as a stove does. It works just like a furnace, and in addition the Heatrola has an exclusive patented inside air chamber

which gives it double heat circulating capacity. Great volumes of air—16,000 cubic feet every hour—are drawn into and through the Heatrola, and circulated throughout the house. The distant corners that used to feel like out-of-doors are as "comfy" as the room in which Heatrola stands.

Besides, this circulating heat is comfortably moist and velvety. Your own family physician will tell you that such a heating method is the most healthful known.

### *Smaller fuel bills, too*

Along with these advantages—advantages previously available only to finer houses, furnace-equipped—Heatrola brings a shrinkage in fuel bills. It burns any kind of coal—also wood—and uses no more than an ordinary stove. And remember, if you ever move, you can take your Heatrola with you.

### *Handsome as a mahogany cabinet*

Your wife, too, will appreciate the convenience and beauty of this modern heater. With its rich grained mahogany, vitreous enamel finish, smooth as glass and everlasting, it looks like a fine cabinet phonograph. And to clean it, simply rub it off with a dusting cloth—no polishing needed.

### *Proved by tens of thousands*

The Heatrola dealer in your town will show you Heatrolas already in operation, or, if you wish, we will send you a book of letters—a few of the thousands received from enthusiastic Heatrola owners. For Heatrola has replaced old-fashioned heating methods in thousands of homes in every state in the Union. Ask your dealer to show you why it is the most phenomenal heating success in years.

### *See these home plans today*

Through the coöperation of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, your Heatrola dealer is showing right now the newest ideas in small house plans, picturing the modern types of house you can build the Heatrola way. The regular cost of these plans is $5 per room, but The Estate Stove Company, makers of the Heatrola, have arranged to absorb part of the cost, making the plans and specifications available to Heatrola buyers at much less than the usual price. See these plans today at your dealer's. Or clip the coupon and mail it to us for complete information on this saving building method.

**Before you build—*mail this!***

THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Hamilton, Ohio
Send me booklet describing "Heatrola-built Homes" (Check) ☐

Name

Street No.

City State

I am planning to build about (date)

a house of _____ rooms. (Or)

Tell me how to heat my present home with Heatrola (Check) ☐

THE ESTATE STOVE CO., HAMILTON, OHIO

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*Pacific Coast Office, Furniture Exchange, San Francisco*

# HEATROLA

# *Trade in Your Old Cleaner for a New Apex!*

Right at the beginning of the cleaning season comes this special money-saving offer to housekeepers everywhere—an opportunity you cannot afford to miss. Why continue to be annoyed and handicapped with a worn-out cleaner or one that never has given satisfaction?

No matter what the name or make of your old electric cleaner, no matter how long you have had it or what condition it is in, you can use it the same as cash in part payment for a new high-grade APEX, the cleaner with the patented inclined and divided nozzle.

The picture shows how easily the APEX can be pushed right along the wall, getting all the dust and dirt close up to baseboards through either extreme end of the famous divided nozzle which spreads its suction uniformly across the entire 13-inch slot or mouth. You will look in vain for this feature in any other cleaner

Sold everywhere on monthly payments. East of Denver, $47.50; Denver and west, $50.00. Complete set of cleaning attachments, $10.00. Remember, your old cleaner will be accepted in part payment.

Write for a copy of "From A to Z in Home Cleaning, 100 New Ways to Save Hours, Work and Money."

THE APEX ELECTRICAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 1079 East 152nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

*Factories at Cleveland, Ohio, and Toronto, Ont.*

**RŌTAREX** ELECTRIC CLOTHES **WASHER**

**RŌTAREX** HOME DOUBLE ROLL **IRONER**

**RŌTAREX** ELECTRIC **KOOK-RITE**

(Continued from Page 134)

The bank notes, carelessly thrust into his pocket, burned like live coals. He drew them forth and stared at them stupidly and an idea developed. Then a voice broke the stillness. It was Averil Chester who spoke.

"May I speak to you?"

He pulled himself together with a jerk. "What? No. I thought everyone had gone. No, not now. Have you that list of addresses?"

She picked it up from where it lay on the writing table.

"It's here."

He took it from her mechanically. "I want nine envelopes," said he "stamped envelopes."

"I'd fetch them."

"Yes, do."

At the door she asked, "May I speak to you afterwards?"

"Yes, if you wish," he replied.

She went out.

He stood for a moment biting a finger nail, then crossed quickly to his dispatch case, took from it a small automatic and jerked a cartridge into the breach. At the sound of returning footsteps he put the pistol on the writing table and covered it with a handkerchief. Then he sat down and dipped a pen.

Averil came in and gave him the envelopes. Without a word, he began to address them from the list she had made. The pile of bank notes was heaped on the table beside him. Averil watched him as he wrote. From the expression on her face there seemed to be a struggle taking place within her. Presently she spoke in a hard clear voice.

"Mr. Winslowe—or should I call you lieutenant commander?"

"I'm busy," he said.

"Will you please indorse these details? Joined navy 1906. Served during the war in submarines. Decorations, D. S. O., D. S. C. and bar. Inherited seventy-five thousand pounds at the death of Hunter Winslowe." She read the questions from a notebook.

Vernon turned in his chair.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm a reporter on the Courier."

He did not reply for a moment; then, "I see. Well, you've collected a story tonight."

She nodded.

"This cap-and-apron business was bluff."

Again she nodded.

Vernon looked at her in silence. That was easy, for hers was a face that was pleasing to look at.

"I thought I couldn't have been mistaken," he said. "Yet at first you took me in." Then he added bitterly, "A great many people have taken me in. It was that common accent you put on. That pleases you, eh?" For she had smiled.

"It's nice to bring things off," said she.

"Not always," he replied. "But you are the girl, aren't you?"

"The girl?"

"Who hunted with the Quorn a matter of three years ago?"

Again she nodded.

"Wait a bit and I'll tell you your name Averil Chester." He hesitated. "You were engaged to someone."

"How did you know that?"

"I asked. I wanted an introduction to you. Then when I heard—I—I dropped the notion. A man called Sullivan."

"You know him?"

She had flushed a deep crimson. He marked the flush with a kind of satisfaction.

"Yes, I know him."

And under her breath Averil said, "The least!"

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

"You were engaged to each other?"

"We were."

"And now?"

"My father lost all his money, you see."

"Oh," said Vernon Winslowe, "like that, was it? He's gone abroad, they tell me."

"Yes—to the South Sea."

"South Sea?" he repeated quickly.

"So I heard."

"When was your engagement bro——"

"It wasn't, properly speaking, broken off," she replied. "Technically, I suppose it still exists."

"Technically?" he repeated, and turned to address another envelope.

Did she know, he wondered, about the other woman. Sullivan had gone south and he had not gone alone. A yearning to meet Sullivan again swept over Vernon Winslowe like a sudden storm. Had he known it, a similar yearning shook Averil. All paths led south that night. Then came the thought that he was wasting precious moments talking to this girl; moments equally precious because they were spent that way.

"It's getting late," he said. "If you've to get your story in for tomorrow morning's issue——"

"Suppose," she answered quickly, "I was willing to exchange my story for an adventure?"

"What?"

"Mr. Winslowe, I've made up my mind to go."

"Then good night," said he.

"To go on this cruise."

He laughed at that—a queer laugh with something of a sob in it.

"I wouldn't bother," said he. "Really, I wouldn't."

"I'm sincere"—she replied -"dead sincere."

"Run away home," he said. "Would you burn your fingers too?"

She was quiet for a moment; then, "Either you consent to my coming, or I shall write my story in such a way that tonight's doings will look like a fraud."

He answered wearily, "You'd be a genius if you made them look like anything else."

"I mean it. It's in my power to wreck the whole business."

He turned and looked at her severely, but the severity melted into a smile.

"What are you thinking?"

"Only how very happy such a cruise might be if ——" He left the sentence unfinished.

"I want my answer, please. If you consent to my coming, I shall write nothing. I give you five minutes to make up your mind."

"But why should you want to come?"

"Perhaps because I'm angry," she said. "Perhaps because I feel I must—must——"

"Being angry isn't any good—it's a boomerang," said he.

"Let me come," she pleaded, all suddenly a woman. "Do let me!"

He thought for a moment—and queerly enough his thoughts were remote from what they spoke about. He thought how different life might have been if they had met a little sooner. There had been no woman in his life to guide and be guided by, and now his life was over and the page was to end in a blot instead of a full stop He would have to say something if only to secure solitude for making the finish.

"Then if you insist," said he, "you shall have a place in the same boat——"

"You mean that?"

"I mean it. But don't be in a hurry to throw up your job in Fleet Street. It takes time, you know, to launch a vessel for the Islands of the Blest."

"I'll leave my deposit at your rooms in the morning," said she.

He pondered for a moment, biting the end of his pen.

"No, bring it round here. There may be a newspaper story waiting for you."

"What kind of story?"

"Quite short. Good night."

"Good night," said she. "I trust you."

He nodded gloomily.

"I seem to inspire trust, do I not?"

"I shan't come too early. You look as if you want a good rest."

"Yes," he replied, "I shall have that."

She had reached the door when he rose and came toward her.

"I say, shake hands, will you?"

"Of course; but why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just felt I—I'd like someone to—to see me off——"

"See you off?" she repeated.

"Did I say that? What a fool I am! Good night."

He held her hand a moment longer than is usual. After she had gone he felt that the room had become suddenly cold. He shivered as he folded the notes and began putting them in the envelopes—shivered and looked round for his coat. It lay across a chair back and he walked towards it, only to stop halfway with the reflection of how useless it would be to put it on. Very soon it would take more than an overcoat to keep him warm. The notion struck him how absurd it was to provide breakfasts for condemned men on the morning of execution. He was standing irresolute, a note and an envelope in his hand, when the door opened and Mr. Isinglass came into the room.

### XIII

MR. ISINGLASS was wearing a gorgeous silk dressing gown and he carried a japanned-tin deed box. The smile still played over his wrinkled features. His quick, restless eyes took a rapid inventory of Vernon's face and of the writing table beyond.

"I hope you are not getting tired of me," he said disarmingly; "but I could not rest without expressing my admiration for you."

Vernon moved his head from side to side.

"May we take all that as said?" he implored.

"No," said the old man; "for at present it has not been said. You, Winslowe, by accident or design, have brought a little gossamer into a world of hobnailed boots. It was as though you had opened the doors of the true romance to a few eager, trusting people. That big young man with the inky fingers, looking—it seemed to me I saw his hand resting on the tiller of an argosy. The same with the others—everywhere a limitless horizon. That's no small achievement for a youngster like yourself. You have launched a ship of dreams and it is my mission to keep its sails filled with wind."

"Your mission?"

"Yes, I regard it almost as a call."

"I don't follow you."

"Then let me make my meaning clear. Winslowe, I am an old man, and for nearly fifty years I have laid on my back like a log, unable to move either hand or foot. As a boy of fourteen I fell from a ladder in an orchard and injured my spine. It starts like an advertisement for a patent medicine, does it not? Do you see my hands? They are like a child's, unscarred by the labor of this world. Only my brain has been free of the highroads and, from where I lay, has excursioned into odd corners of life and of other men's minds. A man must have occupation or he is better dead, and I chose for occupation a form of philosophy that had as its object an effort to acquire toleration and understanding of human frailties. For what small success I may have achieved I do not thank myself, but the Almighty for the help and companionship He has given me.

"You are surprised at that, Winslowe; it strikes you as an awkward remark to have made, for in this modern world of ours the name of the Almighty is rarely used in other than a frivolous or violent relation. You are too young to use it simply and sincerely as you would speak of the name of a friend. I on the other hand have come to look on the Almighty as the one true friend whose doors are open day and night and at whose table there is a place laid against the arrival of the tardy visitor. You must remember I was a log for fifty years—an immovable mass—and it was not to be expected that from the ranks of living men and women I should find one idle enough, patient and generous enough, or with time enough to spare, to offer fifty years of companionship to a useless log. Had such a thing been possible, I would not have accepted the sacrifice.

"It is from the greatest Host of all we cannot outstay our welcome. So upon the mercy of the greatest Host I threw myself. It happens, therefore, through that companionship that I can see sometimes with clearer vision than is common to all, and understand a fathom or two deeper than the angry surface of a man's mind. But understanding is of no great value without the power to use it for a wider benefit than mere accumulation of knowledge.

"There came to me, therefore, a great longing to rise up and move about among my fellow men and women, being of what service I might in their needs and distresses. This longing I expressed in the form of a prayer very earnestly repeated to my Maker. In all reverence I made with Him a compact that should my strength return I would devote what years of life still remained to me to the service of happiness. It must have been thought that the prayer was worthy of answer, for one morning—— Ah, Winslowe, you will laugh at this; you will say that to the surgeon who operated upon me is the credit due. I would not blame you, though for my part I remember very vividly, under the whirling daze of the anaesthetic, a figure that laid healing hands upon me and said in a voice that might not be disobeyed, 'Arise and walk.'"

While he spoke he had taken a piece of bread from the supper table and was rolling pellet after pellet between his forefinger and thumb.

"Choose what reason you will for my recovery, I am now beyond question an extremely sprightly old man, who has spent the last few years hopping about

(Continued on Page 141)


# Want $50.00 Extra This Month?

AMONG the things which Miss Ruth W. Taylor of West Virginia wants from day to day are more money and the little luxuries it will buy. Being self-reliant, she long ago discovered that she could easily earn it for herself. In a single month we have paid her more than $75.00 just for sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

## In Your Spare Time

WE want more workers to represent our publications, locally, just as Miss Taylor is doing. The work is easy, pleasant and dignified. You do not need previous experience to succeed, and your time is your own. We will pay you liberally for results whether you have one or ten hours to spare—but if you want $50.00 by this time next month do not delay.

## *Mail This Coupon*

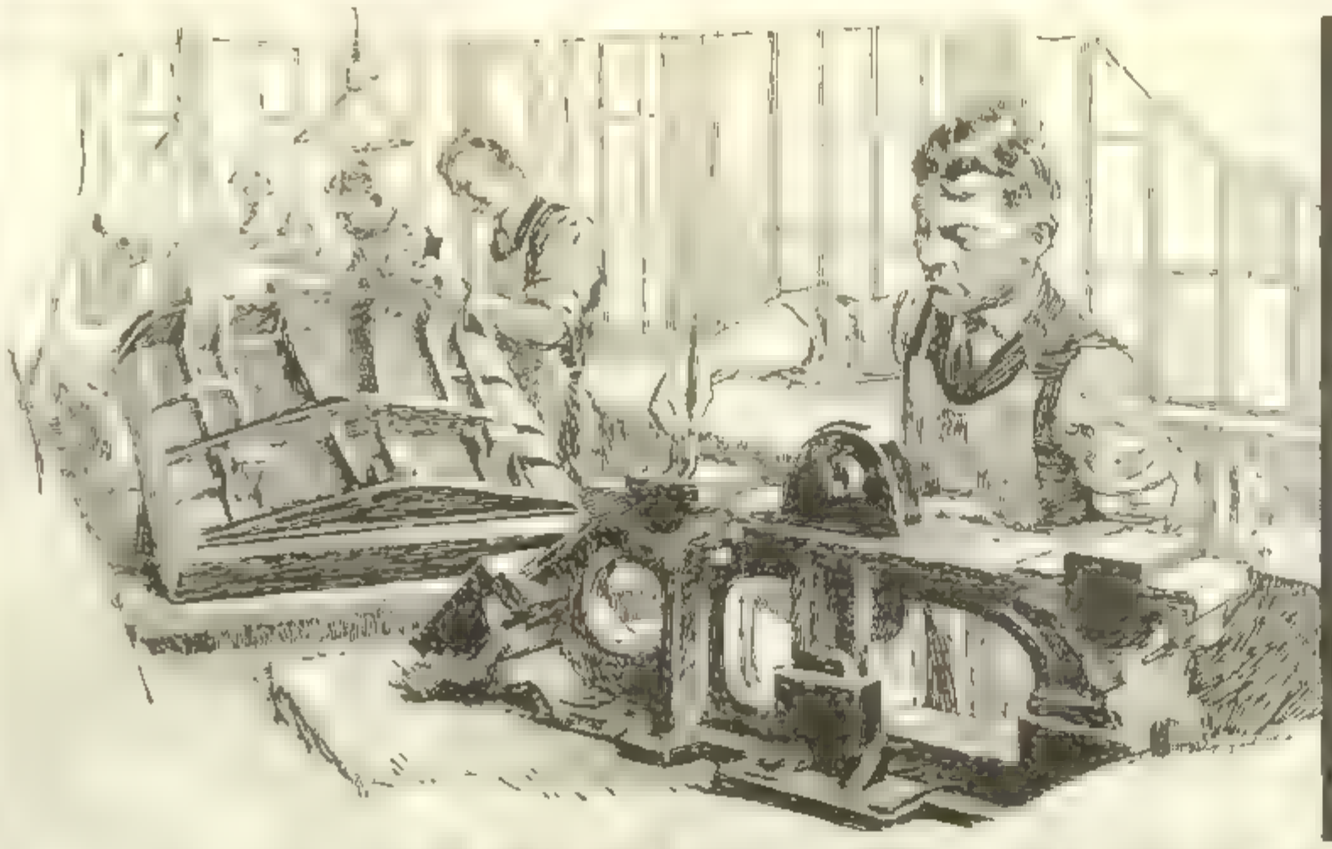
**THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY**
**764 Independence Square,**
**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

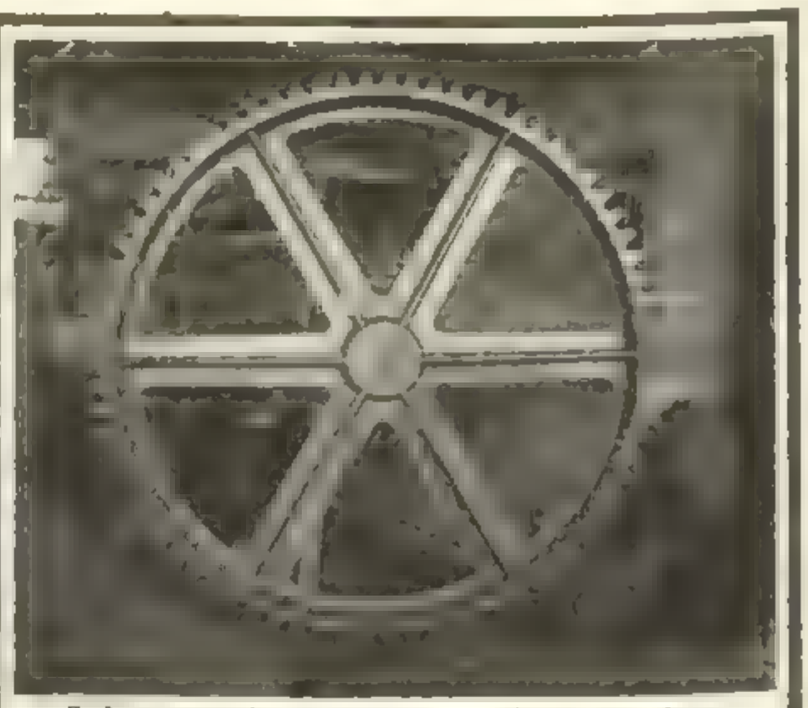
Gentlemen: Please tell me, but without obligation, how I may earn $50.00 in one month.

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____





*So long as wood patterns are in use American industry will never lose its romance. Think of the fine precision and sure human skill it took to make the pattern gears above. The wood used was Genuine White Pine.*

# ANNOUNCING
## The *New* Weyerhaeuser Service for Pattern Makers and Pattern Making

THE Weyerhaeuser organization now takes another step forward. To contribute one more good help to American industry. To make lumber service a *specialist* service. To give pattern makers true, guaranteed White Pine.

* * *

The panel opposite shows in successive steps just how the Weyerhaeuser Service Man brings to you the definite Weyerhaeuser program of co-operation.

This human contact is typically Weyerhaeuser—and essential.

But one thing more is of equal importance.

*An ample supply of genuine, old-fashioned White Pine.*

Much other lumber is being sold *as* White Pine.

For pattern making these pseudo-white pines haven't the working quality of the genuine—the soft, even texture.

So Weyerhaeuser is now branding its White Pine with the Weyerhaeuser trade mark and putting the White Pine *species-mark* on it as well.

When you see these two marks you have the guarantee of the *genuine* White Pine.

* * *

Weyerhaeuser is the largest producer of genuine White Pine in America.

Out of this resource comes the *sureness of uniformity*—and the *assurance of an adequate supply year after year.*

It is Weyerhaeuser taking *more and more responsibility* for the benefit of its industrial clients.

Weyerhaeuser Service Men are now planning their engagements for 1924. We should appreciate early correspondence from manufacturers who wish to have this Weyerhaeuser personal attention.

### *What the Weyerhaeuser Service Man Does for the Pattern Maker*

1. He is a specialist in woods.
2. He has a sympathetic understanding of the pattern maker's problems.
3. He will help you to get the particular grades of genuine White Pine best suited to the work in hand—both in the light of adaptability and economy.
4. When the requirements are decided he will arrange for your specifications to be supplied with Weyerhaeuser Species-Marked White Pine through a convenient local dealer. Or he will facilitate carload mill shipments in such cases as may be preferred and are advantageous.
5. At the finish of this initial service he then becomes available at all times in the future for further consultation on current problems.

The Weyerhaeuser Pattern Lumber Service is *personal* all the way through.

## WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
### SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

*Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.*

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., St. Paul, and with representatives throughout the country.

(Continued from Page 139)

from place to place in search of the adventure of happiness. Will you deny it was the hand of fate that led me to the Times advertising office on the day you visited it? It was neither accident nor design brought me there, Winslowe; it was compulsion, a certain sense that I should find there what I sought—a way to happiness through the columns of agony."

He broke off abruptly and looked at Vernon with twinkling eyes.

"Dear me, I have been talking a disgraceful amount and I am sure you want to be rid of me. Let us conclude our business and get to bed."

"Mr. Isinglass," said Vernon with an effort, "I may as well say straight out there is no possible business that you and I could have in common." And then he added brokenly, "I wish to God there were!"

"Then if you wish that," said the old man, "there is." He moved across to the writing table and picked up one of the addressed envelopes. "There is a line of Shakspere I would remind you of:

*"What to ourselves in passion we propose,*
*The passion ending, doth the purpose lose."*

Vernon nodded.

"That's true enough."

"Possibly, but here is a purpose that is much too good to lose, as you yourself will be first to admit. Ah, these envelopes! I see you are already sending out the call for our next meeting."

"As a matter of fact, I ——"

"But isn't it a mistake to leave money lying about?" He picked up the notes and squared them into a packet. "Will you allow me to be your banker? I have brought with me a little cash box. Youth is notoriously careless."

"Those notes ——" Vernon began.

"Will be much safer under lock and key." So saying, Mr. Isinglass dropped them in the box and fastened down the lid. "These envelopes won't be wanted until we have something definite to communicate." He tore them across and dropped the pieces into the fire.

"But don't you understand?" cried Vernon desperately.

"I understand it is very risky for a young man on the verge of bankruptcy to handle public funds."

"How did you know that?"

"I have had two days to find things out."

His wandering finger plucked at the handkerchief and revealed Vernon's automatic pistol lying beneath. He picked it up gingerly.

"Yours?" he asked.

"Mine."

"Ha!"

There was a silence while the two men looked at each other. It was broken by Mr. Isinglass.

"As you have so good-naturedly intrusted the notes to my care, you will be good enough to lend me this to protect them with."

He did not wait for consent, but dropped the pistol in the pocket of his dressing gown.

"Excellent! I think there is nothing more to be done at present, so I will bid you good night. We meet tomorrow for our trip to the Solent. Do not forget the train goes at 10:45 and I shall be waiting at the barrier."

He had reached the door when Vernon's voice recalled him.

"I want my pistol," he said. "Will you please return it to me?"

But Mr. Isinglass shook his head.

"You are all wrong about that," he said. "You don't want it a bit. It's the greatest mistake in the world to believe in moments of emergency firearms are a protection."

"Have it your own way," said Vernon, and his eyes traveled to the window, through which could be seen the lights of warehouses reflected in the sluggish water of the Thames.

The old man followed the direction of his gaze and of his thoughts. Then he spoke crisply, incisively.

"There is one important point, Winslowe."

"Well?"

"We are going on this treasure hunt, you know. We are going—we are! Good night."

He disappeared. For a long while Vernon stood staring at the open doorway. Presently the maître d'hôtel made a ceremonious entrance.

"Look here," said Vernon, "I don't know how much this supper cost, but ——"

Monsieur Bendigo made a gesture of surprise.

"The bill is already paid, monsieur."

"Paid?"

"By Monsieur Isinglass."

"Oh," said Vernon dully. "Oh, is it?"

"*Mais oui!* Monsieur's bedroom is ready if he wishes to retire."

"My bedroom? Who said I wanted a room?"

"Monsieur Isinglass. As monsieur has no luggage, Monsieur Isinglass has arranged for a pair of his own pajamas ——"

A desire to laugh suddenly shook Vernon by the throat.

"Seems I've ceased to be a free agent," he exploded. "Has Mr. Isinglass arranged anything else for my comfort?"

"He instructed me to ask if monsieur desired to see the captain."

"What captain?"

"Of monsieur's yacht, the Mascot."

"My yacht!"

The utter impossibility of escape from the consequences of his act amote Vernon blindingly. He had set into motion forces he was powerless to resist; he was caught in the cogs of his own machinery. The wheels had begun to turn and he must turn with them. The last thread of resistance broke with a snap.

"Here," he said tamely, "lead the way to that bedroom. I'll follow you."

As he passed down the corridor Mr. Isinglass popped out a head to wish him good night. He stopped with a gesture almost childish in its impotence.

"What must I do?"

And the old man replied, "You surely don't imagine a lovely idea like yours was sent for nothing. Don't worry. You'll see. Pleasant dreams."

*XIV*

GIVE a man a job of work—the command of a situation—place him in the position of leader and accept his advice and ruling, withal acclaim him as a good fellow, and assuredly he shall become one. This, in all its effects, was what happened to Vernon Winslowe.

On the following morning he went to the private sitting room of Mr. Isinglass with the intention to make a clean breast of everything, and the peculiar old man resolutely declined to hear a word of any kind. Indeed, he did all the talking himself, while he dressed, declaring that time was short and there was much too much to do to waste it in speech.

"I shall want your help in everything, Winslowe," he said; "for to speak the truth, I'm not a practical man at all. I imagine you came here to say that the whole business is built on rather a shaky foundation and as such it might be as well to drop it."

"I did."

"Well, we are not going to drop it. All treasure hunts are equally unsound in their origin, so we are no worse off than any of our predecessors. I don't suppose a single one of us really expects to find what we are seeking, wherefore we shall have no reason for disappointment if we return empty-handed. My collar stud is somewhere under the bed and bending is an accomplishment I do not possess. Thank you very much. There's some fluff on your elbows and knees. If you wet that clothes brush it will take it off. I said clothes brush, not hairbrush. That's the one! And now I've broken my braces and they're the only pair I've got."

Vernon repaired them with a piece of string.

"Capital! What a clever knot! You ought to be a sailor."

"I was."

"Of course you were. I remember. What a lucky thing you'll be able to put old Masterman through his paces!"

"Masterman?"

"Captain of my yacht. He was here at six this morning, and in a very nasty temper too. I told him to come back at eight."

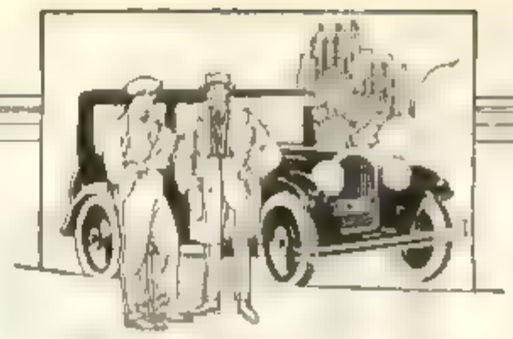
"It's that now."

Mr. Isinglass held a repeater to his ear and it chimed the hour.

"So it is." He remained silent for half a minute, then frowned deeply. "Masterman is late," said he. "I've a good mind to give him the sack. To tell the truth, Winslowe, I've an idea Masterman is scared of this cruise. He's a Mediterranean skipper—Cannes, Nice and Naples—and hasn't been through the canal for years. D'you know anything about the Indian Ocean yerself?"

"I think I know every drop of it."

"Then put old Masterman through his paces and don't mind what you say to him. Shake him up!"

# A dollar a word

The message contained in this advertisement can easily be worth a dollar a word to many an automobile owner—or to other consistent users of lubricating oils.

*Millions of motorists have failed to take repair bills and deterioration into account in computing their lubrication costs. Ordering "a quart of oil" is the most extravagant habit of the motoring public.*

# The lubricating value of oil
## depends directly on the crude from which it is refined

LUBRICATING oils come from crude oil. They are not *made*. They are *refined*. Refining simply takes out impurities. *It does not put anything into oil.*

The quality which lubricates must be in the original crude oil as it comes from the ground. Expert judgment fixes the prices paid for various types, or *grades*, of crude oil at the wells. Oil experts do not buy on sentiment or say-so.

Consistently, for years, Pennsylvania crude oil has commanded a price averaging twice as much as that paid for any other crude. One of the reasons for this higher price is the outstanding merit of lubricants refined from Pennsylvania crude oil.

Expert judgment of lubricating oil *value* holds a powerful lesson for the motoring public, which has fallen into the extravagant habit of asking for "a quart of oil." The difference in price between straight Pennsylvania lubricants and just "oil" is hardly worth mentioning. The difference in cost—in repair bills and deterioration—may amount to thousands of dollars during the average man's motoring life. And the difference in satisfaction is worth still more.

Pennsylvania is not the name of a brand, but of a superior *grade* of oil found only in Western Pennsylvania and New York, West Virginia, and Southeastern Ohio. There is not enough to lubricate all the motors in America, or all of the industrial machinery, but there is enough to supply those users of oil who value their machines, and appreciate what *lubrication* means.

Producers, refiners, and marketers of straight Pennsylvania grade oil are proud of its quality leadership, and have created the emblem shown below to guard its reputation. This emblem is used only on oil refined from 100% Pennsylvania Crude, and protects you from misrepresentation. Look for it at filling stations and on all containers represented to hold straight Pennsylvania oil.

The Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Oil City, Pennsylvania, will send you, on request, an illuminating booklet on lubrication.

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

THE HIGHEST GRADE OIL IN THE WORLD

SHINOLA
SHOE POLISHES

Shine in a hurry—
Save leather and worry!
Black, Tan, White, Ox-blood and Brown

SHINOLA Home Set. Genuine bristle dauber cleans the shoes and applies the polish. The big lamb's wool polisher brings the shine with a few strokes

BIXBY'S
SHOE POLISHES

A Success of Years

Everybody is pleased with Bixby's JET-OIL Shoe Polishes. They clean, dye and shine.

Easiest to use. Good for shoes. For Black, Brown, White and Ox blood shoes.

2 in 1
SHOE POLISHES

Everybody knows the quality. Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox blood

2-in-1 Shining Kit

A big, fine quality brush, and dauber of South American horse hair, with polishing cloth complete—in durable box.

"look at your shoes!"

On your personal appearance you will be largely judged. What does your appearance inspire—respect and confidence—or the contrary?

"look at your shoes!"

Before you leave home in the morning. Don't step into your car with unshined shoes.

"look at your shoes!"

No factor in your personal appearance is more important.

"look at your shoes!"

Every time you wash your hands, brush your hair, or clean your teeth.

"look at your shoes!"

Before you enter your office or any other office, before every appointment, and always before appearing in public.

Shine your shoes at least *once* a day—a Shining Outfit makes it easy. Aside from the consideration of appearance, the welfare of your shoes demands it. To restore the natural oils that preserve them, always use one of the three polishes illustrated herewith.

*If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N.Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.*


Captain Masterman arrived at this moment, flying an ensign of disfavor. He was disagreeable to a point of rudeness. He offered no apology for being late and replied curtly to his owner's questions.

"Now you have a go at him, Winslowe," said Mr. Isinglass. "Masterman, this is Lieutenant Commander Winslowe, R. N., and I hope you'll show him more respect than you've shown to me."

But this devout wish was not realized. Captain Masterman's truculence increased and his replies to Vernon's catechism revealed an abysmal ignorance of the South Sea and all pertaining thereunto. In conclusion he offered a statement to the effect that if he was to sail the ship he would do so under no other guidance than his own.

"I tell you straight, sir," he blustered through his beard, "I won't stand for none of this senior-service fiddle-faddle."

"Masterman," said Mr. Isinglass, shaking a soapy shaving brush in his skipper's face, "I'm surprised at you. Go into the next room and wait."

This Masterson did, surlily enough, and when he had gone Mr. Isinglass turned to Vernon with a despairing gesture.

"Well?"

"The man is an incompetent humbug," said Vernon. "He's utterly unfit for his job."

"You really think so?"

"I'm certain of it."

Mr. Isinglass shaved for a moment in silence. Then he hurried across the room, opened the door, popped his head through and said, "Masterman, you're fired."

He slammed the door quickly to obliterate the counterblast, faint echoes of which went rumbling down the passage.

"And now, Winslowe," said Mr. Isinglass, "there's nothing for it but you'll have to sail the yacht yourself."

"What?" gasped Vernon.

"A hundred pounds a month and all found. Good! That's settled. Help me into my coat and we'll have some breakfast. If we swallow it down quickly there'll be time to step round to your chambers for a bag of kit, as of course you'll want to stay aboard the yacht. On our way to the station we'll drop in at my agent's and get you signed up. . . . There, if I haven't forgotten to brush my teeth! Slip down to the breakfast room and order a dish of kidneys and bacon for two. I'll be along in a jiffy."

Vernon carried out his instructions in a kind of daze. Things were moving too fast for him to interfere with them now. Something else was happening, too, within his mind—an utterly unreasonable schoolboy joy was taking possession and driving away the sinister thoughts which had filled it. So tremendous was this new feeling that he descended the stairs three at a time. The past was dead, the future must look out for itself; but the present—for some astonishing cause—was fragrant with the glorious possibilities. Where youth is, the distance between despair and elation is immeasurably small. The burden of responsibility seemed to have been shifted from his shoulders. He had got a job—a ship to sail—the seas awaited him—and ——

The first person he met in the hall was Averil—Averil, neatly dressed in a little dove-gray tailor-made suit and a gray hat with a scarlet wing.

"Hullo!" she said.

And, "Hullo, you," said he, and shook hands as though they had not met for years and years.

"You seem very blithe this morning."

"I feel it," he answered. "It's just occurred to me somewhere between the seventh and the eighth stair that we're off to the South Sea on a treasure hunt."

"I know. Isn't it marvelous?"

"Isn't it marvelous!" he repeated.

"I've brought my deposit," she said, holding out an envelope. "It was a silver candelabrum half an hour ago. I rang and rang at a pawnbroker's bell until he came down and answered it."

He became serious.

"You shouldn't have done that."

"Oh, nonsense! Glad to. Who wouldn't sacrifice things for experience? I worked out ways and means while you were talking last night. There are two Ming vases and a five-border ruby back plate that I can raise the five hundred on."

She spoke seriously; then added with a laugh, "I kept them out of the wreckage of the home to have a glorious bust with if the opportunity arose."

"But suppose," he said, "there is no treasure, after all."

"Well, I don't suppose for one moment there is," she replied. "Any more than I suppose I'm going to win when I buy a ticket for the Calcutta Sweep."

"If I told you it was the unlikeliest expedition a mortal ever started on?"

"You'd find me at the starting post just the same."

"You're a gambler."

"Yes, on the outside chance."

He found he had taken possession of her hand.

"Look here," he said, "bear me company in a sublime piece of folly."

"Well?"

"Let's believe an outsider may win. Let's admit he never ought to have entered; but having entered, let's try to believe there's a bare chance he may cover the course."

"You say queer things," said she.

"Let's believe," he pleaded. "Sometimes an inspiration comes to a crock and gives it wings."

"But I do believe," she answered, smiling at the tangle of race horses and angels in his effort to express himself.

"You're a trump," he said.

"And where's the inspiration to come from?" she asked.

"I think we shall take it with us," said he. "At least I think I shall."

"To the Islands of the Blest?"

He nodded.

"D'you know I'm to captain the vessel? The old man is signing me on this morning."

"Mr. Isinglass?"

"Yes. His own skipper was a washout and I found myself with the job before I could turn round."

"He's queer, that old man," said Averil; "very queer. I've a feeling that but for him all this would never have happened."

"I've heard of woman's instinct before," said Vernon. "This is the proof positive."

"He's like a force, you know. Queer he is, and rather lovely. When he talks, do you have a feeling that it is part of yourself that is talking—the better part?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"It seemed so to me; as though he was using the best of everyone for the best."

"I wonder." He hesitated. "I say, if you're right about him, it's an idea to cling to. I'd tremendously like to believe you are right."

"Then let's."

"Yes, let's." He pulled himself together with a start. "Heavens above, I've forgotten his kidneys!"

"Why," she exclaimed, "there's nothing wrong ——"

A burst of healing laughter swept over Vernon.

"For breakfast," he said. "See you at Waterloo at 10:45"

"I shall be there."

With a wave of the hand, he made a dash for the restaurant.

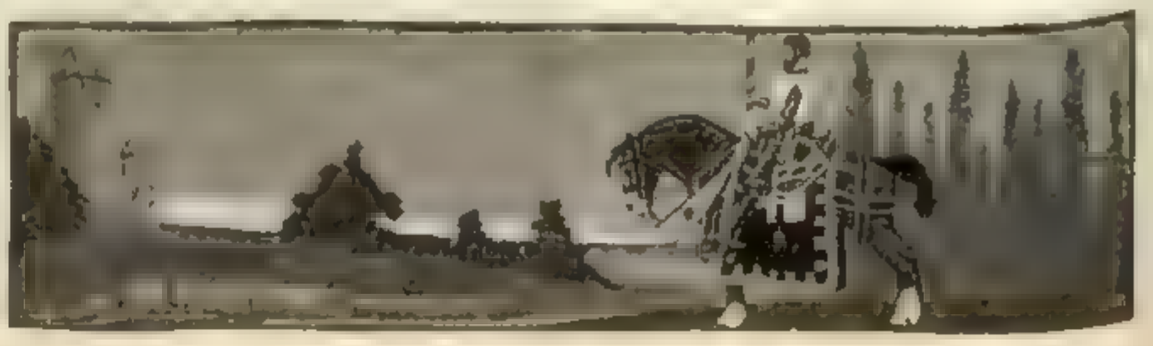
On his way downstairs Mr. Isinglass dropped into a private room to have a word with Captain Masterman. That truculent man smiled amiably at his employer over a dish of bacon and eggs.

"Bravo, Masterman!" said Mr. Isinglass. "I would not have believed you were so good an actor. Your combination of moroseness and stupidity was most convincing. I've no time to waste, so tell me in as few words as possible what you think of Winslowe. Would you trust him with a ship?"

The reply was brief and satisfactory.

"Round the Horn," said Captain Masterman.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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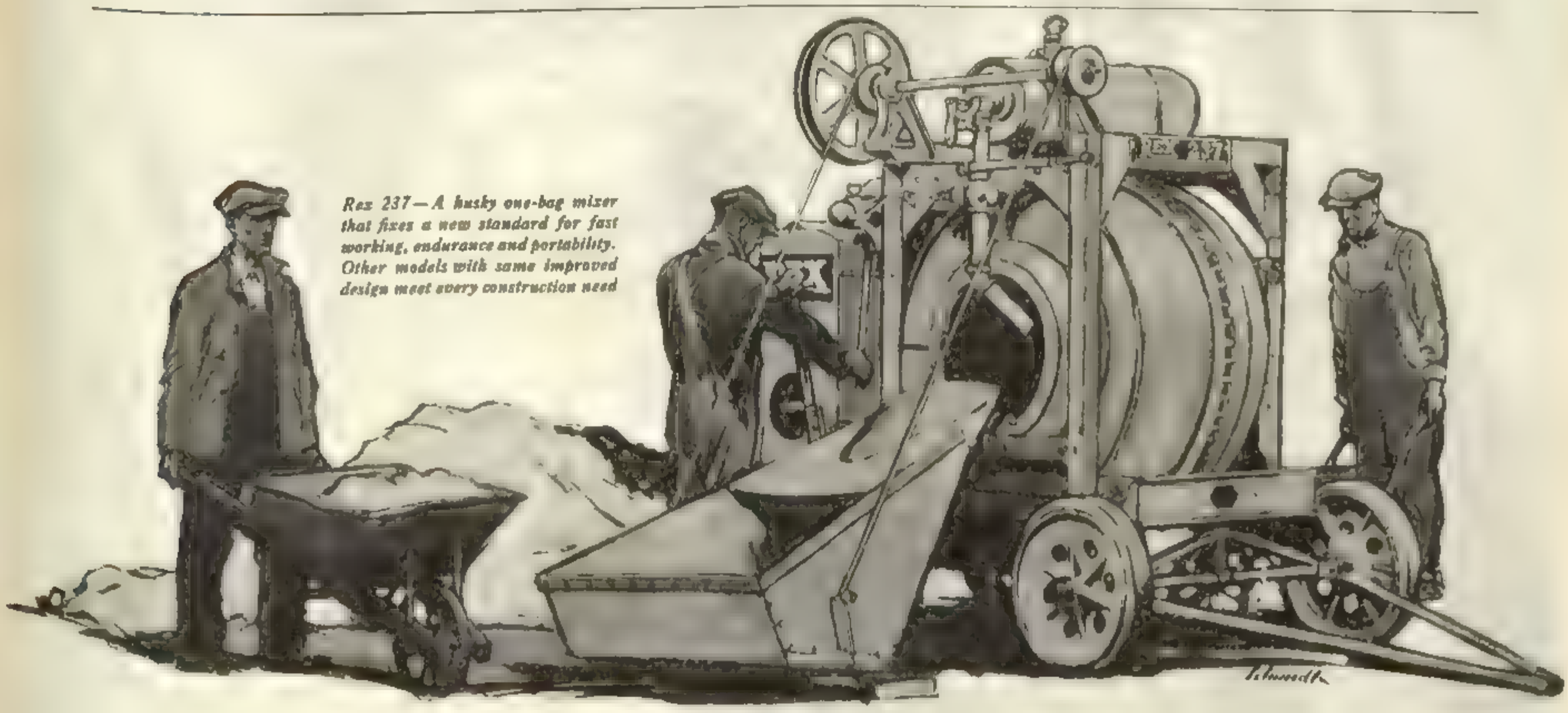

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# PARTRIDGE

(Continued from Page 25)

night. Each evening there came a moment when only the upper portion of the peak was thus illuminated; then the sharply defined line between sunlight and shadow blurred and became indistinguishable, and all the light slowly faded and was gone as the sun dropped behind some western hill. Betty watched day after day, hoping to see the sharp line between sun and shadow some day reach the peak; but always there came that moment when it ceased to climb, blurred, and was lost as the light withdrew.

The coming of October found Betty and Dan drawing more closely together at their every encounter. Still no word had passed between them, no other kiss had been exchanged. If Dan was impatient he controlled himself; and Betty was happy and content that things should go on as they were. Often they talked of what his life was to be. He had a mechanical turn of mind, had an understanding of the gasoline engine which seemed to her uncanny and almost miraculous; and he insisted that he meant, as soon as his hand could be spared, to go to Boston and begin the career he had laid out for himself. Betty fought this plan with more and more insistence as the unspoken communion between them seemed to her to give her more right to speak. She pointed out that land in Fraternity could be bought cheaply; that under proper cultivation it produced profusely; that a well-chosen site with a southern cant was in itself almost sufficient to insure the success of an orchard. And she said Fraternity folk ought to stay at home rather than run away from their responsibilities.

"My father went away," she reminded him, "but I think he was always sorry. It's a good thing for a man to stay on the ground where he was born. It gives him a courage and a bearing nothing else can give. This country needs more of it too."

"You can't get anywhere staying here," he protested.

"You can take care of the land and make it bear. You can make money. You can raise a family. You can be a good man."

"It's a hard place for women to live," he suggested, watching her.

"It needn't be," she countered.

They went over this ground again and again. That Dan should stay in Fraternity, that this was where he belonged, came to be something like an obsession with Betty. Into this background he fitted; he was a part of it, a figure native to the soil. Elsewhere, she saw so clearly, he would always be an alien, a stranger in a strange land. She had known so many people like that, who lived in one house this year and another next. People who drifted to and fro, irresponsible, light-hearted, conscious of no duty save to themselves. The ancient obligations to one's family, to one's home, to one's land, to one's town—these were forgotten now. She did not wish Dan to forget them; and sometimes she saw so clearly where his duty lay that she became indignant with him because he would not see.

The fact that Dan had held his tongue lulled her into forgetting that he might some day ask her to stay here with him. She avoided this issue, even in her thoughts; had not dared ask herself whether she could bear to stay. She had been happy here for three months; happier than in her life heretofore. Strength had returned to her, she was gaining in weight and vigor. But she had her homesick hours, and they were lonely ones. Once or twice already her heart had quaked at thought of the winter, when she would be alone and imprisoned by the great snows, with none nearer than Mrs. McAusland and Chet, a quarter mile away. She had not yet decided whether she would go or stay; meanwhile she stayed.

October opened the gunning season. The first day was fair and warm and the air was still. Several times during the morning she heard distant guns, and again in the afternoon. Toward dusk Dan, on foot, came up the hill from the direction of the river with a partridge for her. He laid it in her hands and she thanked him. The dead bird in its garments so like the dead brown leaves was, she thought, the embodied spirit of the woods.

"I've never seen one so close before," she said slowly.

"Their colors fade after they're dead," he explained. "That's an old cock. Somebody hunting down below me put him up and he came right at me. I tell you, that's a sight; see an old cock with his crest up and his wings set, sailing right at your head."

"I've seen them alive, but not near by; and they move so quickly," she remarked. She was thinking it had been a pity to shoot this splendid creature; reduce the glorious living thing Dan had described to this limp rag of feathers. Yet she could not blame Dan. Most men loved killing things, she knew.

"They'll be feeding on apples now," he said. "I can show you some, one of these days."

"How?" she asked.

"Why, I'll find a tree they're using, and we'll sit down and wait for them to come in."

She was eager for the experience, and he promised to arrange it. After he had gone she studied the dead bird for a while. He would expect her to eat it, she knew; and at first the thought was repugnant to her. He had told her to hang it up for three or four days; her instinct was to find some quiet spot and bury it. But in the end she conquered this impulse, and did as he had suggested, hanging it in the cellarway.

Eventually she asked Chet McAusland to prepare the bird for cooking, and he did so without making sport of her qualms. Chet had always understanding.

When she ate the partridge she thought it delicious.

*VIII*

DAN said to her one afternoon, "I found that apple tree last night."

She remembered. "Where the partridges are feeding?"

He nodded. "Of course there's apt to be a bird under any apple tree; but I put out five or six from this one, and I fixed up a place to hide. We can go down there tomorrow afternoon, if you want."

So they arranged it. He was to come for her a little after two o'clock. Some task at the store delayed him, so that it was almost three before he arrived. He had his gun, and she wondered what he meant to do with it, but stifled her comment. She was ready; and he said they had better go quickly.

"It's about this time they start to come in," he explained.

The way he took her ran diagonally down the hill across her land, then along the margin of the wood for half a mile. There were apple trees along the old wall here, and twice birds roared out from beneath them. Each time Dan shot, but his shots were unsuccessful.

The birds disappeared so quickly she scarcely saw them; she could not understand how he could shoot at all.

"I just heard a buzz, and then they were gone," she told him.

"It's snap shooting," he agreed. "They were out of sight, both times, before I fired."

"Perhaps you hit them," she suggested; but he shook his head.

"Shot behind them both," he confessed. "I was too slow."

He had said he had been slow, yet she had thought his shots miraculously swift; and she had a reluctant admiration for this swiftness. Then they crossed the wall and turned into the wood and came to a little opening, overgrown with briers. He pointed out an apple tree, well loaded with fruit, in the farther end of this opening; and they worked circuitously toward it. A bird rose somewhere in the thick growth beside them; but there were none under the tree, and Dan was relieved at this.

"They'll come in later," he explained.

He had cut away some of the inner branches of a thick cedar so low it seemed to rest upon the ground, and in the bower thus prepared had laid boughs upon which she could sit. Himself took place beside and a little behind her. With his knife he pared away a few small twigs so that she found she could see the ground under the apple tree. It was free of undergrowth; beyond it the low aisles of the forest led away under the thick evergreens.

"Now," he said, "it's just a question of sitting still. Don't move unless you have to; and don't speak above a whisper. Your voice scares them quick."

So for a long time they sat very still. He was so near her that though he did not touch her she could feel the faint warmth of his body; and she remembered how they had waited in just this fashion beside the trout pool on the day he had kissed her. It would be dusk when they went home tonight; she wondered whether he would kiss her again. Felt vaguely that it would be sweet if he did, and nursed the thought, quite unashamed. As silence still held them she forgot to listen for sounds in the wood and became absorbed in her thoughts of him; she tried to estimate her feelings and was honestly surprised to discover how deeply he had entered into all her life.

Something stirred behind them, and a striped cat with enormous yellow eyes moved out past their shelter. Dan hissed, and the cat looked toward them with the fierce and cruel stare of its kind; Dan hissed again, and the creature stole away, pausing now and then to look back.

"I ought to have shot him," Dan whispered in her ear. "He's hunting birds."

She nodded. She did not question the ethics of hunter thus destroying hunter. The cat's bold and ruthless stare had disturbed and almost frightened her; he was the beast of prey; the carnivorous, whom all creatures built of flesh must instinctively fear.

A red squirrel came swaying through the bough of the evergreen into the branches of the apple tree, and found an apple and bore it away so that he might dig out the seeds which were the fruit of his desire. They sat so still he never knew their presence. Then silence again. Her position irked her, and she leaned back a little and crossed her legs the other way. One of her feet ached, and she told Dan so.

"Unlace your shoe and rub it," he bade; and she obeyed and had relief.

As the minutes dragged past she became more and more restless; the mere task of sitting still tormented her. A stub of a branch at her back gouged her shoulder, a twig overhead persisted in touching her soft hat, and her legs could not find comfort. The small of her back ached from the strain of sitting erect. She looked at her watch and found they had been here over an hour.

"I guess they aren't coming," she whispered.

"I think they will," he replied. "There's lots of time yet."

After a while she got, as it were, her second wind; found some ease in her cramped position, and relaxed. It was warm where they sat, deep in the thick growth and sheltered from any current of air. Far away on the road above them a car passed; and the racket of its decrepit engine accentuated the stillness when it was gone. Betty caught her eyes closing; she became conscious that she was very sleepy.

And then, long after she had inwardly decided that this was a hopeless vigil, Dan touched her elbow and brought her to attention. She stared straight ahead and could see nothing; at her ear his lips stirred.

"To the right of the trunk of the apple tree, way in the woods," he whispered.

As her eyes followed his direction she saw something move. It was as though a part of the wood moved; as though a fern swayed there. But the fern did not stay in one place. It advanced, weaving from side to side. It was, she saw, a partridge.

The bird came toward them at a swift, nervous walk; it leaned forward in its eagerness. It did not follow a straight path, but wound among the trees, now concealed, now revealed again. Betty's heart pounded louder and louder and more loud as she watched. She felt enormously large and awkward and conspicuous, and thought the partridge must see her and take fright and fly; and she tried to make herself very small without moving.

The partridge came directly toward the tree till he was within ten paces of it, then stopped; this cessation of motion was so abrupt that it was almost startling. Its effect was like that of drawing a curtain. The bird, which had been, once she discovered it, so conspicuous as long as it was in motion, had now disappeared. Where it had been there was a low hummock where needles had covered a stone; there was a stunted brier; there was the gray stub of an old root; there was a tuft of ferns. But there was no partridge. Even when her eyes painstakingly deciphered the bird's outline and she knew he stood there in full view she could not actually see him. She could see the silhouette of his head; but

(Continued on Page 148)

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*Builds Brain, Nerves and Body*


(Continued from Page 145)

when she fixed her eyes on this his body disappeared, and when she looked for his body his head was gone. The illusion was so complete that she smiled with delight.

Then the bird, apparently satisfied, came boldly forward into the open. With no further ado he selected an apple on the ground and began to feed. But he now seemed more uneasy; was forever raising his head to look or listen. At such moments he became as immovable as a stone: and when he did this, though he was scarcely ten yards from where they crouched, it was hard to focus the eye upon him. After a time he apparently decided that the ground was unsafe, and with a spring that was half flight he rose into one of the lower branches of the apple tree and walked along this branch and out to the end of a twig where two or three apples grew. They could no longer see the bird; the foliage intervened; but they could hear him feeding, and after a while one of the apples was broken from its spur by his attentions and fell to the ground. Dan and Betty were almost beneath him; they dared not move, dared not even whisper together. But she slowly turned her head till she could look into Dan's eyes, and her eyes thanked him.

Almost at once he touched her elbow in warning again; and when she could see nothing she looked around at him for direction. He pointed to the right, among the trees, and touched his ear in token that he had heard, not seen. They waited, and presently Betty also heard the low rustle of a leaf beneath the lightest of footfalls, and after a moment she heard the sound again. The suspense this time was infinitely more acute than before, because the bird was not in sight; Betty began to think the waiting was more than she could bear. Her nerves cried out, she wanted to lean forward, rise, seek a point from which she could see more clearly.

The partridge suddenly appeared from the right and within ten feet of where they sat. "A biddy," Dan breathed in her ear. The bird had scarcely showed itself when it froze; and at the same moment something crashed into the branches of the apple tree overhead. "Another just flew in," Dan whispered, and Betty's heart leaped and throbbed. The partridge on the ground, satisfied that all was well, stepped more confidently forward; and Betty, in her anxiety to see more clearly, parted the branches a little.

At this movement the bird half-crouched, head turned; Betty sought to withdraw her hand and the branches swayed. Instantly the partridge launched itself into the air, but the first thunder of its wings was cut short by the roar of Dan's gun; and Betty saw the flying bird collapse in a bundle of feathers and fall with a thump among the leaves and lie there, kicking the leaves away in the spasmodic struggle of its ebbing life. Her eyes were riveted upon this bird; she scarcely knew that with the shot Dan had leaped to his feet. The two partridges in the tree, startled by the shot, waited an instant in terror before flying, and Dan was able to cut down a second one with his left barrel. She heard him cry exultantly, "A double!" Heard him move away from her across the opening to pick up the second bird. While he was gone she sat quite still where she was. It was as though her world had tumbled around her ears; as though she had lost a friend.

Dan came back and passed her and picked up the first bird, quiescent now. He returned, the two dangling from his hand, smiling with satisfaction. He saw the unhappiness in her eyes as she came to her feet, but he misinterpreted it. "There wouldn't any more have come in," he explained. "They saw you. I wouldn't have shot if there had been a chance."

She felt suddenly sorry for him, could not bear to reproach him. He would never know what he had done, what he had lost this day.

"I'm right pleased with that shot," he said. "I never got a double on partridges before."

"You shot so quickly," she agreed. Her tone was steady. "It was very clever of you."

"It tickles a man," he assented, and drew aside a bough to make more easy her passage toward the wall. They went home by a different way, climbing the open hillside to the road and following that thoroughfare to the old Law house.

At her door he offered her the birds as a matter of course. She could not bear to touch them, her grief and sorrow for them were so great. Yet she was equally sorry for him and unwilling to hurt him by refusing them. After all, he was a gunner; she had thought him of somewhat finer clay than other men, but she accepted the fact that she was mistaken.

"Put them on the table," she said. When he had done so, and turned to the door, she added, "Thank you for taking me, Dan. They were beautiful, alive."

He seemed to feel the cut in this last word; and his eyes rested on her thoughtfully for a moment, but he made no comment; merely accepted her thanks and said good-by.

When he was gone and she was released from the spell of his presence, faint anger toward him awoke in her. Gunner though he was, by instinct and delight, he might have spared these two poor birds; these two which had given her such pleasure. The fact that they had given her pleasure should have saved them.

She told herself there was not so much to choose between Dan and Bert after all.

IX

BERT had been far from accepting his dismissal; he had written her half a dozen times, pleasant, friendly letters; and once he sent her candy, and again he sent books. She had answered his letters, in as friendly a spirit as that in which they had been written; she liked Bert as she had always liked him, though Dan had been near taking a more intimate place in her life.

But during the few days after their vigil under the apple tree had ended in the death of the two birds, her hurt resentment at what Dan had done increased. She thought upon the matter constantly; and though it was easy to find justification for him, nevertheless she felt more and more keenly that a finer instinct in him would have spared the partridges. Dan felt this change in her; he sought in small ways to make amends. But his attentions were so apt to be also reminders of his crime. He brought her half a dozen woodcock, and she instantly had a mental picture of the little brown birds fluffing and tumbling out of the air in a whisk of feathers. He brought her other partridges till she refused to accept them. "I can't eat them every meal, you know, Dan," she reminded him. "And I've more in the cellar now than I want."

In one of her letters to Bert she spoke of this matter, told him that her friends kept her supplied with game. "I remember you used to like to hunt," she wrote; and then added, obeying an impulse it was hard for her to define: "They tell me the birds are very plenty here this year."

Bert replied, and asked point-blank: "Did you mean that as an invitation, Betty? You know I'm just waiting for a word that you want to see me. But I'm not very subtle; you will have to speak more plainly."

This left her uncertain. There was in Betty a streak of forthright honesty: the more she thought upon her present situation the more it seemed to her that perhaps she had been unjust to Bert. She began to remember his better qualities rather than those she had found unattractive. She began to wish for an opportunity to compare these two men who engaged her thoughts; and in the end she wrote him to come.

"Ask Dick and Nellie to come with you," she suggested. "I've a bedroom furnished now; and you can sleep on the couch downstairs. I remember Dick likes gunning. I'll ask Dan Bissell to show you the best places."

The result of this letter was that on the twentieth of October, when the alder leaves had been stripped away by frost and the birch and poplar saplings on the knolls were stark, Bert and Dick Case and Nellie drove up from Portland. Dick's dog was in the rear seat with Bert; when the door was opened he bounded out, leaped up to greet Betty, and then began to course to and fro through the orchard on the hill below the house in an abandon of delight.

"He knows what he's here for, all right," Dick remarked as they all watched him.

Betty felt herself a little constrained in Bert's presence, until she had seen her guests settled and they all sat down to the supper she had prepared. Talk then turned on gunning; and she told them Dan Bissell had promised to spend the next day in the woods with them. As she spoke she felt that Nellie was watching her; and later on, when she and Nellie went upstairs to prepare for bed, leaving the two men

(Continued on Page 150)

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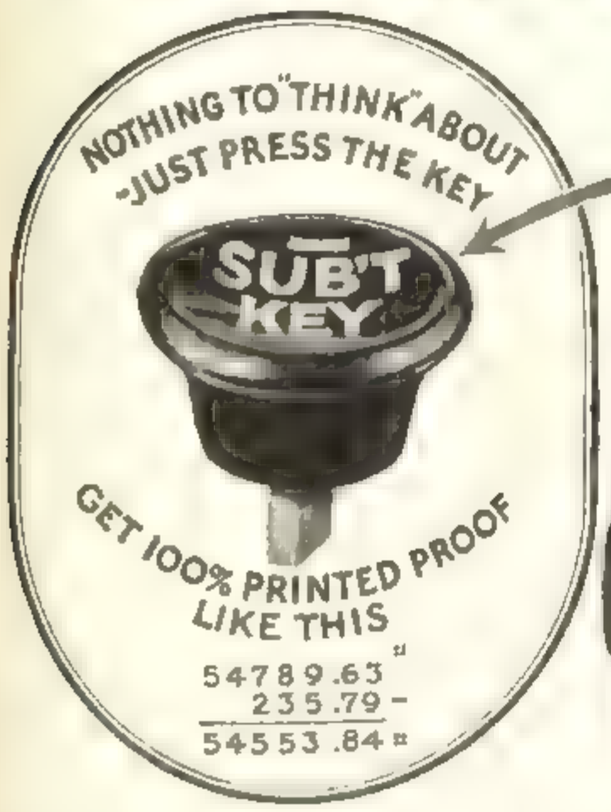

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THE JUSTWRIGHT SHOE


(Continued from Page 148)

below, Nellie began to ask a thousand questions which Betty found it hard to answer. These two were old friends. Nellie was one of those young women who are insatiably curious about whatever of romance enters into the lives of those about her. She had been known to ask a waiter in a hotel dining room whether a couple at an adjoining table were married, or merely engaged; she never encountered new acquaintances without delving into their lives, asking how husband and wife met, how they became acquainted, what happened then. Her friends perceived this trait and were amused by it; Betty herself had laughed at it more than once. She was forced to smile even now at Nellie's catechism, though it forced her to put into words matters which had as yet hardly shaped themselves in her mind as thoughts.

She admitted that she saw young Dan often, and liked him. But Nellie was far from being content with this much.

She had no reticences; and she asked point-blank, "Are you in love with him?"

Betty shook her head. "No."

"You are," Nellie retorted. "Maybe you don't know it yet, but you are. There's something in your eyes when you speak of him that was never there when you talked about Bert."

"I'm awfully fond of Bert," Betty insisted.

"So am I," Nellie agreed. "But you're no more likely to marry him than I am. Are you going to marry this young farmer?" Her tone was faintly scornful, and Betty colored.

"You know," she remarked, "I could never understand why people that live in cities like to poke fun at farmers."

"You know what I mean, Betty," her friend reminded her. "I believe you've been imagining things; but you just stop to think what it would mean to live up here right along. Oh, you've had a good time this summer, with a handsome boy to take you around and show you things; but he won't be a boy all his life, and you won't be a girl either. You'd be miserable here."

"I haven't any intention of marrying him," Betty said flatly.

"Has he asked you?" Nellie demanded. Betty shook her head; and her friend laughed triumphantly. "Then you don't know a thing about it," she replied. "You won't know till he does ask you. I can tell you that much."

They talked until Dick called from the rear bedroom, demanding that Nellie come to bed. He reminded them they must rise early, and Nellie said she would come in a minute.

"He's frightfully jealous when I don't come to bed quickly," she explained. "He's grouchy now, if you could see him." She hugged Betty hard, and kissed her. "You take my advice, Betty. Marry Bert. He's a good sort, and you'd get along."

Betty, long waiting for sleep, thought Nellie might be right. It was easy to imagine herself Bert's wife; the prospect had a serene and orderly calm about it that she found appealing. She tried to think what life would be if she and Dan were married; but she was unable to create any coherent picture, lost herself in a blur of details, and went to sleep.

In the morning Dan came over the hill in the light car he sometimes borrowed, and the three men departed together. Betty and Nellie were to meet them at a certain spot which Betty and Dan concerted, to bring lunch and to picnic with them. During the long morning Nellie persistently besieged Betty with questions and advice, so that Betty was glad when it was at last time to leave in the car, which Nellie drove. They met the others at a white schoolhouse on the slopes of Moody Mountain, and turned a little off the main road to where a brook of ice-cold water flowed beneath a bridge, to sit on rocks and banks well padded with dead leaves while they ate. Betty perceived at once that friction had developed between the three men. Dan was quiet and his voice was low; Bert, on the other hand, laughed too much and talked too loudly. After a while the antecedent circumstances came to light.

Bert said, with a gesture toward Dan, "You know, Betty, young Bissell here isn't used to a gun."

Betty perceived that a taunt underlay the words; she asked curiously, "Why?"

"He's more than half afraid of one," Bert explained. "He's been dodging like a rabbit half the morning for fear we would shoot him."

There was a distinctly awkward silence for a moment. Betty caught Dick's eye and he winked at her; she glanced toward Dan, and that young man was eating a sandwich with a placid air, and seemed not to have heard.

Betty said lightly, "That so, Dan?"

Dan's reply was mild enough; his tone was matter-of-fact. "I'm not afraid to be afraid of a gun," he explained. "Mr. Marlatt carries his in his hand, and about every time I look around it's pointed between my shoulder blades. I walked up a bird for him and he shot before the bird was six feet past me; cut off an alder as big as my wrist, so close it fell against me. A man in the brush ought to carry his gun on his shoulder, pointing up, trigger forward. Then he's ready to shoot; but he won't shoot the man in front of him. Mr. Case carries his that way."

Bert snorted contemptuously; and Betty saw that his anger was rising.

Then Dick laughed, and said, "They've been fighting over that all morning. Finally the youngster called Bert down cold. Threatened to leave us flat and go home if Bert didn't do as he was told. Bert did it too."

"I humored him," Bert retorted.

Betty said casually, "Well, I'm glad none of you got shot, anyway." She sought to ease the tension, spoke of other things, and led Bert into conversation till he forgot his wrongs.

Immediately below the bridge where they sat, alders fringed the brook and spread up the slopes on either hand.

When lunch was done Dan rose and said mildly, "Sometimes there's a bird below here, Mr. Case. You might put your dog in."

Dick nodded and clambered over the wall while Betty and Nellie were still busy putting away the traces of their picnic. Bert stayed to talk with Betty. Dan followed the dog. It was a scant minute before they heard Case calling, and Bert answered.

Dick said, "Got a bird right here. The dog's pointing him."

Bert caught up his gun and climbed the wall; then Betty caught the white of the dog's flank through the alders, and decided to follow. She came down the slope at Bert's heels, and saw that he did hold his gun pointed forward, toward where the others stood. She was on the point of speaking to him when he stopped, slowed his pace, and she came up beside him.

The dog, a black-and-white setter, was frozen on point, ten yards ahead of them. He had come close to the bird before catching the scent; his posture showed that he had been caught unawares. His legs were a little spread; his head swung to one side and pointed a little below the horizontal. Betty was so fascinated by the picture he made that she scarcely knew when Dan came to her side. Case was beyond the dog, Bert a little ahead of Betty.

Dan said softly, "You can see the bird on the ground."

Bert turned his head and asked harshly, "Where?"

"About four feet from the dog's nose," Dan replied.

He drew Betty aside so that she could see; and after a moment her eyes discovered the bird, its brown back merging so perfectly with the dead leaves that only its black eye and long bill were conspicuous.

Bert had not yet discovered it; he was asking excitedly, "Where is it? Where?"

Betty cried softly, "Isn't it lovely! But why doesn't it fly?"

"They'll lie close, sometimes," Dan explained.

As he spoke the bird moved, rose from its crouch, and slipped forward a foot or so at its characteristic awkward gait. The movement caught Bert's eye and his gun roared. Betty saw the bird, caught by the charge before the lead could spread, driven over and over along the ground; and its feathers littered the leaves.

She flung her hand across her eyes; heard Dan say in sharp contempt, "That's rotten, Mr. Marlatt!"

But Betty would not stay for more; she turned and fled back to the car where Nellie waited. Tears were streaming from her eyes.

"Go on, go on," she begged. "Drive away, quick."

Nellie, obeying, nevertheless asked, "Did they get the bird?"

"Yes, yes," Betty sobbed.

"What's the matter with you? Did anyone get hurt?"

(Continued on Page 153)

# PRIDE OF CLEANLINESS

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# Iron Clad Hosiery

(Continued from Page 150)

But Betty would tell her no more; they drove down the ridge road and swung to the right and crossed the river and so came up the hill and home. Betty had long since recovered her composure.

"It was just that I was sorry for the bird," she explained. "The little thing was so lovely; and Bert shot it."

Nellie said frankly, "You're a sentimentalist, Betty. Didn't we have partridges for supper last night?"

"I know," Betty confessed; "I know."

They were a little surprised when, scarce fifteen minutes behind them, the men drove up the hill. Bert and Dick got out with guns and game and the dog, and Dan drove swiftly away. Nellie went to the door to meet them. Betty had fled upstairs, but from her room she was able to hear their conversation.

She heard Nellie ask, "Why, Bert! What happened to you? Your face is all swollen."

Bert growled some reply; but Dick said hurriedly, "He and young Bissell had an argument."

Nellie laughed delightedly. "An argument! Well, I can see Bert didn't win it."

There was a moment's silence; Betty heard someone go toward the kitchen, heard Nellie ask in a lowered tone, "Did they fight?"

"Bert had it coming to him," Dick said, as softly. "He'd been grouching all day, but the youngster kept his temper till Bert's temper got away from him."

"What did he do then?"

"Why, he gave Bert a plain and fancy licking," Dick replied.

Betty, in her room, hugged herself with slow delight; for no particular reason she found herself happier than she had been for days. She was not greatly surprised, when she presently came downstairs, to find that Bert intended to leave at once for Portland. But Dick and Nellie refused to go with him; he was at length persuaded to take the early morning stage for Union and catch a train there. He avoided further word alone with Betty, slept that night in the studio, and was gone before they awoke in the morning.

x

WINTER came early that year to the hills above Fraternity—came before Betty had decided whether she would stay on at the old Law place or return to Portland. Dick and Nellie had urged her to go back with them; they told her she looked wonderfully well, that the cure had worked, that she could return to Fraternity in the spring.

"But you'll be miserable all winter," they argued. "Shut in here by the snow, no way to get around, no one to see."

"I've made some good friends here," she reminded them.

"You can see them next year."

But Betty could not make up her mind to go without seeing Dan again; and it seemed, during the next few days, as though he were anxious to avoid her. Andy Wattles delivered her groceries, or Will Bissell sent them up the hill by Chet McAusland. Dan did not come near her. Dick and Nellie went home, and Betty still postponed decision. She waited for Dan to come to her, but he did not come.

Toward the middle of November, Chet McAusland told her Dan had bought a farm—the old Merry place, contiguous to her lands on the south. "He got the place cheap, too," Chet assured her. "The stand of buildings is no good; but there's a nice orchard of young trees, and they're thrifty. He didn't have to pay for the whole farm what that orchard is worth. It'll bear close to four hundred barrels in a good year."

She was more interested in what Dan meant to do than in what he had done, and asked a question.

"Why, I guess he figures to farm it," Chet replied. "He hired money to buy it; and he says he's going to work the orchard anyway."

"He always said he was going away, as soon as his father could spare him."

"I guess he's changed his mind," Chet suggested; and Betty was conscious of a warm pleasure in this knowledge.

She walked, that afternoon, along the road to the borders of the farm Dan had bought. The farmhouse was sagging into ruin; the barn, even to her inexpert eyes, was hopeless. But the orchard below the road was in good condition, and Chet had assured her that though the past two seasons had been unfruitful, it would almost inevitably bear a good crop the following year.

She wished to tell Dan her pleasure in what he had done; but he gave her no opportunity and Betty began to be more and more lonely, and she began to be sorry for herself. After a week or so she asked Andy Wattles why Dan no longer came up the hill; and Andy said Dan was busy trucking to town and back again before the winter should set in.

Betty brought herself to say, "I'd like to see him. I've missed him lately."

Andy must have made this message more definite than Betty intended; for a day or two later—Sunday—Dan knocked at the front door while Betty was busy in the kitchen. She invited him in, but he stood uncertainly fingering his cap and explained that Andy said she wished to see him.

"Of course I wanted to see you," she told him warmly. "Anyone misses a friend whom they've been seeing almost every day. And I was so glad to hear about the farm you bought."

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I bought the place next here."

"You're going to stay here?" she asked.

"Why, it was a good buy," he evaded. "Lew Merry needed some money, and he wanted to sell, and I got it cheap."

"But you are going to stay?"

"I haven't rightly decided," he told her. He added slowly and painfully, "I've been meaning to come up and say I was sorry about the trouble with your friend."

She would be neither too warm nor too cold. "That was between you," she reminded him. "I like you both; but I don't ask any questions."

"I got mad," he said apologetically. He was so humble that she hardly restrained her desire to comfort him.

"Everybody does, sometimes," she remarked lightly.

And with no more than this he took himself away, leaving her puzzled and unhappy. She could not understand his attitude; was on her own account so sure of herself that his diffidence and restraint, so unlike him, baffled and bewildered her. She decided that, having come once, he would come again; but her expectations failed. Dan continued to avoid her. The inevitable result was that he engaged her thoughts more and more with every day. If his absence were designed, it was also effective. There were days when Betty thought angrily that she would leave, without a word, and return to Portland; there were other days when she could not work for wondering why he stayed away from her.

Yet while she still assured herself that she had not decided to stay for the winter, her preparations for staying went forward. An air-tight stove was installed in the front room; the shed was filled with wood; there was a fair provision of potatoes and squashes and beets and apples in the cellar; and about the first of December she bought a side of pork when Chet killed some pigs. Mrs. McAusland was much with her in these days; she and Chet seemed to see nothing astonishing in Betty's plan to spend the winter here.

"You've got a telephone," Mrs. McAusland reminded her one day when she expressed some doubt. "You can hear the bell ringing all day, with all the folks there are on the line. It's a lot of company. And you'll keep busy."

Betty was indeed keeping busy; her work had shown during the summer a definite improvement; her small income had been supplemented by a number of sales, and her own satisfaction in her canvases increased. Instead of the broad landscapes of her former efforts, she now painted more restricted woodland scenes. An apple tree by a ruined stone wall; a glade in the wood; a bit of the river bank, or a brook trickling through an alder run. She began at this time to put somewhere in each canvas a suggestion of the figure of a partridge. The bird fed on windfalls under the apple tree; he busied himself with buds of a stark yellow birch, bare of leaves; he drank from the stream, or ran swiftly among the alders. Her first success with this portrayal was almost accidental; thereafter she repeated it. The partridge became in some wise a trade-mark upon her paintings; it would eventually acquire a reputation, distinguishing her and identifying her work.

When she was tired, she still liked to go down the open hillsides into the wood along the river. When winter settled down, the wooded lands became very still, as though no life moved in them; the footfalls of the wild creatures were hushed, and silence cloaked the land. There had been a light snow, quick to disappear, in October; more


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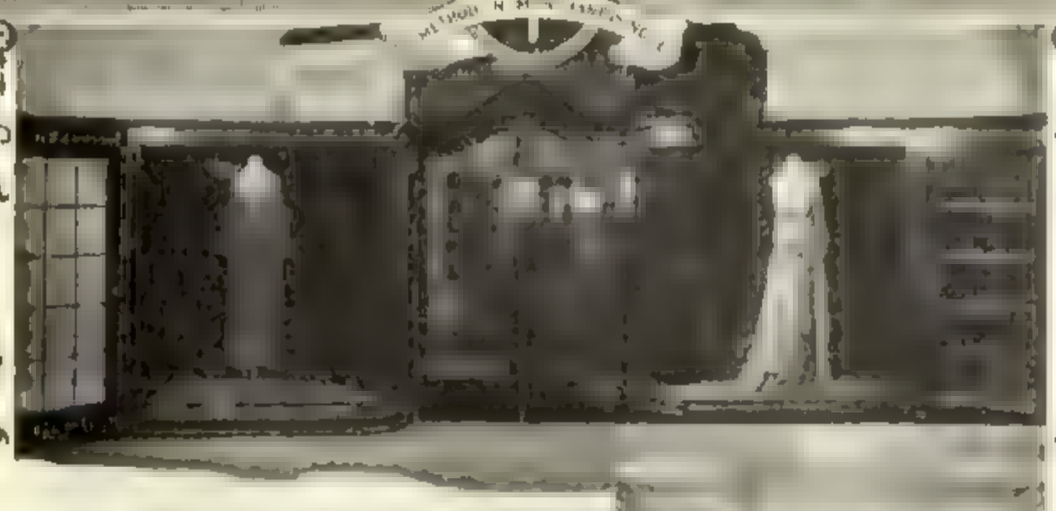

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snow fell in November, and in the depths of the wood some lingered. Then in December there came a miniature blizzard; two or three inches of dry and granulated snow fell, driven by a northwest wind; and this wind swept the snow off the upper hillsides and the exposed spots and rolled it down the slope into a drift along the edge of the woods. This drift extended clear across Betty's land, growing deeper toward the farm which Dan had bought. Elsewhere the ground was almost bare; even in the thick woods only a thin covering lay.

The storm ended in an abrupt rise of temperature and a gust of rain that fell in the late afternoon. When Betty went into the shed for wood to cook supper she perceived a sudden chill in the air, and she no longer heard rain on the roof. There was something like a warning in this silence, and she went out of doors to look about. The sky was clear and it was growing colder; she saw that the drops of moisture on the exposed end of the shed were already frozen hard and dry. Next morning the trees were covered with a light sheath of ice that sparkled in the sun and melted but slowly, for the mercury refused to rise.

That afternoon Betty went down toward the river. Where a day or two before she had plowed through the drift that barred her passage, she now walked across it, the crust sustaining her weight. In the snow under the thick growth tracks of rabbits and partridges and other traces which she could not identify were preserved in ice. The walking was treacherous; she slipped again and again, and was like to fall. She found the river skimmed with ice save for an air hole here and there along the line of the slow current, and she stayed for a while, sheltered from the cold by the trees, listening to the silence with a keen delight.

This silence which seemed to her so sweet was presently broken by a sound; a sound which she did not at first perceive, which she for a long time failed to identify. It seemed to draw nearer, and she was puzzled and a little alarmed. It was behind her, away from the river, toward the foot of the slopes that rose to the road. She moved a little that way, and presently decided that what she heard was the footfall of some heavy creature breaking through the crust upon the snow.

Yet the crust was sufficiently strong to hold her weight. Therefore the creature must be larger than she was. A cow? None were pastured here. A deer, perhaps, or a moose! Her curiosity drew her forward; she began to tremble with eagerness, and she could feel her heart. She would not be afraid of a deer, she decided; but if this were a moose —— Well, there were trees to climb.

The noise, she presently decided, followed the line of the great drift along the edge of the wood; and she moved forward till she could see this drift, and waited. After a moment she saw, coming toward her from the south, Dan Bissell.

His actions puzzled her. He was walking along the surface of the drift, stamping down the crust, breaking it in, kicking it aside. He wallowed in the deep snow to his thighs; and she thought this astonishing, since he might so easily find firmer footing on either side. He came on, reached a point abreast of where she stood so still; and she saw that he was working hard, that his face was red with his exertions. There was a definite method in what he did; he was ripping off the crust along the drift for two or three feet on either side of his path. Sometimes he bent to set his fingers under its edge and lift and fling it away.

Something puffed from the soft snow behind him, and Betty heard wings and saw a partridge disappear like a dart; and Dan turned and looked after the bird and laughed aloud, in a delighted way. She had always loved his fashion of laughing; and she watched him now, happily, without moving. Almost at once he saw her; and his countenance, so full of pleasure a moment before, became suffused with color.

She went toward him then, and asked, "Whatever are you doing, Dan?"

He hesitated, then confessed. "Why," he explained, "I wasn't very busy, so I thought I'd break in this drift."

"But why?"

"The partridges," he told her; and when he saw she was bewildered, made his meaning clear. "They sleep in the snow on a cold night," he said. "And a crust like this will catch them. Then they starve. It'll pretty near kill off every partridge there is, sometimes. I've let out more than twenty, coming a little better than a mile." He wiped his forehead with his sleeve. "It's hot work too."

She watched him for a moment, where he stood thigh deep in snow; and her eyes were full of tenderness. If she had had doubts, they were by what Dan had been doing all dispelled.

She said with a little smile, "Dan, leave the partridges for a minute and come here. I want to talk to you."

He assented in a matter-of-fact way. "Sure," he replied, and climbed out of the drift and thrashed the snow off his trousers and the felts and rubbers which he wore with a bough he broke from a low hemlock. "What do you want?" he asked.

Betty looked all around them, hesitantly. There could be no doubt that they were alone in the wood. This certainty gave her courage, and she met his eyes and saw the pulse beat more swiftly in his throat as he looked down at her.

She was quite sure of him, quite sure he cared for her. And she put out her hand and touched his hand.

"I want you to tell me what you're thinking," she replied. "I want you to tell me what you think of me."

*XI*

BETTY was a practical soul; and this quality was apt to reveal itself at odd times. Thus when they came up the hill together at last, while the golden sun died against the slopes beyond the river, her thoughts were busy with most prosaic things. This in spite of the fact that they had lingered for a long time in the fringe of the woods; and that when they came out into the open at last they had stopped yet again to wonder at the stillness, almost palpable, which fell about them with the dusk; and that it had seemed to each of them when they climbed a little higher that the pits of shadow among the tree tops as the declining sun fell across them were a deeper purple than they had ever seen before; and that her eyes were deep pools of delight because she had found what she had sought to find; and that even now she clung to his arm with both her hands as they climbed.

They came up through her orchard; the old trees, stark and leafless, were black against the sky about them and above. The little house with its wide and friendly windows had a beaming air about it, like a fat hostess who makes newcomers welcome. But Betty's thoughts, as has been said, were prosaically busy; and at her door they found utterance.

"Dan," she said. He bent his head to listen. "Dan, dear, you know it's going to be awfully convenient."

He was faintly puzzled, and said so. "How do you mean?"

"We can live here," she explained. "And so you'll be near your farm; and perhaps you can do something with this one too."

"There's no better early land in the town," he assured her.

"So everything's really all settled for us, isn't it?"

"I guess it is," he said contentedly.

She nodded. "Yes," she decided. "Yes. Settled and serene."

So he said good night and went striding bravely up the hill; and she watched him go. Always heretofore there had been for her a little twinge in his going; but she was not unhappy now. For she knew he would return.

(THE END)

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*The genuine Barbasol tube has four little ovals on tube clip—like this*

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# RACIAL REALITIES IN EUROPE

(Continued from Page 15)

the ultimate victory. The Nordic might conquer them and set himself up as master. The Alpines might submit, become his loyal subjects, even accept his language and culture. Outwardly the land might be Nordicized. But racially it would mean merely a Nordic aristocracy laid like a thin top dressing on a solid Alpine soil. The Alpines would cling to the land, stick together and gradually absorb their conquerors. Ultimately the region would be once more inhabited by an almost wholly Alpine population, perhaps showing some Nordic traits that would be slowly bred out of the stock.

On the other hand, where Alpines have peopled regions once racially Nordic, they have usually done so not by sudden conquest but by gradual infiltration. Often such regions were temporarily underpopulated, the Nordic inhabitants having been thinned by war or drained off by migration. Once in, however, the Alpines would take firm root. Perhaps the Nordics might conquer them and the Alpines cease to be independent political groups. Yet racially they could not survive and prosper.

Germany is a striking example of all this. Down to the fall of the Roman Empire, Germany was almost wholly a Nordic land. Today it is mainly Alpine in race. Only in Northwestern Germany is the population still predominantly Nordic in blood. This change has come about through a long series of wars, migrations and other conditions that have favored the Alpines at the Nordics' expense. It has also profoundly changed the character of the German people. Compare the solid, well-disciplined, docile German masses of today with the restless, fiercely individualistic Teutonic tribes that surged across the Roman world and turned Britain into a Nordic Anglo-Saxon land!

The attitude of the present German people illustrates a trait characteristic of Alpines generally—the tendency to accept the rule of masterful minorities. Left to themselves, Alpines rarely build strong, enduring states, at least of any considerable size. Whether this is due to lack of initiative and imagination, or to still other defects, it is undoubtedly the case. The Alpine manages his local affairs well enough. With his strong group feeling, he evolves village and regional organizations that work smoothly. But beyond that his political sense falters. The Alpines thus tend to form small political units, which unite with difficulty and are more likely to be at odds with one another. This is one of the chief reasons why the Balkan peoples, who are of course mainly Alpines, are always quarreling and fighting among themselves.

### *The Alpine Peasant Type*

On the other hand, where Alpines are under the guidance of strong masters they can be disciplined into powerful states. Russia is a notable example. The early Russians, who like the other Slav tribes were practically pure-blooded Alpines, were divided into many groups at chronic odds with one another and thus an easy prey to their neighbors. So intolerable did this situation become that they actually invited in foreign rulers, sending the following message to some Nordic Scandinavian chiefs:

"Our land is great and has everything in abundance, but it lacks order and justice. Come and take possession and rule over us."

The Scandinavians came, established a strong government and laid the foundations of the mighty Russian Empire. From that day to this Russia has been ruled mainly by persons of non-Alpine blood. The present Bolshevik government is no exception to the rule. Very few of its members spring from the Alpine peasant masses.

"Peasant" is in fact the term which best describes the typical Alpine. Whether in France, South Germany, Poland or Russia, the type is fundamentally the same. On the contrary, there are no such peasant masses in Scandinavia or the British Isles. Why? Because there is no Alpine blood. Scandinavia is almost purely Nordic and the British Isles are either Nordic or Mediterranean in race. The total absence of Alpine blood in the British Isles is undoubtedly one of the chief reasons for the high qualities of its inhabitants.

For despite the Alpine's many solid virtues, it seems to be the least gifted of the three European stocks. Its type, as already stated, is the peasant. In cities the Alpine tends to be lower middle class—what the French call *petit bourgeois*. The effect of Alpine blood upon a nation, though steadying, is also leveling, if not depressing. Compared with either Nordics or Mediterraneans, the Alpine is a passive element. The Alpine race has contributed little that is truly great to politics, art or ideas. Yet its tenacity, endurance and vitality favor its steady growth, and wherever it has a foothold it appears to be increasing at the expense of the Nordic and Mediterranean elements.

Let us now consider the third great European stock—the Nordic race. The Nordics seem to have originated in Northeastern Europe, though the shores of the Baltic Sea have been the racial center since very early times.

They are a distinctly northern stock, inured to cold and storm; but they do not thrive in hot, sunny southlands. They also seem to take naturally to the sea.

The outstanding characteristic of the Nordic race is its restless creative energy. In this peculiar quality it not only surpasses the other European stocks, but also all the other branches of mankind. The Nordics are assuredly the most masterful breed that the world has ever seen. For thousands of years they have poured forth from their northland homes in conquering waves over Europe and many parts of Asia as well. The Aryan invaders of India were Nordics; so were the ancient Persians; while the Greeks and Romans of classic times contained much Nordic blood, at least among the ruling classes.

### *Persistence of Racial Qualities*

Always and everywhere the Nordics have been a race of warriors, sailors, pioneers and explorers. Unlike the Alpines, with their slow mass migrations and peaceful penetration, the Nordics have ranged far and wide, often in small numbers, but winning their way by their fierce energy and great fighting power. Conquering peoples sometimes vastly superior in numbers, the Nordics have settled down as an aristocratic ruling class, and they have usually known how to perpetuate their rule because of their high political ability. Political ability is one of the Nordics' chief gifts, which they display both in ruling others and in ruling themselves.

The Nordic is at once democratic and aristocratic. Among his own kind he is democratic. Profoundly individualistic, and touchy about his personal rights, neither he nor his fellows will tolerate tyranny. None of the primitive Nordic tribes had despotic rulers, while modern constitutional government was developed by the Nordic English and has not been really successful except among peoples with a strong strain of Nordic blood.

Where the Nordic establishes himself among other races he is instinctively aristocratic. Feeling himself the ruler and the superior, he prides himself on his race and seeks to guard the purity of his blood. Throughout Europe today the old aristocratic class tends to be of Nordic origin. Even in countries where the Nordic element has been mainly bred out of the population, what little Nordic blood remains is found chiefly concentrated in the old upper-class families.

Nothing better illustrates the persistence of race qualities than the way in which Nordics have everywhere shown the same striking traits. From the dawn of history to the present day they have acted very much the same. Look at the Nordic Aryan invaders of India, as described in the old Sanskrit scriptures! Those first Nordics to appear upon the stage of history entered India nearly 4000 years ago. Yet the family likeness is unmistakable. Tall, fair; hard fighting yet jovial; loving good food, drink, fresh air and exercise; chivalrous toward their women; despising the little dark negroid aborigines as monkeys, and setting up a rigid color line—how like our Anglo-Saxon pioneers!

This description of the ancient Aryans shows us merely one of the many Nordic stocks that have racially perished. For not only in Asia but also in Southern and Eastern Europe, Nordic elements, once numerous and powerful, have either entirely disappeared or today survive as mere lingering traces with scant significance in the national life of the countries where they are

found. Only where Nordics have thoroughly occupied a country, expelling or overwhelming the previous inhabitants, has the racial conquest been permanent. The best European examples of this are England and Scotland. The Anglo-Saxon invaders turned both countries into Nordic lands, the former Mediterranean population almost disappearing. In Wales and Ireland, on the contrary, the Nordics never became more than a conquering aristocracy, so that in those countries the old Mediterranean element still forms the mass of the population.

The greatest expansion of the Nordic race has in fact occurred outside Europe, in the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Here the few aborigines, of very primitive types, were quickly eliminated and populations of practically pure Nordic type were established, since the pioneering settlers were overwhelmingly of Nordic stock. The only exception was the settlers of French Canada, who were mainly Alpine in race. Whether these Nordic conquests will be racially permanent is of course impossible to say. In the United States especially, recent immigration has brought in floods of Alpine and Mediterranean blood, and unless immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe is restricted and kept restricted the racial character of the American people will be rapidly and radically altered. In Canada the French element is showing the usual Alpine characteristics—clinging to the soil, sticking together and slowly but surely enlarging its racial area. However, in all these lands the Nordic element still forms the bulk of the population and can, if it so elects, secure its racial future.

On the continent of Europe Nordic race prospects are not so bright. Everywhere save in Scandinavia—where it forms virtually the entire population—the Nordic element seems to be rapidly on the wane. Old handicaps like war and migration, which have penalized the race in the past, have been supplemented by new handicaps like industrialism and city life, the upshot being a steady decline of the Nordics in favor of the Alpine and Mediterranean elements.

It is really startling when one looks back into history and sees how the Nordics have diminished racially in Europe during the past 1000 years. Their heyday was the fall of the Roman Empire. At that time, and for centuries thereafter, both Western and Central Europe were strongly Nordic. The Alpine and Mediterranean elements were either reduced to serfdom or driven into the more mountainous and infertile regions.

Since then, however, the tide has been running the other way. War has been a terrible scourge to the Nordic race. In the numberless wars that have raged in Europe the Nordics have done most of the fighting and suffered most of the losses, while the age of discovery and colonization that began with Columbus still further thinned their ranks in Europe, since it was adventurous Nordics who formed the overwhelming majority of explorers and pioneers to new lands. Perhaps even more serious blows have been dealt the race by the conditions of modern life.

### *High-Standard Nordics*

A century ago Europe began to be transformed from an agricultural to an urbanized, industrial area. Countless cities and manufacturing centers grew up, where men were close packed and were subjected to all the evils of congested living. Of course such conditions are not ideal for any stock. Nevertheless, the Nordic suffered more than anyone else. The Nordic is essentially a high-standard man. He requires healthful living conditions, and pines when deprived of good food, fresh air and exercise. So long as Europe was mainly agricultural the Nordic usually got these things. In fact in cool Northern and Central Europe an agricultural environment actually favored the big blond Nordic as against the slighter, less muscular Mediterranean, while in the hotter south the Nordic upper class, being the rulers, were protected from field labor and thus survived as an aristocracy. Under modern conditions, however, the crowded city and the cramped factory weed out the Nordic much faster than they do the Alpine or the Mediterranean, both of which stocks seem to be able to stand such an environment with less damage to themselves. It is needless to add that the late war and its aftermath have been terrible blows to the Nordic race.

This rapid decline of the Nordic stock in Europe is a very serious matter. The Nordic's great energy, political ability and high level of intelligence are vital to Europe's prosperity and progress. The peculiar qualities of the Nordic intellect are just the ones which today would be most missed. One of the Nordic's most valuable traits is his adventurous curiosity. This makes him preeminent, not only as a pioneer and explorer but also as an inventor and scientific investigator. The Mediterranean probably excels the Nordic in music and the fine arts. But in the intellectual fields the Nordic excels the Mediterranean and vastly outstrips the Alpine. Our modern scientific age is mainly a product of Nordic genius. Deprived of that genius, it would rapidly decline. It therefore seems as though those nations which possess most Nordic blood will tend to be the most progressive as well as the most energetic and politically able. Important assets, these, for the future!

Let us now take a brief survey of the present racial make-up of the European nations, based upon the latest scientific estimates that have been made. Our survey will shatter many old notions that used to prevail when race was confused with matters like language and culture. For example, it used to be thought that France, Italy and Spain were all members of a Latin race. We now know that there never was any such race and that these three nations differ widely in racial make-up.

### *Races in France and Spain*

Beginning our survey with the British Isles, the first important point to be noted is the total absence of Alpine blood. England and Scotland are predominantly Nordic, while Wales and Ireland are predominantly Mediterranean. Scotland is the most Nordic, 85 per cent being of that blood, while only 15 per cent are Mediterraneans. England is about 80 per cent Nordic and 20 per cent Mediterranean. In England the Mediterranean element seems to be increasing. A century or two ago it was probably insignificant. Since then the growth of city and factory life, emigration of Nordics and immigration of Welsh and Irish laborers have combined to make the Mediterranean element a growing factor. Wales seems to be 60 per cent Mediterranean and 40 per cent Nordic, while Ireland has 30 per cent as against 70 per cent Mediterraneans.

Crossing to the Continent, we find that France is racially a composite nation, all three European races being strongly represented in its population, which is 30 per cent Nordic, 55 per cent Alpine and 15 per cent Mediterranean. France is thus statistically an Alpine land, that element being more numerous than the two other stocks put together. Roughly speaking, the Nordics are clustered in the north and the Mediterraneans in the south, the Alpines forming a broad band between. There are, however, many exceptions to this, the race map of France being quite complicated. There is also a distinct connection between race and social status. The upper classes and the city populations tend to be Nordic or Mediterranean, while the peasantry tend to be Alpine in blood. The solid French peasant is certainly a good Alpine type.

Spain is predominantly a Mediterranean nation, 85 per cent of the Spanish people belonging to that race, with 10 per cent Nordics and 5 per cent Alpines. Nordic blood is mainly confined to the upper classes. The Spanish Alpines are tucked away in the extreme north of the country. They are the descendants of Alpines who entered Spain many thousand years ago; but the racial traits still persist, and the inhabitants of these districts are recognized today as being unusually solid, tenacious and hard working.

As for Portugal, it is overwhelmingly Mediterranean in race. There are no Alpines and very few Nordics. In Southern Portugal the population is distinctly tinged with negro blood. Some centuries ago large numbers of negroes were brought in as slaves to work on the great estates of the south, which has an almost semitropical climate. Furthermore, a certain amount of negro blood seeps in continually from Portugal's African colonies. The result is that the populations both of the southern countryside and of the port towns show many negroid types. The effect of this African infusion upon the Portuguese stock has undoubtedly been a depressing one.

Italy, though politically united, is racially divided into two very different peoples. The north is inhabited by a sturdy

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Alpine stock, considerably leavened with Nordic blood. The south is almost purely Mediterranean in race, tinctured in the extreme south—especially in Sicily—by African and Asiatic strains. The racial difference between north and south is so evident that it strikes even the casual tourist. The Italians recognize it frankly. It is well known that the north runs Italy and looks down on the backward south. The racial make-up of Italy as a whole is about as follows: 25 per cent Alpine, 10 per cent Nordic, 65 per cent Mediterranean.

Turning now to Northern Europe, we find the Scandinavian nations overwhelmingly of Nordic blood. In Norway and Denmark there is a small Alpine element, descended, as already stated, from migrations in prehistoric times. Sweden, however, is 100 per cent Nordic—the only purely Nordic nation in the world.

Holland is predominantly Nordic, with a small Alpine element. Belgium, on the other hand, is sharply divided on race lines. The open plains of Northern and Western Belgium are inhabited by a strongly Nordic stock—the Flemings. The hilly, wooded regions of Southeastern Belgium are inhabited by a strongly Alpine stock—the Walloons. The two stocks differ markedly in temperament, speak different languages, and instinctively dislike each other. Common fear of powerful neighbors alone keeps them politically together, and it is very possible that Belgium may some day split up.

The racial situation in Germany is decidedly complicated. Taken as a whole, Germany is Alpine rather than Nordic in race, something like 60 per cent of its population being classifiable as Alpines, while the remaining 40 per cent are predominantly Nordic in blood. This, however, is by no means the whole story. To begin with, in Germany perhaps more than anywhere else in Europe, the two races have intermarried wholesale. It is probable that a clear majority of the German people are of mixed blood. This is particularly true of Central Germany, where one sees great numbers of what scientists call disharmonic types—persons, say, with blondish hair and light eyes, yet with round Alpine heads and thick-set bodies. In Northwestern Germany, however, the population is almost purely Nordic, while in the southern highlands and the eastern provinces the peasantry is practically pure Alpine. Yet here again we get a fresh complication, because in both Southern and Eastern Germany race runs strongly with social status. Even in the most Alpine parts of Germany the aristocracy tends to be Nordic, while the towns are more Nordic than the countryside. This seems to be one of the chief reasons for the marked class distinctions that prevail in German social life. Again, racial differences have much to do with the contrasts in temperament and the latent dislike that exists between north and south.

### *Germany Largely Alpine*

As we have already remarked, Germany has for centuries been getting more Alpine in blood. The terrible wars that ravaged Germany in the past were immensely destructive of Nordic life. The late war continued this process, while Germany's present economic situation bears much harder on its Nordic than on its Alpine elements. The Alpinization of Germany is proceeding rapidly today.

Switzerland and German Austria are racially much the same as Southern Germany. Both countries are predominantly Alpine in blood, but with a strong Nordic element, much intermarriage between the races and a tendency of Nordic blood to prevail in the upper classes and the town populations. The racial make-up of Switzerland is about two-thirds Alpine and one-third Nordic. In German Austria the Nordic element is probably not quite so numerous.

When we touch Eastern Europe we find racial conditions very different from those in the countries to the west. In Western Europe the racial elements have been long established and are more or less adjusted to one another. In Eastern Europe, on the other hand, racial movements have been more violent and recent, and racial adjustments are not well established. The whole situation is at once less stable and more complex.

Over the greater part of this immense area, stretching from Russia to the Balkan Peninsula, Alpine stocks tend to form the most numerous racial element. This is especially true of the various Slav peoples. Of course there is no such thing as a Slav race, any more than there is such a thing as a Latin race. In each case the phrase really means a group of peoples with similar languages and cultures. With the Slavs, the fact that they belong mainly to the same race has made a more or less instinctive bond of sympathy between them. Yet this sympathy has not produced the profound political consequences that might offhand be assumed. It has not produced any general political union between the Slav peoples. That would have been dead against the Alpine racial temperament, which, as we have already seen, tends to relatively small political groups more apt to quarrel than to fuse.

### *Asiatic Elements*

The Alpines are, however, merely the most numerous element in the East European racial situation. There is considerable Nordic blood in Northwestern Russia and a good deal of Mediterranean blood in the Balkans, especially in Greece, which is mainly a Mediterranean nation. Besides these familiar stocks, however, there are in Eastern Europe powerful Asiatic elements that make fresh difficulties. For the past 1500 years Eastern Europe has experienced a long series of Asiatic invasions. These Asiatic elements—Huns, Mongols, Tartars, Turks, Jews, gypsies, and many others—have left their mark on the various East European populations. In some parts they have widely intermarried; in other parts they have remained largely distinct, forming separate castes or communities. But in both cases the general effect has been to confuse and complicate the situation.

If we pass from the Balkans to the near-by regions of Western Asia, collectively known as the Near East, we find still more confused and unstable racial conditions. The older elements of the population, it is true, seem to belong to stocks akin to the European Alpines and Mediterraneans. But the Near East has for ages been the scene of such sweeping invasions and widespread racial displacements that those older stocks today are overlaid and intermingled with alien elements from Central Asia and even from Africa. In many places there has been a general mongrelization, with very bad results. A few stocks like the desert Arabs and the Armenians have kept their racial identity, but they are the exception rather than the rule.

So ends our preliminary survey. In subsequent articles we will view present-day conditions in various parts of Europe and the Near East, discussing many things, but not forgetting that racial factor which, though often overlooked in human affairs, is perhaps the most fundamental of all.

**Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard. The next will appear in an early issue**

# The swing back to better letterheads

BEFORE the last war, good firms as a rule used good stationery.

During the war, paper became scarce. The question with business men was not, "Is this paper good enough for our letters?" The question was, "Are we going to have enough paper to run our business?"

People who liked to use fine letter paper had to use what they could get.

Paper was paper. The low mark in quality of business and social stationery was touched about this time.

Very slowly the line turned and swung upward again. Good firms are again using good paper for letterheads, as a rule. There are exceptions to the rule. These exceptions may be noticed in the most unlikely places.

Firms to whom the quality of their product is as the breath of their life use letterheads that, compared to Old Hampshire Bond, are as brass is to gold.

There is probably no great harm in this. It is an open question whether a good letter is any the better or any the worse for being written on undeniably fine or unmistakably cheap paper. The point is, what do *you* think? Which do you naturally prefer?

There is a very definite swing back toward the use of Old Hampshire Bond for correspondence between the important and representative firms and individuals in this country.

If your own letterheads are still on a war-time basis, you may want to bring this to the attention of your printer as your supplies run low. He knows Old Hampshire Bond, and will know what to do.

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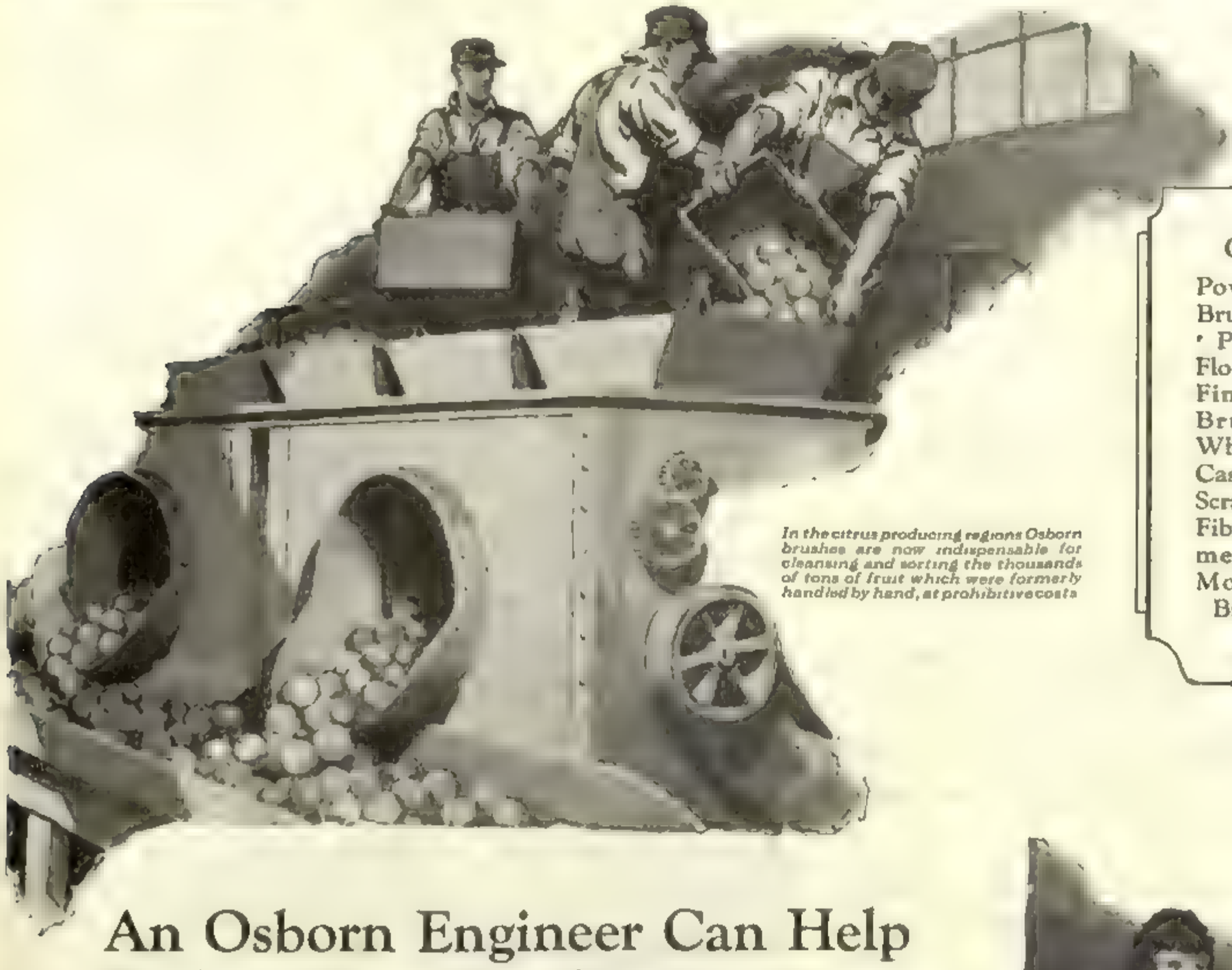
# Osborn Brushes



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OSBORN

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For thirty years The Osborn Manufacturing Company has concentrated its resources in developing new ways and means of adapting brushes to American industry so that production costs in time and labor would be continuously lowered.

This effort has been rendered still more effective by placing at the service of manufacturers the time and ability of skilled Osborn engineers who know the brush business thoroughly, and who are qualified to recommend sound methods of adapting Osborn brushes to production.

There are literally hundreds of operations still being done by hand, or by old-fashioned mechanical means, which should be done by power brushes. It is a fact also that brushes will do many things which men and machines cannot do, and do them at astonishingly low costs in time, labor and equipment.

Already hundreds of the most progressive of American manufacturers have found brushes indispensable to their production processes. In the electrical field, in motor car plants, in tire factories, and in foundries and many other lines, large reductions in costs are daily being brought about by simple but expert adaptation of brushes to work formerly done in an old-fashioned and expensive way.

This is the service which the Osborn engineer will be glad to render to any manufacturer. His advice is backed by a period of thirty years of brush experience, together with an up-to-date knowledge of modern manufacturing methods.

Osborn maintains branches in the principal cities, and has these trained representatives everywhere, who will be glad to place Osborn experience at the disposal of interested manufacturers. Osborn Industrial Brushes are also available from leading hardware, mill and factory supply distributors.

*The* Osborn Manufacturing Company, *Cleveland, O.*

New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

# THE BLACK GOLCONDA

(Continued from Page 4)

No other kind of initial production anywhere is so full of paradox, surprise and inconsistency. Once the oil man drilled on a hunch. Today, with every resource that geology and experience can mobilize, the pursuit is still a gamble. There is no royal road to oil.

With the word "gamble" you reach one of the first outstanding features. The petroleum activity is the most highly speculative in the world. In the hunt for oil, as in the forecast of the proverbial tomorrow, no man knows what the day will bring forth. Producer and layman must take the same chance. This is why nearly every other man that you meet has lost his first $1000 of savings in oil stocks.

Typical of the vagaries of petroleum is the fact that it is practically impossible to write a standard chemical formula to cover all the grades of the crude product. This is because the physical qualities of the oil in many fields vary. Where the petroleum in the Coastal fields, which comprise South Louisiana and South Texas, is poor—if not altogether lacking—in so-called gasoline content, it is rich in valuable lubricating properties. The product of the Mid-Continent field—that is, Kansas, Oklahoma and Northern Texas—is ideally adapted for the extraction of gasoline. So it goes.

You get a hint of the uncertainty of the business when I say that the very origin of petroleum is still in doubt. One theory is that it is inorganic—that is, the development from chemical action on rocks forming part of the earth's crust. Another holds that oil is organic, resulting from the decay of vegetable and animal matter, both land and marine. Only one scientific question regarding it is settled—namely, that it is a fugitive mineral. The wildcatter needs no geologist to acquaint him with this fact. He has learned it out of wide and costly experience.

There is probably more ignorance about oil than any other commodity, and it is not confined to the suckers who buy promotion stock in dry holes or wells that are never drilled. A large number of people, for example, still believe that John D. Rockefeller the elder spends all his wakeful hours at 26 Broadway, in New York, wearing out his fingers and scissors cutting bond coupons. As a matter of fact, the total Standard interests now have more than 300,000 stockholders and comprise some 40 per cent of the business. Mr. Rockefeller has not visited a Standard office since 1896.

The fundamental difficulty in the pursuit of oil—and it invests the whole industry with the element of chance—is the little known and no less appreciated hazard of production.

### The Problem of Oversupply

Petroleum is not an annual crop. Unlike livestock, it cannot be branded or reproduced. The man who drills a well ordinarily leases the ground from the owner, and usually it is a comparatively small parcel. He must get action on the bonus that he pays for the lease or he loses. This explains so-called competitive drilling, because a single producing well in what is called a proved—a producing—area is likely to drain the oil from the adjacent territory. Oil leases expire, and time is therefore a part of the essence of the contract.

Now you begin to see why, with the discovery of rich pools, such as those at Santa Fé Springs, Signal Hill, and Huntington Beach in Southern California, there is such a mad rush of drilling, resulting in a vast, unchecked flood of oil, with the inevitable overproduction. This is especially true where wells are put down on town lots. The oil must be garnered while the going is good, otherwise the fellow alongside will get yours. Human nature is one of the real factors that drives the derricks. In other words, it is only by reducing oil to possession—that is, by actually producing it—that ownership can be created. Real control, as well as apportionment to the needs of industry in surplus times, is well-nigh impossible. To put this in another way, let me quote one of the best known of American producers, who said:

"Oversupply must spend itself, as does a flood or a tornado, before calm settles down and the result can be calculated. The source of supply is directly governed by the accident of the discovery of new pools and the rapidity with which they can be drained after discovery. Hence either an oversupply or a shortage constantly threatens. Prices react readily to supply, although supply may not always react readily to prices."

In the conditions just described you have the crux of the oil industry. They explain why a business with a total investment of more than $8,000,000,000, whose fleets of tankers ply the Seven Seas, whose tank cars are on every railroad, whose 60,000 miles of pipe line gridiron the country, and whose output is absolutely indispensable to the conduct of life and commerce, up to barely half a year ago could base its estimates on only a six months' supply of raw material, while at the time I write, thanks to the overproduction of 1923, it can calculate on an eight months' reserve.

Here, too, is the reason why the range of price of the crude article varies more in oil than in almost any other huge undertaking. In Texas, for example, following the unleashing of the Spindletop flood, petroleum sold as low as three cents a barrel. Even the Mid-Continent output, which is so well adapted for refining into gasoline, has been forty cents a barrel. Yet in 1920 it fetched $3.50. No wonder the pioneers called the industry a game, the title that has clung tenaciously ever since, despite expansion to the proportions where organization, manufacturing and transportation facilities vie with those of steel and coal.

### Fortunes Won and Lost

With coal, iron or agricultural products the reverse is true. As more than one big producer has pointed out, the miners of minerals can decrease their output with no loss in title to that which they leave undisturbed.

A coal or iron area may be blocked out, and the owner not only knows just what he has but just where it is. Moreover, it is accessible whenever he wants it. The farmer likewise can rotate his crops or let his fields lie fallow. In these instances the producer can adapt his supply to demand.

Not so with oil. It is migratory and must be trapped once it pours forth from its age-old receptacles. It flows, or must be pumped, until exhaustion ends the chapter. The only way to stabilize production is to cease drilling. This seems a simple formula, but the moment the offensive for new areas stops, the growing demand for gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil consumes the available stores and wildcatting must begin all over again.

No detail of the oil industry—and it is a necessary part of this prelude—has stirred the popular imagination quite so much as what might be termed the fortune phase. Oil seems to be synonymous with fabulous return. Andrew Carnegie's Millionaire Club, enriched by the United States Steel merger, was a group of pikers alongside the coterie that has made fortunes in oil. The greatest single accumulation of wealth of modern times started in a modest marketing-and-refining business at Cleveland and rolled up the Rockefeller fortune.

By this performance oil did much more than make Rockefeller the present-day Croesus. It gave every unscrupulous stock promoter the opportunity to say to his gullible victims, "You can do likewise." As a selling point in stock promotion its only rival has been the original Bell telephone stock. The arguments have been overworked and have drained the people's purse of billions of dollars.

Yet you have only to run the range of the American oil fields to find that linked with the hot touch of the promoter is the Midas touch born of happy accident. For every Klondike and Kimberley there have been a dozen Rangers and Burkburnetts.

Take the Ranger field, which is in North Central Texas. For years the farmers of that vicinity were pinched by poverty and racked by vicissitude. Drought ravaged their possessions. A public fund had to be raised to relieve the acute distress. Suddenly oil was discovered on a farm and wealth flowed in almost in competition with the tide of black fluid that gushed from the ground. It is a curious commentary on the human being that in such times all sense of proportion is lost.

The story is told at Fort Worth of a farmer who received $500,000 for his land.

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# Each Serves Its Community

In Fraser, Colorado, a log cabin of three rooms shelters a telephone exchange that connects with the mountain homes of cowmen, miners, homesteaders and tie-cutters. In the heart of New York City a new building of twenty-nine stories is to become the home of several metropolitan central offices serving some 120,000 telephones. This building will contain, as well, offices for executives and for engineering, commercial, plant and accounting forces, providing space for over 7000 telephone workers.

Each of these buildings helps to render adequate and economical telephone service in its own community. They stand at the extremes in size, equipment and personnel. Yet they both indicate the nation-wide need for adequate housing of the activities of the Bell System; and they illustrate the varied ways in which that need is being met. One of the largest single items of plant investment of the Bell System is real estate, comprising nearly 1700 buildings acquired, with their sites, at a cost of $180,000,000.

It is continuously the aim of the Bell System to construct and so to situate each new building—whether executive office, central office, storehouse or garage—that it shall serve its community with the utmost efficiency and economy, and remain a sound investment throughout its period of life.

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When he told his wife that he was rich and wanted to do something for her, her sole comment was, "I wonder if we could buy a new ax. The old one has several nicks in it."

The wife of a neighboring farmer, who got $100,000 for the lease of part of his acreage, bought a bottle of olives with her first money. Her husband asked her what they were.

She replied, "They are olives. All the best hotels have them and I think we can afford to eat them now."

Another woman, whose husband was the owner of one of the original sections of the Burkburnett field, arrayed herself in newly acquired diamonds and went to a Dallas restaurant, determined to order the most expensive food she could find. After a long study of the card she finally decided on ham and eggs! These stories could be continued indefinitely. The point to be emphasized is that in no other activity has wealth broken so swiftly and with such amazing results as in oil.

Oil fortune does not draw the color line. For years the Osage Indians were nomads, merely wards of the masterful white man. From the far South they trekked to Kansas, and finally, by the grace of Government, settled in Oklahoma. On their reservation the Burbank and other oil fields were brought in and a golden flood literally dropped into the blankets of the red men. They are today the wealthiest people per capita in the world. If Alexander Pope had known about them he might easily have changed his famous line so as to read, "Lo, the rich Indian."

Each one of the 2229 surviving members of the tribe had a minimum annual income of $12,000 last year. One of them, Mary Elkins, received $103,000 as her share in 1923. She happens to be the last surviving member of her family and inherited the rights of all her kin. During the past few years the Osages have piled up in royalties and lease money a gross principal of more than $125,000,000, and it is growing fast.

The result is that the red man and the big red car are inseparable at Pawhuska, the seat of the reservation. One Osage, in the fullness of his oil prosperity, got tired of riding in a seated position in his limousine and bought a motor hearse so that he could sleep at ease as he traveled. The whole story of the Osage Indians, however, will be told in detail in a later article. I mention it here to show the freaks of fate in petroleum.

### *Osage Land Auctions*

Hardly less picturesque is the romance of the few Creek Indians in Oklahoma, to whom the famous Cushing pool was a blessing that worked in strange ways its fruits to bestow. The John D. Rockefeller of the Creeks is Jackson Barnett, who, unlike his Osage brothers, presented the extraordinary spectacle of having more than $1,000,000 to his credit in the bank without the resource of capacity to spend more than fifty dollars a month. His sole needs were a cabin, a pipe, a gun, simple food and a pony. When a white woman finally married him his scale of expenditures increased. Even then the Government was put to some trouble to find an outlet for his increasing income.

These noble red men and their equally fortunate white farmer brothers, whether in Oklahoma, Texas, California or elsewhere, have been raised to affluence because of the amazing increase in the price of oil lands. Twenty years ago you could lease a tract, even in the Osage country, as cheaply as twenty-five or fifty cents an acre, and much of it went begging.

In 1922 the Gypsy Oil Company, the Oklahoma subsidiary of the Gulf, paid $1,600,000 for a lease on 160 acres in the Osage territory, or at the rate of $10,000 an acre. Some smaller pieces fetched $15,000 an acre. It is well to remember that these prices were paid merely for the right to drill on this ground. The Indian owner also receives a royalty of .2 per cent of the market price of all the oil produced.

So keen is the struggle for these Osage lands that they are sold at auction. In summer the auctions are held in the open air under a tree in Pawhuska, which is called the Million-Dollar Tree. At the June sale in 1922 sixteen leases brought a total bonus of $10,504,000, or an average of $656,500 a lease.

Wherever you turn in oil you encounter vagary and inconsistency. The graveyard of high hope or an exhausted area may skirt an overnight El Dorado. Take the Powell field, the wonder domain of Texas, and the largest producer yet discovered in the whole United States. To understand what has happened here you must first be told that oil is found in sands. Petroleum permeates the sands precisely as water soaks into a loaf of sugar. The sands become a sort of sponge. Sugar melts, to be sure, and the sands do not; but the process, for popular explanation, is the same.

In 1895 oil was discovered at Corsicana in shallow sands. It was a moderate production and was believed to represent the capacity of all the contiguous territory, including the present Powell field, which is located nine miles away. For twenty-five years the oil operators at Corsicana literally walked over the Monte Cristo riches of Powell without knowing that they were treading on a treasure-trove. This failure to discover the mother pool was almost entirely due to the old hit-or-miss or oil-is-where-you-find-it methods.

The discovery of the Mexia field, in the same area as Powell and part of a vast oil-bearing zone, technically known as the Balcones Fault—a fault is a fracture in the earth—that traverses Texas, led to the bringing in of the bonanza field. The Humble Oil and Refining Company, one of the four leading Texas companies, in which the Standard of New Jersey owns a 60 per cent interest, began, in 1922, to prospect and develop a considerable part of what is today the Powell field, which at high tide last year produced 356,000 barrels a day—the American record.

### *Science to the Rescue*

Many of the distinct—one might say fantastic—phases of oil production are emphasized in the Powell field. First of all is the fact that it was overlooked so long. It is almost inconceivable that what is now called the backbone of the petroleum industry of Texas should have had its presence unsuspected for more than a quarter century, although it was practically flanked by a forest of derricks. There could be no more typical illustration of the hazards and uncertainties of the great game of oil finding.

Another feature is that the original operators in what is known as the Corsicana-Powell district did not profit by the discovery. The Humble company, which has the largest interest in Powell, was a rank outsider and got in only after Mexia had given the cue.

The third and probably most significant aspect is that it represents the value of geological investigation as an aid to production to a greater degree than has ever obtained in any other American oil locality. Out of 195 wells put down by the Humble, 190 were producers. It was not a case of the traditional hunch that oil was there, but straight science. The area was combed by geologists until every subsoil mystery had been revealed.

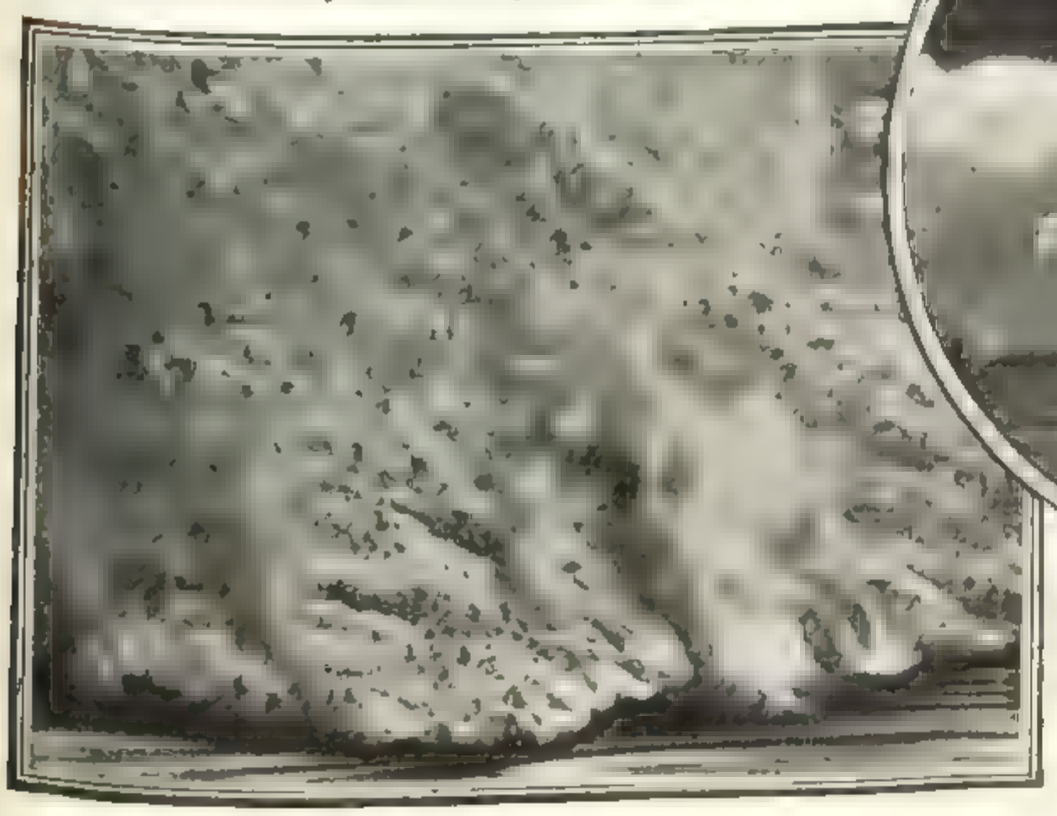
This leads to what is, with the possible exception of the tremendous expansion of the industry itself, the outstanding fact in the progress of the business. It lies in the very thing that made Powell possible—namely, geological knowledge. We now come to the crossroads of production—the borderland, so to speak, between the old and the new eras—and it is well worth our while to pause a moment and see just what it means. Much of the future of oil depends upon just how far this invoking of science can go.

To appreciate the value of this fresh tack that the industry has taken you must know that out of the immense area of the United States—approximately 2,000,000,000 acres—only 2,000,000 acres have so far produced oil in commercial quantities. It is accepted that 60 per cent of our soil will not produce oil under any circumstances. The remaining 800,000,000 acres of possible territory are not all good prospect. Indeed, experts have gone so far as to state that only 4,000,000 of these acres are available as potential petroleum fields.

Although the oil industry is now more than sixty years old, it is only in the last ten or twelve years that general use has been made of geology. The pioneer oil man scoffed at the geologist, called him a long-haired highbrow and said the drill was the only test. Yet in the early days wildcat tests were not always located entirely at random. It is an old saying in the business that the best evidence of oil is oil. Therefore it was believed that the vicinity of natural seepages was favorable territory

*(Continued on Page 164)*

*Thrown against any burning surface, the Firefoam from Foamite equipment forms a clinging, air-tight blanket that instantly smothers out fire and keeps it out*



*At left: Cross-section showing how the countless adhesive bubbles of Firefoam cling to a burning object, their air-tight blanket shutting out oxygen so that fire is impossible. After the fire is out the foam may be brushed away*

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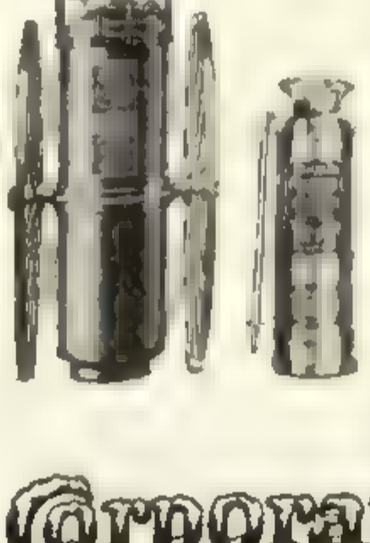

FOAMITE *Protection is available in a form adequate for every type of fire risk: 2½ and 5-gallon hand extinguishers, 40-gallon engines on wheels, motorized units for fire departments and complete system installations.*

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(Continued from Page 162)

for development. As a matter of fact, an oil seepage is an outcropping of an oil-bearing sandstone from which all the commercial qualities of the hydrocarbons—the principal ingredients of petroleum have had an opportunity to escape into the atmosphere. Contrary to the general belief, a seepage, therefore, is no sure sign of the accumulation of oil in the vicinity.

Again there were operators—and some of the small independents still follow the same rule—who worked on hunches, which were influenced by real or fancied resemblance of the topography or vegetation to that occurring in some developed area with which they were familiar. Still other operators made a practice of assembling blocks of acreage and drilling on them without setting up any claim that local conditions were in any way favorable. It was to finance such enterprises that the oil-stock promoter first launched his offensive. The natural result was that the public paid for a great many dry holes.

Then, too, your old-timer did not spurn the use of a wiggle stick, which has so often been used to locate water; and also a doodle bug, a mechanical contrivance that was supposed to indicate the spot where a well could be drilled. Usually, however, it was a case of hunch. A considerable portion of the huge early losses in wildcatting grew out of the failure to make a proper scientific examination of the area to be drilled.

Today the big oil company would face bankruptcy if it operated on a hunch. Most of the finds of the last five years have resulted almost solely from geological preparedness. The average man does not realize, perhaps, that in every important oil organization there is a biography of each well put down, whether it yields oil or not. There is a so-called graphic log which shows in colors the formations that the drill penetrates, foot by foot. It is the vivid story of the well from the moment the first earth was turned until oil was struck or the drilling abandoned. Specimens of all rock and sand encountered are carefully labeled and preserved. These exhibits form the basis for the estimate of possibilities in other areas. There are maps of the subsoil that might have been made by some super X ray penetrating the heart of the earth.

### Keeping Tabs on Other Fields

Not only does every highly developed oil-production concern know what its own forces are doing but also what every competitor is literally driving at. The oil fields are scrutinized by so-called scouts, who send in to their home offices daily reports of the progress made by all the wells in their territory. These reports are tabulated and kept almost up to the minute.

At Tulsa, for example, I wanted to know what progress was being made with a certain well in the Burbank field, and I asked the manager of one of the biggest production companies there to tell me. He took me into what is known as a map room and pulled out a long envelope upon which was written the number of the well I had in mind. In less than five minutes he had told me when it was spudded in, as the beginning of drilling operations is termed, and the exact depth registered the day before, together with every formation that had been encountered. In oil as in everything else, knowledge is power.

This elaborate preparation operates not only in the fields of actual production but in the unknown areas. The agricultural explorer who secures foreign lands for new fruits and vegetables has his double in the American oil hunter—usually a geologist—who is on the eternal quest for what has become the most precious of all minerals. Despite all this acquired geological knowledge and experience, the industry still awaits the great discovery that will eliminate the dry-hole hazard. Because of it, uncertainty still claims petroleum for its own. Geology has merely minimized the elusiveness of the product.

Yet without geology as an aid to oil finding, the Gypsy Oil Company would never have paid that record price of $1,600,000 for the right to drill on a quarter section of land in the Osage Reservation. That science did not err is proved by the fact that the company is already to the good on the transaction. Other big companies have had similar experience, although sometimes where oil is found on a million-dollar lease—there are fifteen of them in Oklahoma—the quantity is not always up to expectation. The big fact is that geology reduces the hazard of a dry hole, and this represents an important advance.

The scientific aid to oil discovery has added to the overhead of production, but it is a mere trifle in the constantly expanding cost of doing business. With the widening of the oil empire has come a deepening of the well. In the early days a 500-foot well was a marvel, and it seems only yesterday when 1500 feet seemed a great depth for the drill to go. A familiar instruction was, "Quit at 2000 feet."

These instructions were seldom disregarded. There was one historic exception, however, and it led to the opening of the Ranger field. W. K. Gordon, who prospected and put down the first well, like many of his colleagues was an optimist. When he reached a depth of 3235 feet his backers, who happened to be a firm of well-known New York bankers, wired him instructions to abandon the hole. Confident that his judgment was sound, he continued on his own responsibility, and at 200 feet farther down got oil. On such chances as this vast productions have hung more than once.

During the early days of one field it is estimated that the promoters of the original properties could have sold out for more than $125,000,000 cash. They held on, and the market price of the stock today represents one-tenth of this sum. One problem in oil is to know when to let go.

### Increased Costs of Drilling

In contrast with the comparatively shallow depths of other days reached by the old-standard drilling, the rotary drill now plows down more than 7000 feet, to a depth that would have deterred the early producers. This deeper drilling is not only one of the salvations of the industry in new fields but has helped to salvage old ones. Many a hole was abandoned as dry when 500 or 1000 more feet of penetration might have struck oil.

Fifteen years ago the usual cost of a Mid-Continent well—drilling is always paid for by the foot—was from $3000 to $5000. Today each Osage well sets the driller back $40,000. The high-water mark in expense has been reached in California, where the average cost is seldom less than $100,000 a well. I saw a dry hole at Sante Fé Springs that represented an investment of $350,000. In this increase in cost you have an inkling of the capital requirements of big production and the consequent risk.

In the sixty-five years that represent the span of the oil industry in the United States approximately $12,000,000,000 has been placed in the legitimate channels of oil development and operation, according to the most reliable estimates. This, however, does not represent the vast sum wasted by the public in fly-by-night or fraudulent promotions. Conservative producers, and by them I mean the heads of the great and established companies, maintain that only $7,500,000,000 has been returned from the sale of the crude. Thus the producing industry still has $4,500,000,000 coming to it. If these figures are accurate they merely prove the old adage that more money goes into the ground than ever comes out of it.

Oil-well performances and statistics are dull things, but when you dissect them they can take on human qualities. It is not stretching the point to say that a well has temperament. The hazard and uncertainty, to say nothing of the preliminary cost of production, are sufficiently trying; but fresh anxiety invariably develops the moment the oil begins to flow. There is the immediate concern as to how long it will last. Will there be a rush that spells overproduction or will a corresponding leanness mean shortage? This is why the industry is in a constant state of either elation or dejection. Oil has no middle ground. It is only because the average oil man is the world's champion optimist that he and the business endure.

As you diagnose production you find a curious parallel with the human being. The gusher is like the loud and boastful individual. He may make a favorable impression, but before long he exhausts himself. So, too, with many big-producing wells. They are spectacular, but they do not continue to spout. The real stand-by of the business today is the placid fifty or even twenty-five barrel a day property that remains on the job all the time. It is precisely like the quiet and unobtrusively efficient person who wears and works the best.

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What are the facts? On the first of January of this year the number of producing wells in the United States was 285,000, yet the daily average production was only seven barrels for each, and this estimate is considered high. This slight average shatters the popular conception of what an oil well does.

During 1923 exactly 24,658 wells were completed in this country. This is at the rate of about sixty-seven a day. Of this number 17,318 brought in oil, 2011 were gas wells, while 5329, or more than one-fifth, were dry holes. As most people know, when you drill for oil you sometimes get gas, or both.

Another side light on the perils of production may be gained from the results of three years' drilling east of the Rocky Mountains, classified as to output. Out of a total of 78,502 wells put down, 19,784, or a little more than 25 per cent, were dry. Only 746, or less than 1 per cent, produced 2000 barrels a day or better. The major number of producing wells—27,570—yielded only twenty-five barrels or less.

Considering production in still a different way brings the amazing disclosure that the great bulk of it comes from comparatively few wells. At the risk of imposing more dull statistics, let me present the figures. In August, 1922, it took 78,651 wells, or 28.08 per cent of the total number, to produce approximately 1,400,000 barrels a day. In October of 1923, 6464 wells, or only 2.27 per cent of the total number, produced an equal amount of oil. This was due, of course, to the sensational production in the Southern California and Texas fields. This relationship practically remains at the time I write, which is in February, although many of the flush fields have passed the peak or are on the down grade, thereby increasing the number of wells for a given output.

At the time when our daily production was about 2,250,000 barrels a day, E. W. Marland estimated that 5000 wells were producing 1,250,000 barrels a day, or more than half. This was an average of 250 barrels to the well. During the same period 250,000 wells were producing 250,000 barrels a day, an average of one to the well.

More significant is the rapid diminution of output, because here is where the future of the industry is affected. The average 100-barrel well in the famous Cushing field of Oklahoma declined 70 per cent in its daily production in one year, and by the end of the second year had dropped to less than fifteen barrels a day. Similarly, in Burkburnett the average 100-barrel well declined in one year to fifty-five barrels. Frequently a well capable of producing 1000 barrels in the first twenty-four hours will produce less than 500 barrels daily within a week.

Nothing is more mournful—especially to the owners, for sentimental interest yields no return—than the decline and fall of bonanza production. With this statement there at once arises the question: What of the fields of yesterday? It evokes a pathetic panorama.

### How They Peter Out

There was a time when Spindletop, near Beaumont, in Texas, held the heart and hope of an oil-mad world. It was the Klondike of petroleum and witnessed the greatest rush since that eventful day when Drake drilled the first well on Oil Creek. It put the oil stock on the popular map to the acute distress of many. The Lucas gusher, the discovery well, as the first well in any field is called, was the wonder of the day.

Today Spindletop is practically petered out. I went there last January to see the aftermath of what had been a scene of frenzied output. The 240 acres where 240 derricks had creaked in the golden age of the field were almost as still as a graveyard. From a few wells a trivial amount of oil was being pumped. Decay and desolation were the dominant notes.

Take the Glenn pool, at one time the marvel of Oklahoma. In 1911 its daily average reached 83,370 barrels. Its output is now negligible. Cushing pool, a still greater flush field in the same state, reached a maximum of 269,735 barrels a day in 1915, while on February first of this year it was producing only 24,100 barrels.

Turn to the more recent fields whose remarkable history is still fresh in the public mind, and you have the same story of decreasing streams. Powell, for example, went from 356,000 barrels a day to 100,000 in less than two months. As I write, its output is under 90,000 barrels.

Those miracle Southern California areas, where fortunes blossomed overnight amid the orange groves or in sight of the sea, are likewise on the down grade. First among them is Santa Fé Springs, where a maximum of 322,522 barrels a day was produced in August of last year. Yet by the end of January of this year there had been a decline to a daily 133,000 barrels, while the geological forecast for January, 1925, is for only 36,000 barrels.

Huntington Beach has not escaped the Nemesis that pursues every field, for her peak of 110,228 barrels a day, registered in August, 1923, had shrunk by the end of January to 64,000, with every statistical estimate and calculation making for a mere 14,000 daily output a year hence. The only member of the California bonanza trio that holds its own is Long Beach Signal Hill—where the 1923 maximum of 244,527 barrels a day is only slightly reduced. But here, too, there must be the surrender to the inevitable decline for the reason that, based on geological expectation, next year's maximum will be approximately 43,000 barrels a day.

Thus, like man, the days of the oil well are numbered. The transitory quality of petroleum stirs the incessant search for new fields. Uncertainty, like necessity, is the mother of production.

It is almost impossible to estimate what might be called the standard life of a producer. As I have already pointed out, the big gusher expends itself and can become commonplace in a comparatively short time. I saw wells in California that had produced steadily for nearly thirty years. The same is true in some sections of Pennsylvania and other sections of the Appalachian field.

### Oil in Storage

One of the striking revelations of the whole business is that no well is ever abandoned so long as it produces even half a barrel of oil every twenty-four hours. Some of the veterans exhaust themselves temporarily after producing a single barrel. They are then what is known as pumped off. After an interval—say, of a day another barrel is pumped. Despite the intermittent overproduction—these flush periods come in cycles, like panics in the financial world—every gallon of crude is stored these days. This storage represents one of the stabilizers of the industry, because it is the insurance against shortage at the well. It is the other side of the one-time picture of chronic economic waste when gushers ran wild, flooded the adjacent country and frequently went up in flames. At Spindletop, in order to show off wells to prospective purchasers of stock, thousands of barrels of oil were let loose at random. That extravagance has long ceased. The biggest gusher can be tamed almost instantly—and it is.

On January first of this year 362,000,000 barrels of crude were stored in tanks and reservoirs throughout the United States. In California nothing impressed me quite so much as the sight of a covered concrete storage bowl that contained 3,000,000 barrels of petroleum. This receptacle could have held half a dozen football fields. As I looked down upon this sea of oil it seemed to symbolize something vast, Stygian and terrible. A Zola might have invested it with the long-drawn significance of the aeons of time consumed in the making, and linked with it the potential power that it represented.

Such are the high lights of a business which, embodying four distinct phases—production, refining, marketing and transportation—has become a superindustry touching every individual, no matter what his station, in some direct or indirect way. Yet, as I have pointed out, it is reared on the hazard of output. This is why the problem of the future supply is perhaps the most acute of the many that loom ahead.

That the rate of petroleum consumption is increasing faster than the rate of supply is generally accepted. Oil reserves in the United States are being more rapidly exhausted in relation to demand than any other economic mineral. Whence will come the gasoline of tomorrow? The whole vast and vital issue of the replaceability or conservancy of our natural resources comes at once into question.

Past experience proves that war has been the sole mobilizer and controller of raw materials, and future wars may be waged to guarantee their sources. In America, as elsewhere throughout the world, the oil

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THE Acme engineers have perfected two instruments that give you maximum amplification without distortion. The Acme R-2 (also R-3 and R-4) Radio Frequency Transformer builds up the radio energy before it reaches your detector. This increases your range. The Acme A-2 Audio Amplifying Transformer gives you greater volume of sound. It builds up the audio energy that leaves your detector and gives it to you "loud and clear." If you want to get the most out of your set, be sure to use Acme Transformers.

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Our wonderful Phlexopedic Archup Shoe corrects this almost universal foot trouble before it goes too far. It is designed for normal feet which are beginning to go wrong.

The Phlexopedic gives firm support to the base of the arch or hinge. Bones on the inside of the instep are held snugly in place, throwing your weight on the outside of the foot. The shank of the sole is as flexible as the foot itself, so that muscles of the foot-hinge are allowed to work and thereby become strengthened. There is ample room for the toes. Phlexopedic is made of finest Kangaroo leather in black and tan. This leather doesn t scuff or peel.

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Flexes with the foot—Ample room for toes

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field is already the battleground of a fierce, if bloodless, struggle.

You may ask at this point why the American producers do not coöperate to standardize the supply and prevent recurrent over and under production. To do so would at once be running afoul of the anti-trust and anticonspiracy laws. The one gentleman's agreement to curtail production so far was in the Burbank field last year.

This was only possible because all the proceeds from the Osage territory are dumped into a common fund for the benefit of the Indians, and the Government did not insist upon immediate drilling. In ordinary circumstances, and because wells drain one another, every owner wants his property developed as quickly as possible. This is why production is always so frenzied.

Can Uncle Sam turn the trick? If we are to abandon our much-prized individualism for state socialism—that is, regulation—it may be with oil first. Will the Government, however, have the courage and tenacity that drove the wildcatter to open up the new fields that have made our oil domain possible?

### *The Star of Gasoline*

Whether we have one, two or three decades of oil supply still under the ground is not the point. The world—ours to a constantly growing extent—is hitched to the star of gasoline. In the past five years the number of automobiles in the United States has doubled. Our 15,000,000 motor vehicles of today may be the 30,000,000 of six years hence. We own 80 out of every 100 motor vehicles in the world. We cannot go back to the horse-drawn vehicle. A large percentage of the machinery of America today would stand idle if its lubrication depended on the fish oil and animal fats, as was the case before the great era of petroleum refining.

Inevitably we must delve into foreign soil to get the product so indispensable to our social and industrial well-being. It means that the business must travel farther and farther for its crude every year, with expanding overhead cost. Once more a query looms. This time it concerns the widespread plant built in the United States to produce, pipe, refine and transport petroleum. What of its fate?

### *Prodigal Waste*

Does it mean, in the end, that the salvation of the industry lies in a more intensive refining of the crude on the one hand, and a corresponding perfection of carbureting mechanics on the other? The French and the British get much more mileage out of their gasoline than we do. We alone are power-mad. It merely emphasizes the prodigal waste that is the middle name of the American. Again, if we bring refining to the stage where it can convert petroleum into gasoline on a 100 per cent basis, what of the fuel oil, which is almost equally essential? The oil business is one question after another.

These are the problems of petroleum. They have been marshaled to give the opening picture of the business some tinge of the atmosphere that pervades it. It is not always a glittering world of quick return to the man or corporation that assumes the risk. Often it is the innocent bystander in the shape of the fortunate farmer with flowing gold under his land who culls the easy yield.

The preliminaries have been outlined. We can now see how the empire of oil, with its endless chain of production, unfolds.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson, dealing with American oil. The next will be devoted to California


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)*

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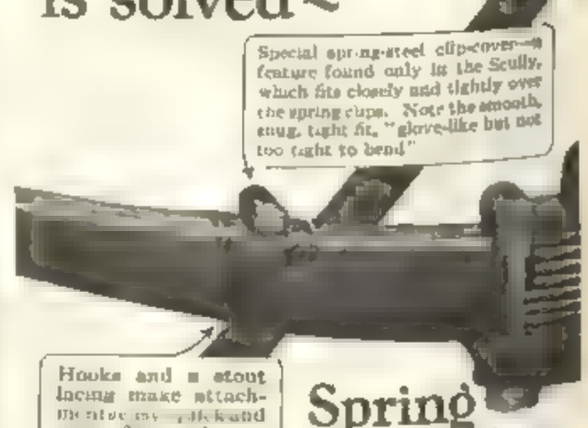
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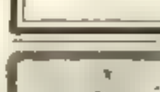

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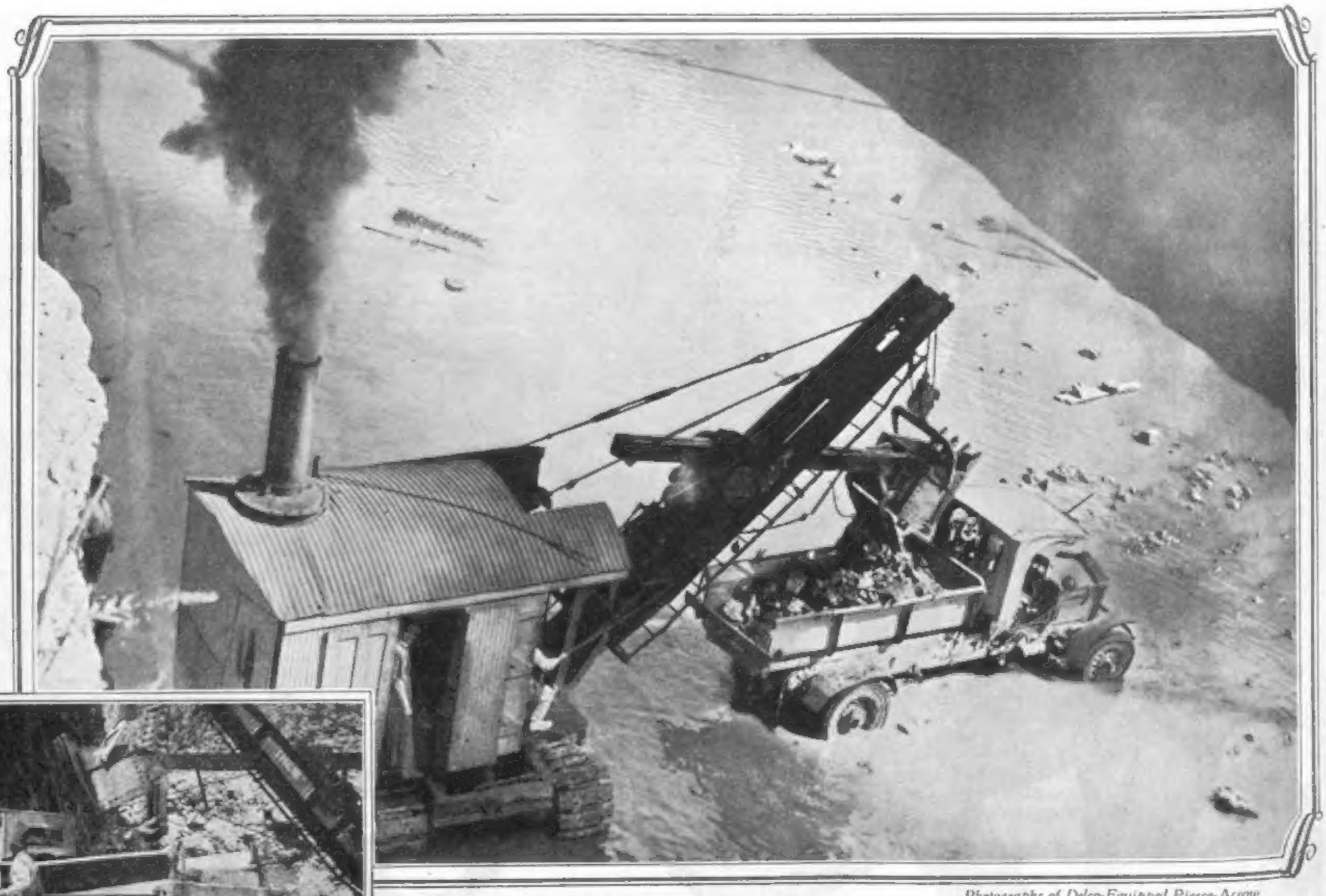

*Photographs of Delco-Equipped Pierce-Arrow Trucks at work in the Niagara Basin*

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